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Charles H. Spurgeon, his
life and labors

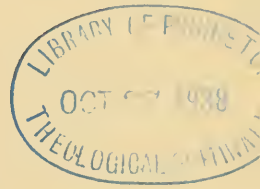


C. H. Spurgeon

✓
CHARLES H. SPURGEON

HIS

LIFE AND LABORS



By GEO. C. ✓ NEEDHAM

AUTHOR OF "STREET ARABS," "FATHER EVYNN."

With Introduction

By REV. A. J. GORDON, D.D.

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PREFACE.

A NICHE in the Temple of Consecrated Ministry is now vacant. A great preacher has been promoted to occupy a place in the heavenly court. Absent from the body, Charles H. Spurgeon is now present with his Lord. The brave warrior has ceased fighting the good fight of faith; his sword lies sheathed in its scabbard. The weary pilgrim has ended the journey of life; he needs his staff no more. During the days of sickness the church universal interceded; his removal from earth fills the church with grief, and the hosts of the elect mourn the loss of a reliable leader. Thousands weep who henceforth shall miss the warm friendship of a right noble man. It is thus we are personally afflicted. During a quarter of a century we enjoyed and appreciated his brotherly fellowship. A loving epistle penned by his own hand reached us after he had entered Paradise. It is a tender word of salutation, written from the border-land, perfumed with the breath of heaven.

The wonderful record of Mr. Spurgeon's "Life and Labors" which we now issue was first published during his lifetime. From himself we had permission to make use of his writings at our own discretion. The book received his hearty approval and generous commendation. Thus he wrote: "We are prejudiced by the appearance of the volume, by the subject, and by the name of the author,

whom we highly esteem. The prejudice is, however, wholly favorable. We are honored by being so favorably presented to the American public."

Throughout the work, which was prepared as a tribute of love, we have aimed to present our subject in the glowing light of his own words and deeds. Eulogies and rhapsodies would have been utterly needless. The obtrusion of our opinions, even though set forth in choicest language, would only prove the display of folly. Such a form of egotism would sadly mar the object in view. In Mr. Spurgeon's history no man should be seen but himself; no voice be heard but his own. To supply the links which complete the historical chain of events binding the man and his work together is a task befitting the hand of an angel. We grieve that our few links are not the finest gold; love for the memory of the lion-hearted man would, were it possible, provide better.

The present revision of our book demands a chapter on the closing years of this loyal servant of Christ. That pathetic duty is fulfilled. The indulgent reader must overlook its defects; we bespeak their sympathetic consideration. Who is sufficient for so lofty a theme? Who can properly outline the sublime events culminating in the lamented death of so kingly a character?

That this record of the noble deeds and potential speech of the last, yet greatest of puritans may continue to comfort the feeble-minded, cheer the faint, rebuke the indolent, arouse the sleeper, and save the impenitent is the prayer of

Geo. C. Medhan

PHILADELPHIA, PA.,
March, 1892.

INTRODUCTION.

BY REV. A. J. GORDON, D.D.

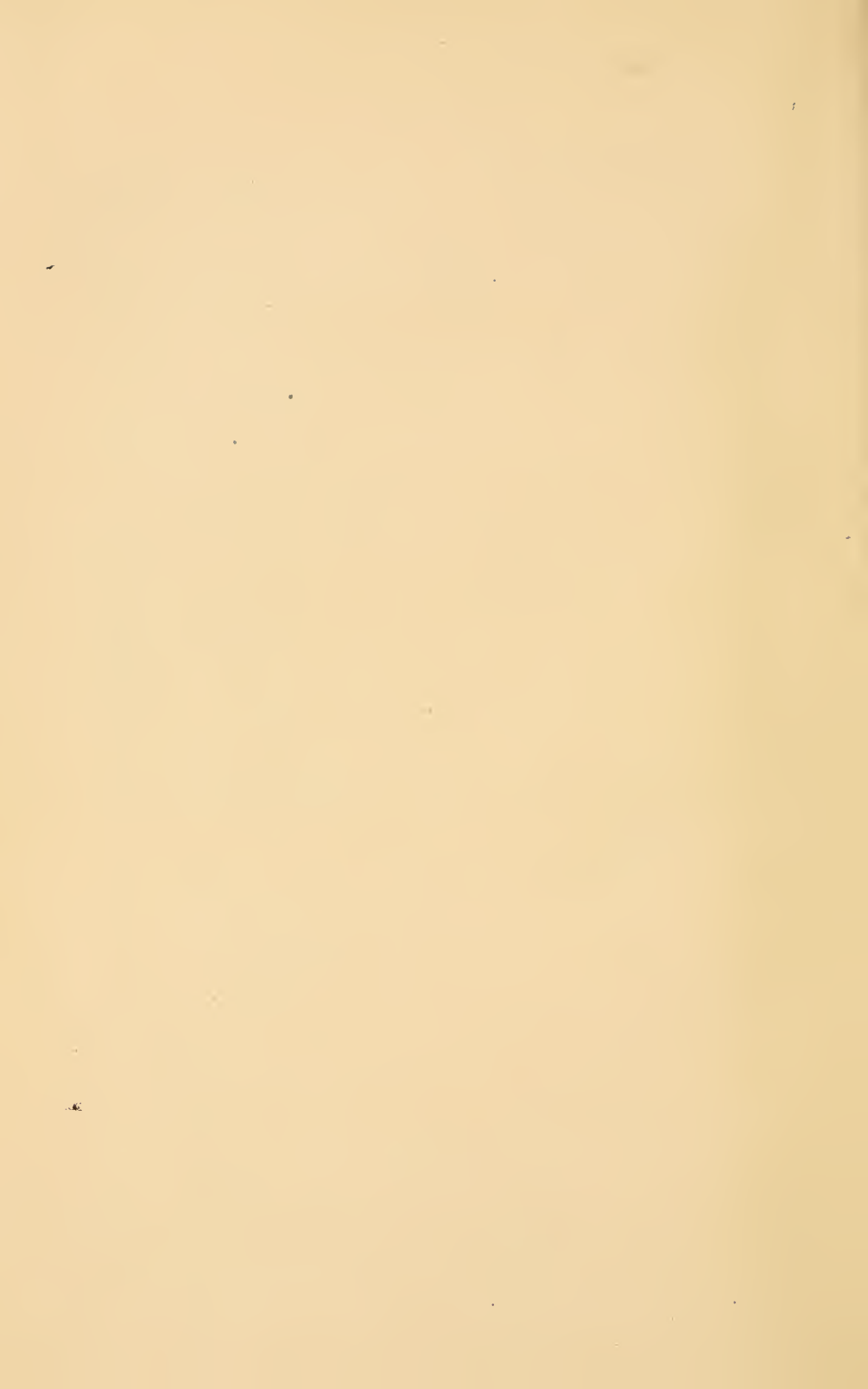
TO have the ear of the people is a great thing, and much to be coveted by the minister of the gospel, if only it be certain that God has the minister's ear. If it be not so, and the preacher has thousands hanging on his lips, who himself does not hang on God's lips with the daily cry "Speak Lord, for thy servant heareth," it may be a calamity. In other words, popularity without piety—the magnetism which draws the people, without the communion which draws daily supplies of truth and inspiration from God—is not to be envied. There are some preachers, who have had an immense following in this generation, the secret of whose success would seem to lie in their skill in compounding emollients for itching ears. "Make men think well of themselves if you would have them think well of you," is Lord Chesterfield's receipt for popularity. But it happens that the gospel, if faithfully preached, tends to make men think meanly of themselves; and therefore it is not unlikely to make them dislike the servant of Christ who has told them the truth. If, however, we can find a minister who is pungent while he is popular, who pierces the heart with conviction while he nails the ear with persuasion, we shall have to confess that God is with him of a truth. The highest tribute ever paid to Whitefield's power, we fancy, was that of Franklin, who, in a bewildered way, confessed that he could not understand why such crowds should rush after a preacher who was always accusing them of being as bad by nature as the beasts. We hold that no pulpit can be steady and secure in its position which has not repulsions as well as attractions, which does not declare God's wrath against sin while it proclaims His love toward

the sinner. What a testimony to the fidelity of apostolic preaching it is, that in the same Scripture in which it is said that "believers were the more added to the Lord, multitudes both of men and women," it is also written, "*and of the rest durst no man join himself to them!*"

Among the popular preachers of this generation Mr. Spurgeon has been singularly distinguished for his plain and pungent declaration of the whole gospel, in its severe as well as its tender and winning aspects. His pulpit has sounded its message to the ends of the earth; but the ends of the earth have not been told that the old gospel of regeneration is effete, and must now give place to some gospel of evolution, or that the ancient theology has fallen into such a sad plight, that if tolerated at all, it must be as the old faith in a new light. And in the success which has attended his ministry, a grateful demonstration has been given, that the old faith is perfectly adequate to the wants of the world, needing only to be reproduced in new lives. We should call Mr. Spurgeon the Nineteenth-century Puritan, if not in his austerity of life, certainly in the substance and style of his preaching. This is crisp, direct, smiting. It is not so unadorned as to render the truth which it conveys dull or repulsive, nor so rhetorical as to render that truth obscure, as a rich melody is sometimes covered over and suffocated in a musician's variations. As we listen we become interested, and as we become interested, we are searched and convinced. Here is the high merit of his preaching; it is evidently shaped to attract men to God, rather than to the servant of God; it is manifestly the utterance of one who, like plain John Woolman the Quaker, is "jealous over himself, lest he should say anything to make his testimony look agreeable to that mind in the people which is not in pure obedience to the Cross of Christ." Some preach the Cross in anything but a crucified style, — inlaying it with such fancies of liberal thought or overlaying it with such charms of a carnal imagination, that its offence is nullified, and it becomes the symbol of divine indifference and toleration, rather than the sign of God's anger against sin, while it is the revelation of His infinite love to the sinner. Our preacher has constantly declared the doctrines of the Cross, with rare fidelity, sharp distinctness, and exemplary boldness. The Coming and Kingdom of Christ have also had their proper place in his scheme of doctrine. If the old preachers used to insist on the two R's, as containing the sum of pulpit teaching, — Ruin and Redemption, — we need, in this generation, with equal emphasis to demand fidelity to the two C's, — the Cross and the Coming of Christ. We say this because the new theology is doing

its best to make away with the latter doctrine. It would reduce the second advent of Christ to some past historical or vaguely present event, obscuring it in the dust and tumult of Titus's siege of Jerusalem, or diffusing it into the glittering generalities of modern progress. We are not prepared to accept a complaisant satisfaction with nineteenth-century progress, as an adequate substitute for "that blessed hope, the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ;" or to admit a Swedenborgian elimination taking place at every man's death, into the place once held by the doctrine of a literal bodily resurrection occurring at the second advent of Christ. And we are especially grateful to the London preacher for his clear, ringing utterances on these points, — for his unequivocal advocacy of Christ's Premillennial Coming and the First Resurrection. But these are only a few things for which we are beholden to that eminent ministry. Being asked to write an introduction to the new and enlarged edition of this excellent volume, we commend the life which it delineates, and the work which it portrays, to all friends of a sound gospel, and to all lovers of good and true men. How great is the debt which we all owe to the pulpit of the Metropolitan Tabernacle of London. In an age that is running greedily after theological novelties, the steady, conservative anchoring power of that pulpit has been felt wherever the English language is spoken, and wherever in any tongue the gospel is preached. The book gives a graphic description of the preacher and tabulates the work he has accomplished with painstaking fidelity.

CLARENDON STREET CHURCH,
BOSTON, MASS.



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I.

INTRODUCTORY.

BEHOLD, at this hour our moral history is being preserved for eternity. Processes are at work which will perpetuate our every act and word and thought. Not alone the last page, but every line and letter of our actual history, is being stereotyped for the world's perusal in the day which shall reveal the secrets of men. We are not writing upon the water, but carving upon imperishable material. The chapters of our history are "graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock for ever." — C. H. SPURGEON.

INTRODUCTORY.

WE first introduce the preacher as he was when, in early manhood, both his manner and matter startled England out of her reverie, and awoke many sleepers on distant shores. A Bristol college man gives us four pen pictures of Mr. Spurgeon, taken five and thirty years ago, and kept ever since in the album of memory. To those who did not see the Evangelist-pastor in his younger days, these photographs will be full of interest; to those who have neither heard nor seen him, they present the man in early life in all the vigor and power of fresh manhood. After seeing a picture, we become interested in the subject and present our inquiries. The antecedents of Mr. Spurgeon, and his subsequent history, will be given later on. Remember, the pictures are those of a very young man, whose career had already been watched for some time with absorbing interest by millions of people. Thus the college man writes:—

It was from the lips of my tutor, who was an earnest Christian man as well as an able scholar, that I first heard the name of the popular minister who had even then made New Park Street Church famous. It was my last year at school, and I enjoyed rather more liberty than the other boys. Need I add that, after receiving the permission, it was not long before I was trying to make my way into the pretty, and then newly built, chapel where Mr. Hebditch preached? The place was quite full, and it was with difficulty that I managed to ensconce myself behind the pulpit. A few minutes afterwards, Mr. Spurgeon ascended the latter, and I saw for the

first time the preacher who was to be the Whitfield of the nineteenth century. My recollection of the appearance of the youthful divine is very vivid. Already inclined to be stout, with a face somewhat pale, and innocent of beard or mustaches, but often played over by a genial smile which won your confidence at once, with fearless, kindly eyes that told of the bold spirit and warm heart within, with black hair lightly tossed off the open brow, with gestures rather more frequent and rhetorical than those with which the great preacher now indulges, the hand being often uplifted, and with that rich, round, full voice which has never failed to charm with its music those who have had the privilege of listening to it, I still see and hear Mr. Spurgeon as he preached that morning at the chapel. The point in the sermon which remained clear in my mind was the very pronounced teaching of the doctrine of Election, and the preacher's assertion of his being at one with Calvin and Augustine, of whom, as well as of the doctrine, my knowledge at that time was by no means extensive. At the close of the sermon, as Mr. Spurgeon stepped down from the pulpit, everybody made a rush at his unfortunate hand; and I, by poking mine through the rails, managed to get a friendly shake from it. I have often thought since, when seeing Mr. Spurgeon coming down from other pulpits, or among his own people at the Tabernacle, or surrounded by friends on successive birthdays, how much he must have suffered in that way during all these years.

My second photograph was taken one morning in dim, dark surroundings at the back of the gloomy gallery at Counterslip Chapel, when I looked down upon a vast congregation below and around me, and upon the pulpit at the other end of the chapel. Mr. Spurgeon entered the pulpit accompanied by the venerable Mr. Winter, who was at that time minister of the Counterslip, and whose knee-breeches and patriarchal form will be remembered by many. The sermon left on my mind a sense of the *joy* with which he preached and of the fulness of *faith* in which he uttered his message; the striking originality and the wealth of the imagination of the preacher were features which could not escape even such a juvenile critic as I was at that time. But I was not a critic, I was a rapt and enthusiastic hearer. Never shall I forget the

passage in the sermon in which Mr. Spurgeon made us *hear* the angels harping with their harps, and with a touch of simplicity but great power told us how he always stopped in the streets to listen where a harp was being played in the neighborhood. I still see the rapturous look upon the upturned face of the youthful preacher as the light from one of the windows fell upon it. I am inclined to think that Mr. Spurgeon gave a little more play to his imagination then than now.

Now for my third photograph. This time I am standing on tiptoe at the back of the Broad Mead Rooms, trying to look above a great sea of heads at the crowded platform and the young preacher, whom all are so eager to hear that there is no little confusion and hustling around the doors. But soon Mr. Spurgeon's voice rolls through the spacious room and hushes all into silence. The Broad Mead Rooms form a large building, with a somewhat low roof, and with side galleries rising from the floor and capable of holding between two and three thousand people. On the night of which I speak, many must have failed to obtain admission. One instance in connection with this sermon is perhaps worth mentioning. Some seats had been reserved and a small charge made for them, in order to defray the expense incurred by hiring the rooms. This had been made a matter of complaint; and Mr. Spurgeon, alluding to it, remarked that he had heard of a lady at Exeter who had given a guinea in order to hear the gospel preached. The perfect simplicity and honesty with which this was said, and the very unconsciousness of its being capable of being twisted into anything like self-glorification, impressed everybody with that utter losing sight of himself in his work which has ever since been so grand a characteristic of Mr. Spurgeon's ministry. I may add that at this time the Bristol papers were full of letters and articles respecting Mr. Spurgeon's preaching, not a few containing a good deal of hostile criticism. One article, and that in a Tory journal, however, stands out in my memory as containing a very vivid, and, I am disposed to think, fairly impartial account of an open-air service conducted by Mr. Spurgeon on the quay. A storm came on during the service, and Mr. Spurgeon spoke of one of the flashes of lightning as "God's

spear in the sky." This struck the writer as being a singularly happy expression—a flash of genius.

My last photograph was also taken in a public building, in the beautiful Victoria Rooms at Clifton, which are said to be capable of containing some six thousand people. However that may be, they could not have held more than they did on the summer evening when I heard Mr. Spurgeon preach in them. I do not think I have mentioned that at that period Mr. Spurgeon was in the habit of wearing a white necktie of the most correct parsonic character, which, being of fair dimensions and surmounted by a stand-up collar, served with its virgin whiteness to at least set the beardless face in strong relief. I mention it now, as it forms a prominent feature in my recollection of Mr. Spurgeon's appearance upon that evening, sitting, as I did, at some distance from, but directly in front of the platform. The scene presented by the densely crowded Victoria Rooms upon this occasion, with the platform filled by ministers, in front of whom stood the earnest and youthful preacher, was one which still shows clearly through all the years that have passed since then. The golden glow of the setting sun coming through the window lent to it, too, a singular impressiveness: for the text was, "Thou God seest me;" and as we listened to the heart-searching eloquence of the speaker, the warm light which flooded the room seemed almost to place us more fully within the vision of the all-seeing eye.

In his fifteenth year Mr. Spurgeon wrote the following letter to his uncle, in which the vigor of his mind, the boldness of his faith, and the strength of his will are clearly manifest. His theological opinions at that early age were decided and outspoken. The indefinite doctrinal teaching of the pulpit to-day may well receive a rebuke from the positive assertions of a child. In no period of his life has Mr. Spurgeon declared himself an *Agnostic*,—a "know-nothing." For many reasons this letter is worthy of our perusal:—

MY DEAR UNCLE,—Dumb men make no mischief. Your silence, and my neglect, make one think of the days when letters

were costly, and not of penny postage. You have doubtless heard of me as a top-tree Antinomian. I trust you know enough of me to disbelieve it. It is an object of my life to disprove the slander. I groan daily under a body of sin and corruption. Oh for the time when I shall drop this flesh, and be free from sin! I become more and more convinced that to attempt to be saved by a mixed covenant of works and faith is, in the words of Berridge, "to yoke a snail with an elephant." I desire to press forward for direction to my Master in all things; but as to trusting to my own obedience and righteousness, I should be worse than a fool and ten times worse than a madman. Poor dependent creatures! prayer had need be our constant employment: the foot of the throne our continued dwelling-place; for the Rock of Ages is our only safe Hiding-place. I rejoice in an assured knowledge by faith of my interest in Christ, and of the certainty of my eternal salvation. Yet what strivings, what conflicts, what dangers, what enemies stand in my way! The foes in my heart are so strong, that they would have killed me and sent me to hell long ere this, had the Lord left me; but, blessed be his name! his electing, redeeming, and saving love has got fast hold of me; and who is able to pluck me out of my Father's hand? On my bended knees I have often to cry for succor; and, bless his name! he has hitherto heard my cry. Oh, if I did not know that all the Lord's people had soul-contention, I should give up all for lost! I rejoice that the promises left on record are meant for me as well as for every saint of his, and as such I desire to grasp them. Let the whole earth, and even God's professing people, cast out my name as evil; my Lord and Master, he will not. I glory in the distinguishing grace of God, and will not, by the grace of God, step one inch from my principles, or think of adhering to the present fashionable sort of religion.

Oh, could I become like holy men of past ages, — fearless of men, — holding sweet communion with God, — weaned more from the world, and enabled to fix my thoughts on spiritual things entirely! But when I would serve God, I find my old deceitful heart, full of the very essence of hell, rising up into my mouth, polluting all I say and all I do. What should I do if, like you, I

were called to be engaged about things of time and sense? I fear I should be neither diligent in business nor fervent in spirit. "But" (say you) "he keeps talking all about himself." True, he does; he cannot help it. Self is too much his master. I am proud of my own ignorance: and, like a toad, bloated with my own venomous pride, — proud of what I have not got, and boasting when I should be bemoaning. I trust you have greater freedom from your own corruptions than I have; and in secret, social, and family prayer enjoy more blessed, sanctified liberty at the footstool of mercy.

Rejoice! for heaven awaits us, and all the Lord's family! The mansion is ready; the crown is made; the harp is strung; there are no willows there. May we be enabled to go on, like lions, valiant for the truth and cause of King Jesus, and, by the help of the Spirit, vow eternal warfare with every sin, and rest not until the sword of the Spirit has destroyed all the enemies in our hearts.

May we be enabled to trust the Lord, for he will help us; we must conquer; we cannot be lost. Lost! Impossible! For who is able to snatch us out of our Father's hand?

May the Lord bless you exceedingly.

Your affectionate nephew,

C. H. SPURGEON.

The remark of the poet, "The boy is father to the man," is strikingly illustrated in Mr. Spurgeon's case.

In the opening of the year of grace, 1882, in his forty-eighth year, Mr. Spurgeon wrote a brief article for his magazine, in which we discover the same characteristics, the same dependence on God, the same distrust of self, the same doctrinal position and assured certainty through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. We subjoin an extract: —

A great statesman, the other day, celebrated his seventieth birthday by a retrospect of his life: it is meet that old age should look back. To us, however, in the middle of the stream, it seems more natural to look around on present circumstances. Years ago, at a younger age, our tendency was to look ahead, and long

for a great future; nor would we forego the habit, but still the pressure of long years, and growing burdens, and a sense of diminishing strength unite to keep the eyes occupied with the things of to-day, and the connection of the present with the infinite and eternal. It appeared to us when looking forward that the Christian life-work would require a power far beyond our own; but now we more intensely feel the certainty of that fact, and were it not for divine help we should give up in despair. If still sustained, after all these years of conflict, grace must indeed have the glory of it, and here upon the altar of the present we would offer the calves of our lips, giving glory to the Lord, the God of our salvation. Doubtless divine love will be glorified in the closing hours of the mature Christian, but it is emphatically magnified in the stern period when the burden and heat of the day are on the laborer, when the novelty and romance of youth are over, and the nearness of the reward is not yet vividly certified by old age. Of all parts of the stream, the hardest to ford is the middle: there the water is deepest, the current swiftest, and the footing least secure. Lord, hold thou me up, and I shall be safe. This is the prayer which oftenest leaps from our lips.

“Thus saith the preacher, vanity of vanities, all is vanity.” We have lived long enough to experience the hollowness of earth, and the rottenness of all carnal promises. Our work, though it be holy, presses heavily upon the shoulder, and we see not all the fruit of it which we expected in earlier days. Many strong helpers have been taken away by death, and the enthusiasm which made our earlier friends leap forward with their aid is not repeated to the full at a second sound of the clarion. The decline is only apparent to fear; but apprehension has the eyes of a hawk, and spies out the smallest discouragement. The world grows better very slowly: we sometimes fear that it grows worse. The church relapses to her former sloth; the good are weary, and the wicked wax impudent; the times are out of joint, and evil days are threatening. What can happen better to a man than to go home? Happy is he who is taken from the evil to come, or hears the sound of his descending Master’s coming ere yet the shadows of the day are lengthened to the utmost.

Thus does middle age prose when it is under the influence of its most sombre hour. The ink grows thick, and the pen is clogged, and makes black strokes and heavy. The subject should be treated in a more believing manner, and written of not according to the flesh, but after the spirit. Doubtless length of days tries our graces, but what length of days have we to speak of,—we who are sighting fifty, or passing beyond it? Half a century is a trifle in the life of God. True, there is a flagging of human energy, and the warm blood of youth cools down; but our Christian life never stooped in the strength of the creature, and hence it cannot flag, since the Creator grows not old, nor is his arm waxed short. The same power which begat will preserve. Omnipotence first made the believer rise into newness of life, and until it fails his life will continue ever fresh and young. Well said the Psalmist, “All my springs are in thee.” What if others suffer shipwreck, yet none that sail with Jesus have ever been stranded yet. Purposes, plans, and achievements of men may all disappear like yon cloud upon the mountain’s summit; but, like the mountain itself, the things which are of God shall stand fast for ever and ever. Now is the time, in the lull of natural energy, to prove the power of the Holy Ghost. The trees of earth as they pass their prime decrease the quantity and quality of their fruit: it is a mark of the trees of grace that they still bring forth fruit in old age to show that the Lord is upright. The faithfulness of God may be relied upon to work a growing faithfulness in his people. Never so conscious of dependence as in this middle passage, never so certain of the all-sufficiency of God as in this noontide of the day, we joy in the Lord, and look for even richer mercies than ever.

Young men, trust God, and make the future bright with blessing. Old men, trust God, and magnify him for all the mercies of the past. As for us, we mingle gratitude and expectation in equal portions, and pray to stand in this present hour faithful to the Master in whose grace we trust.

Our valued friend, Pastor James H. Brookes, of St. Louis, author of “Maranatha,” “Is the Bible True?” “The Way made Plain,” &c., and editor of “The Truth,” sent us the following com-

munication, which we deem of importance, coming, as it does, from the pen of an experienced minister of the gospel whose loyalty to Christ and the Scriptures cannot be questioned. Mr. Spurgeon was in his twenty-eighth year at the time of Dr. Brookes's visit to London,—the time of life when men usually manifest the vagaries and impetuosity of youth, and lack those marks of maturity which are seen in later life. But even in youth Mr. Spurgeon spoke with the experience of age, though with the fervor and strength of young manhood.

One of my strongest desires upon arrival in London, some years ago, was to hear the man of whom I had read so much. This desire was speedily gratified, and under circumstances which I knew would show the weak points of his character if these were prominent. In looking over a morning newspaper, I noticed that he was advertised to preach on a week-day in some obscure chapel. No one of whom I inquired could tell me anything about the place; but with the aid of a cabman it was found, and proved to be a small, dingy house, that would be crowded with an audience of four hundred. It was not more than half filled, and the few who were present were evidently plain people.

Mr. Spurgeon was fifteen minutes late, and I felt annoyed, supposing that he took advantage of his notoriety and popularity to consult his own convenience about his appointments. At length he appeared, walking briskly down the aisle, and ascended the pulpit. After spending a moment in prayer, he arose, and in a perfectly simple and natural manner, as if he were speaking to a friend by his fireside, apologized for his tardiness. He said that for the first time in his life he had failed to be prompt; but it was not his fault, for he had preached the night before in some country town, had taken the first train for the city, and had hurried from the station immediately to the meeting-house, without even going home to kiss his wife and little boys. Of course this put every one in good humor.

He then began the services by singing "Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove," and I am not sure that he did not start the tune. However this may have been, his prayer struck upon my ear and

heart as wonderful for its humility, earnestness, directness, and confidence. His reading of the Scriptures, with his brief common-sense remarks and expositions, added greatly to the interest of the hearer in the chapter selected; and the sermon that followed was certainly one of the best, in every respect, ever preached by uninspired man. If he had been preaching before the Queen and the nobility of England, if he had been speaking to an audience of ten thousand, he could not have laid out greater strength, nor exhibited greater sincerity, greater intensity of interest in the delivery of his message, greater concern for the honor of his Lord and for the souls of his hearers.

“Leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps,” was his text, and the teachings and life of Jesus Christ our Saviour were held up with singular clearness and fidelity to the truth. The first part of his discourse was doctrinal, and the second hortatory, or, as some call it, practical, — although it was all most thoroughly practical, because so thoroughly doctrinal. I remember that one man arose, obviously in anger, and slowly left the house, but turned now and then to look at the preacher. As he withdrew, Mr. Spurgeon reminded him of the sovereignty of God, and the sacrificial death of our Divine Redeemer as the only hope of the lost sinner, and then went on to urge us to walk like Him, and to walk worthy of Him, as His friends and representatives on the earth. The sermon was very searching to my own soul, and I determined to hear no one else during my stay in London.

Nor did I hear any one else, except one afternoon and one evening when Mr. Spurgeon was not preaching, or when he was preaching where I could not reach him. I heard him in Exeter Hall; I heard him, on my return from the Continent, in his own meeting-house, then just completed; and I never heard him without a little thank-offering of my own. While he was leading the vast congregation in prayer, pouring out his gratitude to God for all his manifold mercies, spiritual and temporal, I invariably sent up the incense of praise from my own heart in the words, “Thank God for Spurgeon!” Oh, how it comforted and strengthened me to see that brave witness standing there, often amid reproach and ridicule

and slander, telling "the old, old story," and bearing faithful witness to the truth, whether men would hear or forbear.

It was a cause of regret to me, on leaving London after a few weeks' sojourn, that I could not, at least for some months, listen again to his courageous defence of God's Word, and to his stirring appeals. But an incident occurred during my absence on the Continent that illustrates the wide sweep of the man's influence for good. For some weeks I was detained by ill health in Clarens, at the upper end of Lake Geneva. One day I climbed the mountain, and came to a solitary cottage at a considerable distance from the village, and also from any other visible habitation. Two poor women were sitting upon the grass before the door, one reading, while the other was sewing. My curiosity was excited to know what book had found its way to that lonely and desolate spot, and I asked the woman what she was reading. She at once held up the book, and I discovered it to be a volume of Spurgeon's sermons, translated into French.

The last sermon I heard him preach was in London, on my return to my own country. The text was, "At that time Jesus answered and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes" (Matt. xi. 25). It was exceedingly faithful, as was all I heard fall from his lips; and I recall a flash of genius, as the world terms it, which shows what he could do in the way of eloquence and oratory, if he cared for such things. Speaking of those who are so well satisfied with themselves and with their surroundings that they refuse to bow to the authority of God, he shouted, "You will not glorify him? You will not glorify him?" Then dropping his voice to a low and thrilling tone, he said, "Yes, you will, and you shall. I tell you the groans of the damned in hell are the deep bass of the universal anthem of praise that shall ascend to the throne of my God for ever and ever."

I doubt whether there is a minister of the gospel in Christendom, who tries to be true to the Lord and to his Word, that has not been helped by Mr. Spurgeon's example, faithfulness, and courage. In my judgment, he is the best preacher, in the best

sense of the word, this century has produced; and he is so far above the sensational preachers of our own land, who have attained notoriety as much by their unfaithfulness to Christ as by their genius, that they are not worthy to untie his shoe-latchet. They have their reward now in the admiration of the crowd, pleased with that which exalts human nature and dishonors the Bible; but at the coming of the Lord, which is fast hastening on, many of them at least will be wandering stars, to whom the mist of darkness is reserved, while Spurgeon will shine in the glory of the Master's approval and near his glorious Person for ever and ever.

No apology is needed for bringing before our American public, in the present form, the life and labors of this well-known, beloved, and faithful minister of Jesus Christ. Mr. Spurgeon has universal fame without seeking it. Free from selfishness and ambition, and without aiming at popularity, he has enshrined himself in the hearts of thousands, and commanded the homage and respect of millions. Like the late honored Garfield, President of the United States, Mr. Spurgeon is a manly man; childlike but not childish, great but not grand, he has taken rank as a prominent leader and teacher without officiousness or presumption on his part. His name and labors are closely interwoven with the religious history of England in the present century; and any who would acquaint themselves with the philanthropists of the age will seek acquaintance with this esteemed pastor. The man who has preached for twenty-eight years to a congregation of more than six thousand persons; the man who is pastor of a church now numbering over five thousand in its membership, having grown from comparatively few; the man who has given the right hand of fellowship during his pastorate to nearly ten thousand persons in all; the man whose sermons have been published weekly for twenty-seven years, and besides their immense sale in England have been translated into many foreign languages; the man who has founded and presides over a College which is unique in itself, preparing one hundred students for the ministry of the Word; the man who is the originator and director of an Orphanage giving a home to five hundred needy children; the man who generously

devoted the testimonial given to him on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his marriage, of over thirty thousand dollars, to provide an Asylum for a score of poor widows; the man who is the author of over forty different volumes, including sermons, commentaries, lectures, and essays, the sale of one book alone, "John Ploughman's Talk," having reached the number of three hundred thousand copies, besides being republished in America and translated into many European languages; the man who for seventeen years has edited "The Sword and the Trowel," a monthly magazine, and who has started and still watches over various other works too numerous to mention,—is surely worthy of our study as well as of our veneration. Dr. Chalmers once wrote: "Every man is a missionary, now and forever, for good or for evil, whether he intends or designs it or not. He may be a blot, radiating his dark influence outward to the very circumference of society, or he may be a blessing, spreading benediction over the length and breadth of the world; but a blank he cannot be. There are no moral blanks, there are no neutral characters. We are either the sower that sows and corrupts, or the light that splendidly illuminates, or the salt that silently operates; but, being dead or alive, every man speaks."

When reading the above, Mr. Spurgeon instantly came to mind as fulfilling Dr. Chalmers's ideal for good. He is a missionary in the truest and noblest sense; a blessing spreading benediction through the length and breadth of the land; a light that splendidly illuminates, warning against the rocks and reefs of heresy, and directing the tempest-tossed soul into the haven of rest; the salt which operates, preserving from decay the church under his special care, with the tens of thousands to whom he ministers through his printed sermons, whose faces he has never seen. He is indeed a living man, enabled through grace to reanimate everything he touches; and as a living man he speaks out his full mind on every subject dear to him. Jealous for the divine message, he cares only for the truth. Without plausibility, without policy, without compromise, he ever seeks to expound the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. From his office as ambassador he has never been known to turn away, neither assuming

the rôle of ecclesiastic, nor degrading the ministry as a charlatan. Such a man, we repeat, is worthy of our study. The curious, the sedate, the inquirer, and the philosopher present their several queries. What is Mr. Spurgeon's history? what are his antecedents? what is the secret of his unwaning popularity — what the source of his increasing power? These are questions which we trust the reader will find fully answered in these pages. That Mr. Spurgeon's ministry has been appreciated by leaders in every department of theology is well known, whilst "babes and sucklings" have grown to maturity under his fostering care.

Our beloved friend and brother, Bishop Nicholson, of Philadelphia, writing to us recently, remarked: "With regard to Mr. Spurgeon as a minister of the gospel, I look upon him with the greatest admiration. The doctrines of Christ I think have never been more fully and faithfully taught. He is a bold utterer of God's will in the midst of abounding latitudinarianism, and yet he has seemed to me to be full of the sweetness and wisdom of Christ. His capacity for work is something marvellous. I look at what he has done, and I am simply amazed and confounded. He has been Christendom's foremost worker for Christ."

Many ministers in our own and other lands have been refreshed and stimulated through Mr. Spurgeon's example and preaching. The following testimony from a well-known pastor is only one of many which have reached us from time to time: —

"Though years have gone by since I listened to his graphic presentation of gospel truths, the whole scene, as well as the subjects discussed and much of the precise language used, is fresh and vivid in my memory at this very moment, and the influence of these services has remained with me like the perfume of precious ointment. His evident honesty, his robust Saxon speech, and his charming simplicity impressed me as the prime elements of his success as a winner of souls. I resolved while listening to him that, God being my helper, I would make my preaching so plain that no man, possessing ordinary intelligence, could fail to apprehend my meaning. I cannot claim to have followed the copy perfectly, for Mr. Spurgeon is unapproachable; but I have endeavored to follow after to the best of my ability."

Mr. Spurgeon, being a many-sided man, does not impress all who hear him in the same way. Some are benefited in one direction, some in another. His joyousness, as a ray of light, enters the gloomy hearts of not a few; his constant faith lifts up many discouraged ones; his sincerity and honesty, his ingenuousness and piety, and the combination of all these qualities affect different persons in different ways. We have met with those who have been most benefited by Mr. Spurgeon's interpretation and exposition of Scripture. Pastors who for years entertained their people with essays on moral themes, and sometimes on frivolous subjects, have come away from hearing Mr. Spurgeon with a profound determination that their preaching henceforth should be based on the opening and expounding of Scripture. An esteemed minister testified recently:—

“I regard Mr. Spurgeon as a wonderful expositor of the Word, — sound, spiritual, inspiring. I am not a great reader of sermons, but I never read one of his discourses without a sense of solid satisfaction. It is a cause of devout thanksgiving that in these days, when the trumpet so often gives an uncertain sound, a false or quavering note has never been heard from Mr. Spurgeon's watch-tower.”

In presenting to the public Mr. Spurgeon's personal history and labors, we have undertaken a work which has been upon our heart for many years. We are well persuaded that numberless caricatures and garbled histories have misled many persons, and prejudiced them against his teaching. We hope in some measure to correct this mischief, not for his sake, but theirs, who are the losers. Some American writers have done injustice to this noble man by representing him in a false light. Hobbyists on teetotalism and anti-tobacconists have made him the butt of their ridicule, and denounced him as an example of intemperance and fleshly indulgence. But no right-minded man who has ever heard or read Mr. Spurgeon would for a moment believe these slanderous reports. Yet there are thousands of persons who have been antagonized against this Defender of the Faith, having heard of him only through raving platform orators, flippant story-tellers, or vicious writers.

The motives which impel us in the prosecution of this work are various.

The author is well persuaded that Mr. Spurgeon's example will be an incentive to Christian workers, quickening their faith, inflaming their zeal, and encouraging their hearts in labor for the Lord. Many faint-hearted preachers have listened to his thrilling words with encouragement; despondency and unbelief have given place to hopefulness and faith. As we trace the history and development of Mr. Spurgeon from childhood, and observe how God makes choice of vessels sanctified and meet for His use, though we may not possess the rare talents of this minister of Christ, we may emulate his example in diligence, in faithfulness, and in loyalty to the gospel of our Lord. Many Christian workers would have given way to despair had not a timely word or a persevering example stimulated them to fresh hope. We trust, therefore, that in this direction our book will be eminently successful, and that weary toilers for God, missionaries, pastors, evangelists, students, and all who in the battle have had more than ordinary trials, will thank God for what He can do, and take courage.

We have also strong assurance that the bold, clear, faithful teaching of the great preacher will in some measure counteract the ill-balanced, weakly, and sentimental theories afloat, as well as deliver from unscriptural, hurtful, and sceptical preaching,—now, alas! so general,—many disciples of Jesus. When men depart from the simplicity that is in Christ Jesus, and with carnal minds seek to analyze the Divine Word, compelling it to fit into the mould of their perverted thought, they become impatient to regale their flocks with their negative knowledge. Such men, seeking fame, discover that fellow-fools are found who will applaud them for their folly. Some preachers have acquired notoriety in this direction, whose scholarship and independent thinking is accepted as undisputed fact. But when their foolish philosophizing is blown aside, and their castles in the clouds melt away before the sunlight of God's Word, what about their bewildered hearers? And herein is one source of Mr. Spurgeon's strength: he never trifles with the "book of books." He is a devout student and an humble

reader of the Bible. He accepts its facts, its doctrines, its history, its revelation, without question. And with all the vigor of mind which he possesses and the eloquence which he commands, he declares his own deep conviction of its divine origin, and thereby, through him, many have been delivered from the snare of scepticism into which they had fallen. Therefore we do believe that the extracts from his writings furnished in these pages will help thoughtful unbelievers out of the quagmires of every false philosophy, and lead them to the Rock of Truth, the Everlasting Word, God manifest in the flesh.

In addition, we have in our mind the thousands of families throughout the country who are isolated from churches, or who may be surrounded by heretical teachers, and prefer to spend the Lord's day at home, than allow themselves or their children to receive spiritual damage through corrupt doctrine. To supply interesting, moral, and healthful reading to such persons is a work worthy of our best efforts. The story of Mr. Spurgeon's life, the peculiarities of his ministry, the history of his Orphanage and College, besides the reports given of the various features of his labors, cannot fail to command interest. We therefore believe that herein are furnished both pleasure and profit for our readers. In the rural districts, where books are few and libraries not easily obtained, to supply a book which would be a library in itself, is a hope which we trust will be fully realized.

Besides, there are merchants and business men who need a book which will not fail to beguile the tedious hours of relaxation, — a book which must not be dull or mischievous in its tendencies. And who has found Mr. Spurgeon dull? There are chapters from his pen which out-rival for pure wit and homely wisdom any work extant. Never vulgar, sensational, or trifling, the humor of Mr. Spurgeon brings diversion and help and hope with it. The great object of his life is manifest in all his writings, — namely, the elevation and salvation of his race. His "John Ploughman's Talk" and "John Ploughman's Pictures" are full of sound advice, keen satire, kindly suggestion, and friendly warnings. No weary man can spend an hour reading these pithy sayings without feeling rested and benefited. But the mirthfulness within these pages is

not the mental food provided, any more than the spices on our table constitute the edibles. There will be met pages of solid reading, which the condiments will prepare the reader to enjoy and digest, the meal being a source of pleasure as well as a supply for present demand.

The book is prepared as a "labor of love," — love for the man who so nobly gives his life to the gospel ministry; love for the truth which he so unswervingly advocates; love for the Master whose religion he preaches; love for those who read these lines, which prompts the prayer that it may be sanctified to their highest good, and that Mr. Spurgeon's words through this medium may result in the conversion of many souls, leading them from darkness to light and from the power of Satan unto God.

II.

ANCESTRY, PARENTAGE, BIRTH.

A LITTLE lone plant in the forest had prepared a tiny flower, which as yet was not opened ; yet the plant had no anxieties, but waited its time. Could it hope that the great sun would think of it, and send his genial rays to bring its offspring to perfection ? Yes, among the thick boughs the sunlight found its way, and the little flower unfolded itself, and shone like a monarch's crown. —
C. H. SPURGEON.

ANCESTRY, PARENTAGE, BIRTH.

MR. STEVENSON, a worthy English minister of the Wesleyan Church, has written an exceedingly interesting history of Mr. Spurgeon to his forty-third birthday. His description of the great preacher and his collation of facts we copy almost entire. Others have written on the same theme, but we prefer to furnish our readers with Mr. Stevenson's condensed statements and concise narrative. We have supplied some missing links, and reduced the money accounts from pounds sterling to dollars. Those who have written adversely or spoken flippantly of Mr. Spurgeon, know not the man; to us who have the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with him, it seems strange, that one who has given his life to benefit others, should be regarded otherwise than with feelings of gratitude and affection. But he has been graciously shielded, and for more than eight and thirty years the arrows of evil have fallen harmless at his feet. May the Lord of glory preserve to His Church for many years to come His honored servant!

CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON descends from the Essex branch of the same family. Early in his ministry in London, he was introduced, at a book-store in Paternoster Row, to Mr. John Spurgeon, a descendant of the Norwich branch of the family; and on comparing notes of their respective ancestors, piety, uprightness, and loyalty were found alike in both. The same spirit of religious intolerance which sent the immortal Bunyan to Bedford Jail for preaching the gospel, also sent, in 1677, Job Spurgeon to Chelms-

ford Jail, where, for conscience' sake, he lay on a pallet of straw for fifteen weeks, in extremely severe winter weather, without any fire.

The great-grandfather of Pastor Spurgeon was contemporary with the opening period of the reign of King George III. The record preserved of his memory is, that he was a pious man, and ordered his household according to the will of God. From that day to this, the family has never wanted a man to stand before God in the service of the sanctuary.

James, the grandfather of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, was born at Halstead, in Essex, September 29, 1776. As a boy he was seriously inclined, and whilst yet a youth became a member of the Independent church at Halstead. Whilst an apprentice at Coggeshall, he was accepted as a member of the church there under the pastoral care of the Rev. S. Fielding. Following business pursuits till he was twenty-six years of age, his mind at that period was directed entirely to the work of the ministry, and in 1802 he entered Hoxton Academy. After two years' study, an application from Clare, in Suffolk, was made to him to try and raise a congregation which was very low; and in this he succeeded so far, that in September, 1806, he was appointed pastor, and the church prospered under his pastorate. The protracted ministry of Mr. Beddow in the Independent church at Stambourne, in Essex (a church which had only four ministers during the course of two hundred years), having terminated in 1810, Mr. Spurgeon received a unanimous call to the oversight of that church, which he accepted, and in May, 1811, he was recognized as their pastor. Himself the fourth of a succession of long-lived pastors in that village, he remained pastor over the church more than half a century, during which period he was peaceful, happy, and successful in his labors. He frequently remarked, when more than fourscore years old, "I have not had one hour's unhappiness with my church since I have been over it." Invitations from other churches were sent to him, but the love, harmony, and prosperity which prevailed between pastor and people induced him to decline them all, and he remained true to the people of his choice.

It is a recorded fact, worthy of perpetuation, that the venerable

James Spurgeon never preached in any place away from his own church, but God fulfilled his promise, and gave him to hear of some good being done to persons in the congregation. He had a large head, and much that was good in it. He had a good voice, and was very earnest and practical in preaching the glorious truths of the gospel. The great usefulness of his life-long ministry will be known only in eternity. He was known widely in Essex as a man of the old school,—staid, quiet, and uniform in his dress and habits. He was the very picture of neatness, and in many particulars resembled John Wesley, especially in his manners and stature. He wore a dress cravat, a frilled shirt, and had a vest with deep pockets, as if provided for large collections. He was seldom without a packet of sweets, which he gave generously to the children wherever he went, so that they gathered round him and attached themselves to him with a firmness which riper years did not shake. He was always happy in the company of young people. He wore the breeches, buckled shoes, and silk stockings which marked the reign of George III., and he really looked to be a venerable Nonconformist minister of a past age. For more than half a century his life corresponded with his labors. His gentle manners, his sincere piety, and his uniformity of conduct secured for him the goodwill of his neighbors, and he was as friendly with the parochial clergymen as with his attached Nonconformist friends. He often went to the parish church to hear the sermon when the prayers were over, especially when the cause of missions was to be advocated. He was blessed with a wife whose piety and useful labors made her a valuable helpmeet to her husband in every good word and work. In his last illness he was sustained by divine grace, and the desire he had so often expressed, that he might speak of Christ on his dying bed, was granted to him. He said the gospel was his only hope; he was on the Eternal Rock, immutable as the throne of God. Those who were privileged to witness his departure from earth will never forget his joy and peace, and the glorious prospect he had of heaven.

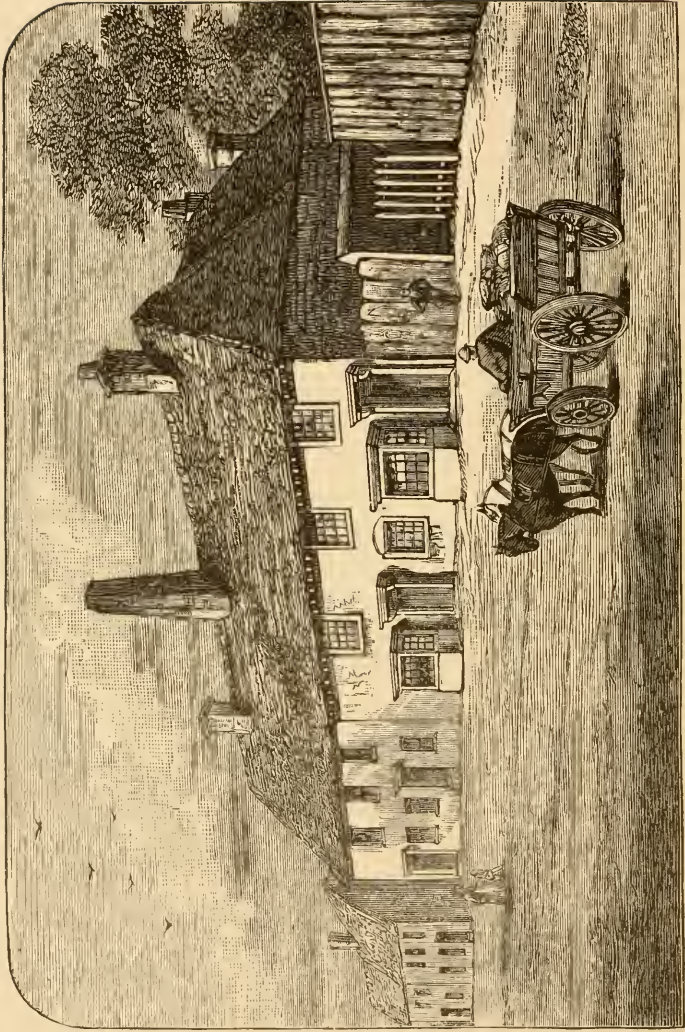
John Spurgeon,¹ the father of Charles, was born at Stambourne in 1811. He was the second of ten children, of whom four brothers and three sisters are still living. He is a portly looking

¹ Recently deceased.

man, a good specimen of a country gentleman, and is nearly six feet in height. For many years he was engaged in business at Colchester; but, with so excellent an example of a minister as was his father, it is not strange that his mind should have run in the same direction, though he did not fully enter on the ministry till he had reached the prime of life. For sixteen years he preached on Sundays to a small Independent church at Tollesbury, being occupied with business during the week. He next accepted a call to the pastorate of the Independent church at Cranbrook, Kent, a village of three thousand persons, where he remained five years.

The popularity of his son Charles in London was not without its influence on the father, whose personal worth and whose ministerial ability were not unknown in the metropolis, as he had spoken occasionally at meetings held by his son. The pastorate of the Independent church in Fetter Lane, Holborn, became vacant, and was offered to and accepted by Mr. Spurgeon; but his stay there was not long. A sphere more in accordance with his years and position was offered and accepted by him, and for some time he was pastor of the Independent church worshipping in the Upper Street, Islington. That position he resigned at the end of the year 1876. He did good work in that locality, and was much beloved by the people. His preaching was plain, earnest, and pointed, and he manifested an affectionate solicitude for all under his pastoral care, especially the young people. There are many large places of worship in the locality, and preachers of distinction are numerous in that populous suburb; but even there Mr. Spurgeon gathered a large and important congregation twice on the Sabbath, to whom his preaching was both acceptable and beneficial. The various branches of church work were carried on with energy and fidelity; and those which required female agency were fostered and watched over with affectionate solicitude by Mrs. Spurgeon, whose motherly affection secured for her a welcome in the families of the church.

Mrs. John Spurgeon was the youngest sister of Charles Parker Jervis, Esq., of Colchester, in which town her husband carried on business for many years. Wherever she has resided she has been known and esteemed for her sincere piety her great usefulness



BIRTHPLACE OF C. H. SPURGEON.

and humility. She is low in stature, and in this respect her son Charles takes after her, but not in features, in which particular the other son, James Archer Spurgeon, assimilates more to his mother. Even to a stranger visiting Mr. John Spurgeon's congregation, it would not be difficult to distinguish the pastor's wife. She has a kind word and a smile for all who come in contact with her, but is perhaps the least assuming lady in the whole assembly of worshippers. The prayerful solicitude with which she trained her children has been rewarded by each one of them making a public profession of their faith in Christ. Two of her sons occupy foremost places in the metropolis as preachers of the gospel; and one of her daughters, the wife of a minister, not only assists her husband in the preparation of his sermons, but occasionally delivers addresses to small audiences. Speaking one day to her son Charles of her solicitude for the best interests of all her children, Mrs. Spurgeon said, "Ah, Charley, I have often prayed that you might be saved, but never that you should become a Baptist." To this Charles replied, "God has answered your prayer, mother, with His usual bounty, and given you more than you asked." Both Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon made great sacrifices of personal comfort to give a good education to their children, and the children were taught habits of thrift and self-denial. The care thus bestowed on their training when young has been to the parents a source of much satisfaction; the good results of that care are manifested in the happy home lives of their children. When, at some future period, the historian of the Metropolitan Tabernacle and of the Stockwell Orphanage is considering the primary causes of those great enterprises, the care which Mrs. Spurgeon bestowed on the early training of her family must be counted as a valuable auxiliary in preparing the way for such exemplary conduct.

The villages of England, more than the towns, have the honor of producing our great men. In the village the faculties develop themselves as nature forms them, while in the large towns a thousand delusive influences are continually diverting the minds of the young into channels of danger and error. The parents of Pastor Spurgeon were residing at the village of Kelvedon, in Essex, when, on June 19, 1834, their son Charles was born. The popu-

lation of the place is only two thousand souls, and the resident clergyman, at the time just stated, the Rev. Charles Dalton, lived long enough to celebrate his jubilee as minister in that parish. The Spurgeon family belonged to the Nonconformists, under whose teaching they were all brought up. Charles and James Spurgeon were much separated during their early years. Charles was of a larger and broader build than James, and the boys in the village are said to have given them names designative of character, which also indicated friendship or attachment. Charles had as a boy a larger head than his brother, and he is represented as taking in learning more readily than James, whilst the latter excelled more in domestic duties. Besides the brothers, there are six sisters living, two of whom are said to resemble Charles in mental energy.

As the children were growing up, the father, like many professional and public men, feared his frequent absence from home would interfere with the religious education of the little ones. But happily for him he had a true helpmeet to co-operate with him in this important work, and happily for those children they had a noble mother who lived for them, and sought to build them up in true Christian character. Nór has she lived unrewarded for her pains. Oh, that all mothers learned the lesson well! Hear the good man speak thus of his wife: —

I had been from home a great deal, trying to build up weak congregations, and felt that I was neglecting the religious training of my own children while I was toiling for the good of others. I returned home with these feelings. I opened the door, and was surprised to find none of the children about the hall. Going quietly upstairs, I heard my wife's voice. She was engaged in prayer with the children; I heard her pray for them one by one by name. She came to Charles, and specially prayed for him, for he was of high spirit and daring temper. I listened till she had ended her prayer, and I felt and said, "Lord, I will go on with Thy work. The children will be cared for."

When just old enough to leave home, Charles was removed to his grandfather's house at Stambourne, where, under the affection-

ate care of a maiden aunt, and directed by the venerable pastor, he soon developed into the thoughtful boy, fonder of his book than of his play. He would sit for hours together gazing with childish horror at the grim figures of "Old Bonner" and "Giant Despair"; or tracing the adventures of Christian in the "Pilgrim's Progress," or of "Robinson Crusoe." The pious precocity of the child soon attracted the attention of all around. He would astonish the grave deacons and matrons who met at his grandfather's house on Sabbath evenings, by proposing subjects for conversation, and making pertinent remarks upon them. At that early period in life he gave indications of that decision of character and boldness of address for which he has since become so remarkable.

In the spring of 1840, and before he was six years old, seeing a person in the village who made a profession of religion standing in the street with others known to be of doubtful character, he made up to the big man, and astonished him by asking, "What doest thou here, Elijah?"

In 1841 he returned to his father's house, which was then at Colchester, that he might secure what improved advantages in education a town could supply. His mental development was even then considerably in advance of his years; and his moral character, especially his love of truth, was very conspicuous.

Spending the summer vacation at his grandfather's, in 1844, when he was just ten years old, an incident occurred which had a material influence on the boy at the time, and even more so as Divine Providence opened his way. Mr. Spurgeon's grandfather first related the incident to the writer, but it has since been written by Mr. Spurgeon himself, with the title of "The Rev. Richard Knill's Prophecy." The account is as follows.

"When I was a very small boy," writes Charles H. Spurgeon, "I was staying at my grandfather's, where I had aforetime spent my earliest days; and, as the manner was, I read the Scriptures at family prayer. Once upon a time, when reading the passage in the Book of Revelation which mentions the bottomless pit, I paused and said, 'Grandpa, what can this mean?' The answer was kind but unsatisfactory: 'Pooh, pooh, child, go on.' The

child intended, however, to have an explanation, and therefore selected the same chapter morning after morning, Sunday included, and always halted at the same verse to repeat the inquiry. At length the venerable patriarch capitulated at discretion, by saying, 'Well, dear, what is it that puzzles you?' Now, the child had often seen baskets with very frail bottoms, which in course of wear became bottomless, and allowed the fruit placed therein to fall upon the ground. Here, then, was the puzzle: If the pit aforesaid had no bottom, where would all the people fall who dropped out at its lower end? — a puzzle which rather startled the propriety of family worship, and had to be laid aside for explanation at a more convenient season. Questions of the like simple and natural character would frequently break up into paragraphs at the family Bible-reading, and had there not been a world of love and license allowed to the inquisitive reader, he would soon have been deposed from his office. As it was, the Scriptures were not very badly rendered, and were probably quite as interesting as if they had not been interspersed with original and curious inquiries."

On one of these occasions, Mr. Knill, whose name is a household word, whose memory is precious to thousands at home and abroad, stayed at the minister's house on Friday, in readiness to preach at Stambourne for the London Missionary Society on the following Sunday. He never looked into a young face without yearning to impart some spiritual gift. He was all love, kindness, earnestness, and warmth, and coveted the souls of men as misers desire the gold their hearts pine for. He heard the boy read, and commended: a little judicious praise is the sure way to a young heart. An agreement was made with the lad that on the next morning, Saturday, he would show Mr. Knill over the garden, and take him for a walk before breakfast: a task so flattering to juvenile self-importance was sure to be readily entered upon. There was a tap at the door, and the child was soon out of bed and in the garden with his new friend, who won his heart in no time by pleasing stories and kind words, and giving him a chance to communicate in return. The talk was all about Jesus, and the pleasantness of loving him. Nor was it mere talk; there was pleading

too. Into the great yew arbor, cut into the shape of a sugar-loaf, both went, and the soul-winner knelt down; with his arms around the youthful neck, he poured out vehement intercession for the salvation of the lad. The next morning witnessed the same instruction and supplication, and the next also, while all day long the pair were never far apart, and never out of each other's thoughts. The mission sermons were preached in the old Puritan meeting-house, and the man of God was called to go to the next halting-place in his tour as deputation for the Society. But he did not leave till he had uttered a most remarkable prophecy. After even more earnest prayer with his little *protégé*, he appeared to have a burden on his mind, and he could not go till he had eased himself of it. In after years he was heard to say he felt a singular interest in me, and an earnest expectation for which he could not account. Calling the family together, he took me on his knee, and I distinctly remember his saying, 'I do not know how it is, but I feel a solemn presentiment that this child will preach the gospel to thousands, and God will bless him to many souls. So sure am I of this, that when my little man preaches in Rowland Hill's chapel, as he will do one day, I should like him to promise me that he will give out the hymn commencing, —

" God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

This promise was of course made, and was followed by another, — namely, that at his express desire I would learn the hymn in question, and think of what he had said.

"The prophetic declaration was fulfilled. When I had the pleasure of preaching the Word of Life in Surrey Chapel, and also when I preached in Mr. Hill's first pulpit at Wootton-under-Edge, the hymn was sung in both places. Did the words of Mr. Knill help to bring about their own fulfilment? I think so. I believed them, and looked forward to the time when I should preach the Word. I felt very powerfully that no unconverted person might dare to enter the ministry. This made me the more intent on seeking salvation, and more hopeful of it; and when by grace I was enabled to cast myself on the Saviour's love, it was not long before

my mouth began to speak of his redemption. How came that sober-minded minister to speak thus to and of one into whose future God alone could see? How came it that he lived to rejoice with his younger brother in the truth of all that he had spoken? The answer is plain. But mark one particular lesson: would to God that we were all as wise as Richard Knill in habitually sowing beside all waters. Mr. Knill might very naturally have left the minister's little grandson on the plea that he had other duties of more importance than praying with children; and yet who shall say that he did not effect as much by that simple act of humble ministry as by dozens of sermons addressed to crowded audiences? To me his tenderness in considering the little one was fraught with everlasting consequences, and I must ever feel that his time was well laid out."

During the fostering care of his aunt Ann, — his father's unmarried sister at Stambourne, — an attachment grew up which was as sincere in affectionate regard as that which usually exists between parent and child. This aunt had charge of the infant Spurgeon during most of the first six years of his life. He was the first grandchild in the family. Care was taken by his aunt to instruct him gradually as the mind was capable of receiving impressions; but from his childhood his mind seems to have been framed after nature's model. The book he admired at his grandfather's, which had for one of its illustrations the portrait of Bonner, Bishop of London, was the cause of his mind receiving its first impressions against tyranny and persecution; and being told of the persecuting character of Bonner, the child manifested a great dislike to the name, and called the picture which represented the bishop "Old Bonner." Even at that early period of life, before he was six years old, he exhibited a marked attachment to those who were known as the children of God.

Four years of the boy's life were spent at a school at Colchester, where he studied Latin, Greek, and French. He was a diligent student, always carrying the first prize in all competitions. In 1849 he was placed under the care of Mr. Swindell, at Newmarket. There he learned to practise much self-denial. The privations he voluntarily submitted to at that time showed how decided were

his purposes to acquire knowledge, and as far as he knew to try and serve God. But the struggle which was going on in his mind, preparatory to his giving his heart fully to God, can only be described in his own touching words, as recorded in one of his sermons. Speaking of a free-thinker, he remarks: "I, too, have been like him. There was an evil hour in which I slipped the anchor of my faith: I cut the cable of my belief: I no longer moored myself hard by the coast of Revelation: I allowed my vessel to drift before the wind, and thus started on the voyage of infidelity. I said to Reason, Be thou my captain; I said to my own brain, Be thou my rudder; and I started on my mad voyage. Thank God, it is all over now; but I will tell you its brief history: it was one hurried sailing over the tempestuous ocean of free thought." The result was, that from doubting some things, he came to question everything, even his own existence.

But soon he conquered those extremes to which Satan often drives the sinner who is really repenting of his sins. The reader will be glad to hear Pastor Spurgeon's own account of his conversion.

PSALM XV.

LORD, I would dwell with Thee
On Thy most holy hill.
Oh, shed Thy grace abroad in me,
To mould me to Thy will.

Thy gate of pearl stands wide
For those who walk upright ;
But those who basely turn aside
Thou chasest from Thy sight.

Oh, tame my tongue to peace,
And tune my heart to love ;
From all reproaches may I cease,
Made harmless as a dove.

The vile, though proudly great,
No flatterer find in me ;
I count Thy saints of poor estate
Far nobler company.

Faithful, but meekly kind,
Gentle, yet boldly true,
I would possess the perfect mind
Which in my Lord I view.

But, Lord, these graces all
Thy Spirit's work must be ;
To Thee, through Jesu's blood I call,—
Create them all in me.

C. H. SPURGEON.

III.

CONVERSION AND PREACHING.

CONVERSION is a change of masters. Will we not do as much for our new master, the Lord Jesus, as we did once for our old tyrant lusts? We were very ardent and obedient servants unto sin, yielding our members to iniquity unto iniquity; shall we not now be equally earnest servants of righteousness unto holiness? Great Lord, be Thou our helper, that as we once served evil with our whole nature, we may so serve Thee, bowing our necks with delight to Thy easy yoke!—C. H. SPURGEON.

CONVERSION AND PREACHING.

SOME persons suppose that deep conviction is the result of gross sin, but many sinners who had never walked with the ungodly have had such a view of the human heart in the sight of God as compelled them to cry out, "Unclean!" Charles Spurgeon as a youth was chaste, moral, and guarded in his deportment. Yet in the narrative of his conversion we observe how he endured great bitterness of soul through conviction of sin. His heart hungered for the Lord, and was not satisfied till he found Him. Thus he narrates his conversion: —

I will tell you how I myself was brought to the knowledge of this truth. It may happen the telling of that will bring some one else to Christ. It pleased God in my childhood to convince me of sin. I lived a miserable creature, finding no hope, no comfort, thinking that surely God would never save me. At last the worst came to the worst,—I was miserable; I could do scarcely anything. My heart was broken in pieces. Six months did I pray, — prayed agonizingly with all my heart, and never had an answer. I resolved that, in the town where I lived, I would visit every place of worship in order to find out the way of salvation. I felt I was willing to do anything and be anything if God would only forgive me. I set off, determined to go round to all the chapels, and I went to all the places of worship; and though I dearly venerate the men that occupy those pulpits now, and did so then, I am bound to say that I never heard them once fully preach the gospel. I mean by that, they preached truth, great truths, many

good truths that were fitting to many of their congregation, — spiritually-minded people; but what I wanted to know was, How can I get my sins forgiven? And they never once told me that. I wanted to hear how a poor sinner, under a sense of sin, might find peace with God; and when I went I heard a sermon on “Be not deceived: God is not mocked,” which cut me up worse, but did not say how I might escape. I went again another day, and the text was something about the glories of the righteous: nothing for poor me. I was something like a dog under the table, not allowed to eat of the children’s food. I went time after time, and I can honestly say, I don’t know that I ever went without prayer to God, and I am sure there was not a more attentive hearer in all the place than myself, for I panted and longed to understand how I might be saved.

At last, one snowy day, — it snowed so much, I could not go to the place I had determined to go to, and I was obliged to stop on the road, and it was a blessed stop to me, — I found rather an obscure street, and turned down a court, and there was a little chapel. I wanted to go somewhere, but I did not know this place. It was the Primitive Methodists’ chapel. I had heard of these people from many, and how they sang so loudly that they made people’s heads ache; but that did not matter. I wanted to know how I might be saved, and if they made my head ache ever so much I did not care. So, sitting down, the service went on, but no minister came. At last a very thin-looking man came into the pulpit and opened his Bible and read these words: “Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth.” Just setting his eyes upon me, as if he knew me all by heart, he said: “Young man, you are in trouble.” Well, I was, sure enough. Says he, “You will never get out of it unless you look to Christ.” And then, lifting up his hands, he cried out, as only, I think, a Primitive Methodist could do, “Look, look, look! It is only look!” said he. I saw at once the way of salvation. Oh, how I did leap for joy at that moment! I know not what else he said: I did not take much notice of it, — I was so possessed with that one thought. Like as when the brazen serpent was lifted up, they only looked and were healed. I had been waiting to do fifty things, but when

I heard this word "Look!" what a charming word it seemed to me. Oh, I looked until I could almost have looked my eyes away! and in heaven I will look on still in my joy unutterable.

I now think I am bound never to preach a sermon without preaching to sinners. I do think that a minister who can preach a sermon without addressing sinners does not know how to preach.

On Oct. 11, 1864, the pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle preached a sermon to five hundred hearers in the chapel at Colchester (in which he was converted), on the occasion of the anniversary in that place of worship. He took for his text the memorable words, Isaiah xlv. 22, "Look unto Me, and be ye saved," &c., and, said the preacher, "That I heard preached from in this chapel when the Lord *converted* me." And pointing to a seat on the left hand, under the gallery, he said: "*I was sitting in that pew when I was converted.*" This honest confession produced a thrilling effect upon the congregation, and very much endeared the successful pastor to many hearts.

Of his conversion Mr. Spurgeon takes delight in speaking on every fitting opportunity, hoping thereby to benefit others. As an example of the advantage which he takes, under the title of "A Bit for Boys," he says, in "The Sword and the Trowel": "When I was just fifteen, I believed in the Lord Jesus, was baptized, and joined the church of Christ. This is twenty-five years ago now, and I have never been sorry for what I then did; no, not even once. I have had plenty of time to think it over, and many temptations to try some other course, and if I had found out that I had been deceived, or had made a gross blunder, I would have made a change before now, and would do my best to prevent others from falling into the same delusion. I tell you, boys, the day I gave myself up to the Lord Jesus, to be His servant, was the very best day of my life. Then I began to be safe and happy; then I found out the secret of living; and had a worthy object for my life's exertions, and an unfailing comfort for life's troubles. Because I would wish every boy to have a bright eye, a light tread, a joyful heart, and overflowing spirits, I plead with him to con-

sider whether he will not follow my example, for I speak from experience."

Early in the month of January, 1856, Mr. Spurgeon preached a sermon to his own congregation on Sunday morning, which is entitled "Sovereignty and Salvation," and it forms No. 60 in the second volume of his published discourses. In that sermon he says: —

"Six years ago to-day, as near as possible at this very hour of the day, I was 'in the gall of bitterness and in the bonds of iniquity,' but had yet, by divine grace, been led to feel the bitterness of that bondage, and to cry out by reason of the soreness of its slavery. Seeking rest and finding none, I stepped within the house of God, and sat there, afraid to look upward, lest I should be utterly cut off, and lest his fierce wrath should consume me. The minister rose in his pulpit, and, as I have done this morning, read this text: 'Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else.' I looked that moment; the grace of faith was vouchsafed to me in that instant; and

'Ere since by faith I saw the stream
His flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.'

I shall never forget that day while memory holds its place; nor can I help repeating this text whenever I remember that hour when first I knew the Lord. How strangely gracious! How wonderfully and marvellously kind, that he who heard these words so little time ago, for his own soul's profit, should now address you this morning as his hearers from the same text, in the full and confident hope that some poor sinner within these walls may hear the glad tidings of salvation for himself also, and may to-day be 'turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God!'"

All the letters he sent home at that period were full of the overflowings of a grateful heart; and, although so young in years, he describes the operations of divine grace on the heart and life, and the differences between the doctrines of the gospel and the forms

of the church, in terms so precise and clear, that no merely human teaching could have enabled him so to do.

Brought up, as he had been, among the Independents, his own views on one point of church ordinances now assumed a form differing materially from what his parents had adopted. Having experienced a change of heart, he felt it to be laid upon him as an imperative duty to make a full and public confession of the change by public baptism. He had united himself formally with the Baptist people the year before; now he felt constrained to fully cast in his lot and become one of them entirely. He wrote many letters home to his father, asking for advice and information, but striving to enforce his own conviction for making a public profession of his faith in Christ. At length the father was satisfied that his son had no faith in the dogma of baptismal regeneration; that his motives for seeking to be publicly recognized as a follower of the Lord Jesus were higher than those he had feared; therefore no further opposition was made, and the necessary steps were taken for his immersion.

All the arrangements having been made, the young convert walked from Newmarket to Isleham, seven miles, on May 2d, and staying with the family of Mr. Cantlow, the Baptist minister there, he was by that gentleman publicly baptized in that village on Friday, May 3, 1851, being in his sixteenth year. He thus proceeds in his letter to his father: "It is very pleasing to me that the day on which I shall openly profess the name of Jesus is my mother's birthday. May it be to both of us a foretaste of many glorious and happy days yet to come."

Having thus publicly devoted himself to the service of God, he was more earnest than ever in his efforts to do good. Besides having himself revived an old society for distributing tracts, he undertook to carry out this good work in Newmarket thoroughly. Whenever he walked out he carried these messengers of mercy with him; he was instant in season, and, indeed, was seldom out of season, in his efforts to do good. His duties in school occupied him three hours daily, the remainder of his time being spent in his closet or in some work of mercy. The Sunday-school very soon gained his attention, and his addresses to the children

were so full of love and instruction that the children carried the good tidings home to their parents; and soon they came to hear the addresses in the vestry of the Independent chapel in that town. The place was soon filled.

At one of the examinations of the school he had consented to deliver an oration on missions. It was a public occasion, and in the company was a clergyman. During the examination the clergyman heard of the death of his gardener, and suddenly left for home. But on his way he thus reasoned with himself: The gardener is dead; I cannot restore his life; I will return and hear what the young usher has to say on missions. He returned, heard the oration, and was pleased to show his approval by presenting Mr. Spurgeon with a sovereign.

Having at once identified himself as a member of the Baptist church in Cambridge, he soon found occupation suitable to his mind. His addresses to children, and afterwards to parents and children, had produced a love of the work, and he soon was called to exhort a village congregation. He was then sixteen years old. Connected with the Baptist church meeting in St. Andrew's Street, Cambridge, formerly under the pastoral care of the late learned Robert Hall, there existed a society entitled "The Lay Preachers' Association." Although so young in years, Mr. Spurgeon was accepted as a member of this association. Here he at once found the occupation which his mind most desired; and he was soon appointed to address a congregation.

As this was one of the most important steps in Mr. Spurgeon's life, the reader will be glad to learn from his own pen the circumstances which led to his first attempted sermon. In introducing the text, "Unto you therefore which believe, He is precious," 1 Peter ii. 7, Mr. Spurgeon remarks, in 1873: "I remember well that, more than twenty-two years ago, the first attempted sermon that I ever made was from this text. I had been asked to walk out to the village of Taversham, about four miles from Cambridge, where I then lived, to accompany a young man whom I supposed to be the preacher for the evening, and on the way I said to him that I trusted God would bless him in his labors. 'Oh, dear,' said he, 'I never preached in my life; I never thought of doing such

a thing. I was asked to walk with you, and I sincerely hope God will bless YOU in YOUR preaching.' 'Nay,' said I, 'but I never preached, and I don't know that I could do anything of the sort.' We walked together till we came to the place, my inmost soul being all in a trouble as to what would happen. When we found the congregation assembled, and no one else there to speak of Jesus, though I was only sixteen years of age, as I found that I was expected to preach, I did preach, and the text was that just given."

Considering the results which have followed that sermon, and that the preacher is now the author of twenty-seven large volumes of published sermons, and that nearly two thousand of his sermons have in various forms been printed since that day, it will be interesting to glance at some of the incidents belonging to that early period of his ministry. In the summer of 1875, from inquiries made in the locality, a correspondent of the "Baptist" newspaper reports as follows: —

"A gentleman informed me that he heard Mr. Spurgeon preach his first sermon when about sixteen years of age; and he then read, prayed, and expounded the Word, being attired in a round jacket and broad turn-down collar, such as I remember to have been in fashion at that period.

"Mr. Spurgeon was then living near Cambridge, and his mode of preaching afforded promise that he would become a powerful and popular preacher.

"Mr. C., the schoolmaster of the village in 1850, was impressed with the precocious talent of the young preacher, and at his style of preaching."

Having once entered on this most solemn duty, and finding acceptance with the people, he laid himself out for one service every evening, after attending to his duties in school during the day.

From an aged and experienced Christian, who heard Mr. Spurgeon preach before his call to London, we learn that his addresses were very instructive, and often included illustrations derived from history, geography, astronomy, and from other branches of school occupation, evidently adapted from his daily duties, and thus

made to serve as instruments in religion, as well as in training and informing the mind.

His early ministry was not only gratuitous, but often attended with demands on his small salary, which he willingly gave to God, — not to be seen of men, did he help the needy.

In some of the thirteen village stations around Cambridge and Waterbeach, to which Mr. Spurgeon devoted all his evenings, the preaching was held in a cottage, in others a chapel, and occasionally the open Common could furnish the accommodation required. At the village of Waterbeach, Mr. Spurgeon was received in a marked manner of approval. In most of the places in which he had preached the effect was very much alike, in the large numbers attracted to hear the Word of God, and in the success which God was pleased to bestow on his labors. Even at that early period of his ministerial career, invitations to preach special sermons in towns and villages at a distance soon rapidly increased. At Waterbeach, however, the little church saw in the young man a suitability to their wants, and they gave him an invitation to become their pastor. He was well received by the people, and soon became quite popular. During the few months of his pastorate there, the church members were increased from forty to nearly one hundred.

Mr. Spurgeon has himself supplied an interesting reminiscence of his ministry at that village, which is worth preserving: —

“When we had just commenced our youthful pastorate at Waterbeach, in 1852, Cornelius Elven, as a man of mark in that region, was requested to preach the anniversary sermons in our little thatched meeting-house, and right well we remember his hearty compliance with our desire. We met at the station as he alighted from a third-class carriage which he had chosen in order to put the friends to the least possible expense for his travelling. His bulk was stupendous, and one soon saw that his heart was as large in proportion as his body. He gave us much sage and holy advice during the visit, which came to us with much the same weight as Paul’s words came to Timothy. He bade us study hard, and keep abreast of the foremost Christians in our little church, adding as a reason, that if these men, either in their knowledge

of Scripture or their power to edify the people, once outstrip you, the temptation will arise among them to be dissatisfied with your ministry; and, however good they are, they will feel their superiority, and others will perceive it too, and then your place in the church will become very difficult to hold. His sermons were very homely, and pre-eminently practical. He told anecdotes of the usefulness of addressing individuals one by one about their souls."

It has been remarked a hundred times, by those not well informed on the matter, that Mr. Spurgeon was an uneducated man, and had no college instruction. The experience of a quarter of a century has demonstrated how erroneous were these remarks. Is there in England a man of education who has done more for the extension of the kingdom of Christ by the publication of numerous valuable theological and instructive books than Mr. Spurgeon? Let the list of his works determine.

On the question of not going to college there is also some misconception. The exact facts are worthy of being placed on record. Mr. Spurgeon has himself so clearly stated the case in an article he wrote some time ago in his own magazine, that the reader will be glad to see it here; it is curious and interesting:—

"Soon after I had begun, in 1852, to preach the Word in Water-beach, I was strongly advised by my father and others to enter Stepney, now Regent's Park College, to prepare more fully for the ministry. Knowing that learning is never an incumbrance and is often a great means of usefulness, I felt inclined to avail myself of the opportunity of attaining it, although I believed I might be useful without a college training, I consented to the opinion of friends, that I should be more useful with it. Dr. Angus, the tutor of the college, visited Cambridge, where I then resided, and it was arranged that we should meet at the house of Mr. Macmillan, the publisher. Thinking and praying over the matter, I entered the house at exactly the time appointed, and was shown into a room, where I waited patiently for a couple of hours, feeling too much impressed with my own insignificance and the greatness of the tutor from London to venture to ring the bell and inquire the cause of the unreasonably long delay.

"At last, patience having had her perfect work, the bell was

set in motion, and on the arrival of the servant, the waiting young man of eighteen was informed that the doctor had tarried in another room, and could stay no longer, so had gone off by train to London. The stupid girl had given no information to the family that any one called and had been shown into the drawing-room, consequently the meeting never came about, although designed by both parties. I was not a little disappointed at the moment; but have a thousand times since then thanked the Lord very heartily for the strange providence which forced my steps into another and far better path.

“ Still holding to the idea of entering the Collegiate Institution, I thought of writing and making an immediate application; but this was not to be. That afternoon, having to preach at a village station, I walked slowly in a meditating frame of mind over Midsummer Common to the little wooden bridge which leads to Chesterton, and in the midst of the common I was startled by what seemed to me to be a loud voice, but which may have been a singular illusion: whichever it was, the impression it made on my mind was most vivid; I seemed very distinctly to hear the words, ‘ Seekest thou great things for thyself, seek them not!’ This led me to look at my position from a different point of view, and to challenge my motives and intentions. I remembered my poor but loving people to whom I ministered, and the souls which had been given me in my humble charge; and although at that time I anticipated obscurity and poverty as the result of the resolve, yet I did there and then renounce the offer of collegiate instruction, determining to abide for a season, at least, with my people, and to remain preaching the Word so long as I had strength to do it. Had it not been for those words, I had not been where I am now. Although the ephod is no longer worn by a ministering priest, the Lord guides His people by His wisdom, and orders all their paths in love; and in times of perplexity, by ways mysterious and remarkable, He says to them: ‘ This is the way, walk ye in it.’ ”

One or two extracts from his letters, written at the same time, it is desirable to give to show how anxiously the matter was considered. In his reply to his father, dated March 9, 1852, Mr.

Spurgeon writes: "I have all along had an aversion to college, and nothing but a feeling that I must not consult myself, but Jesus, could have made me think of it. It appears to my friends at Cambridge, that it is my duty to remain with my dear people at Waterbeach; so say the church there unanimously, and so say three of our deacons at Cambridge."

During the summer his decision was taken, in the way previously related; and in a letter he sent to his mother in November following, he says: "I am more and more glad that I never went to college. God sends such sunshine on my path, such smiles of grace, that I cannot regret if I have forfeited all my prospects for it. I am conscious I held back from love to God and His cause; and I had rather be poor in His service than rich in my own. I have all that heart can wish for; yea, God giveth more than my desire. My congregation is as great and loving as ever. During all the time I have been at Waterbeach, I have had a different house for my home every day. Fifty-two families have thus taken me in; and I have still six other invitations not yet accepted. Talk about the people not caring for me because they give me so little! I dare tell anybody under heaven 'tis false! They do all they can. Our anniversary passed off grandly; six were baptized; crowds on crowds stood by the river; the chapel afterwards was crammed both to the tea and the sermon."

By these and other exercises of mind, God was preparing his young servant for greater plans of usefulness and a wider sphere of action.

The following verses were written by Mr. Spurgeon, at the age of eighteen:—

IMMANUEL.

When once I mourned a load of sin;
 When conscience felt a wound within;
 When all my works were thrown away;
 When on my knees I knelt to pray,
 Then, blissful hour, remembered well,
 I learned Thy love, Immanuel.

When storms of sorrow toss my soul;
 When waves of care around me roll;

When comforts sink, when joys shall flee ;
 When hopeless griefs shall gape for me.
 One word the tempest's rage shall quell —
 That word, Thy name, Immanuel.

When for the truth I suffer shame ;
 When foes pour scandal on my name ;
 When cruel taunts and jeers abound ;
 When " Bulls of Bashan " gird me round,
 Secure within Thy tower I 'll dwell —
 That tower, Thy grace, Immanuel.

When hell enraged lifts up her roar ;
 When Satan stops my path before ;
 When fiends rejoice and wait my end ;
 When legioned hosts their arrows send,
 Fear not, my soul, but hurl at hell,
 Thy battle-cry, Immanuel.

When down the hill of life I go ;
 When o'er my feet death's waters flow ;
 When in the deep'ning flood I sink ;
 When friends stand weeping on the brink,
 I 'll mingle with my last farewell
 Thy lovely name, Immanuel.

When tears are banished from mine eye ;
 When fairer worlds than these are nigh ;
 When heaven shall fill my ravished sight ;
 When I shall bathe in sweet delight,
 One joy all joys shall far excel,
 To see Thy face, Immanuel.

IV.

CALL TO LONDON.

JAMES I. once said of armor, that "it was an excellent invention; for it not only saved the life of the wearer, but it hindered him from doing harm to anybody else." Equally destructive to all usefulness is that excessive prudence upon which some professors pride themselves; not only do they escape all persecution, but they are never able to strike a blow, much less to fight a battle for the Lord Jesus. — C. H. SPURGEON.

CALL TO LONDON.

THE anniversary meeting of the Cambridge Union of Sunday-schools in 1853 was held at Cambridge, on which occasion Mr. Spurgeon was called upon to speak. The part he took was of remarkable significance. There was nothing in his manner or his remarks which was specially attractive to his audience; but there was an unseen agency at work with the speaker as well as in the audience. There was present at that meeting a gentleman from Essex, on whose mind the address delivered by Mr. Spurgeon made a lasting impression. Shortly afterwards he met in London with one of the deacons of the Baptist church of New Park Street, Southwark, a church which had once flourished like the ancient cedars of Lebanon, but which was then so far shorn of its former glory as to give cause of serious consideration. Anxiously did the thoughtful deacon tell his tale of a scattered church and a diminished congregation. Fresh upon the mind of his hearer was the effect of the speech of the young minister at Cambridge, and he ventured to speak of the youthful evangelist of Waterbeach as a minister likely to be the means of reviving interest in the declining church at New Park Street. The two friends separated, the deacon not much impressed with what he had heard; and things grew worse.

But finally a correspondence was commenced between Deacon James Low and Mr. Spurgeon, which soon resulted in the latter receiving an invitation to come to London and preach before them in their large chapel. The work was altogether of God, man only

made the arrangements. The motto of Julius Cæsar may be modified to express the results of the visit: Mr. Spurgeon came; he preached; he conquered.

For some months the pulpit had been vacant, the pews forsaken, the aisles desolate, and the exchequer empty. Decay had set in so seriously that the deacons lost heart, and, until Mr. Spurgeon arrived, the cause seemed hopeless. In the autumn of 1853 he first occupied New Park-street pulpit. The chapel, capable of holding twelve hundred people, had about two hundred occupants at the first service. The preacher was a young man who had just passed his nineteenth year. In his sermon he spoke with the freedom and boldness which evinced that he believed what he preached, and believed that his message was from God. Some were disappointed; others resolved to oppose, and did oppose; but by far the greater proportion were disposed to hear him again. The result of the first sermon was proved, in a few hours, to have been a success. The evening congregation was greatly increased, partly from curiosity, partly from the youth of the preacher and his unusual style of address. Mr. Spurgeon was again invited to take the pulpit on another Sunday as early as possible, for a feeling of excitement was created, and it required to be satisfied. After consulting with his church at Waterbeach, he arranged to supply the New Park-street pulpit during three alternate Lord's days. The desire to hear the young preacher having greatly extended, it was determined to invite Mr. Spurgeon from his rustic retreat to undertake the heavy responsibility of pastor of one of the most ancient Baptist churches in London, and formerly the most influential; and he entered on that duty in the month of April, 1854.

We are permitted to give two of Mr. Spurgeon's letters to the church at the time of his appointment, which will most clearly state the facts relating to his coming to London. The first of the following letters was written to Deacon Low shortly before Mr. Spurgeon left Cambridge, and the second is dated from his first lodgings immediately after his permanent arrival in London.

No. 60 PARK STREET, CAMBRIDGE, Jan. 27, 1854.

TO JAMES LOW, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR, — I cannot help feeling intense gratification at the unanimity of the church at New Park Street in relation to their invitation to me. Had I been uncomfortable in my present situation, I should have felt unmixed pleasure at the prospect Providence seems to open up before me; but having a devoted and loving people, I feel I know not how.

One thing I know, namely, that I must soon be severed from them by necessity, for they do not raise sufficient to maintain me in comfort. Had they done so I should have turned a deaf ear to any request to leave them, at least for the present. But now my Heavenly Father drives me forth from this little Garden of Eden, and while I see that I must go out, I leave it with reluctance, and tremble to tread the unknown land before me.

When I first ventured to preach at Waterbeach, I only accepted an invitation for three months, on the condition that if in that time I should see good reason for leaving, or they on their part should wish for it, I should be at liberty to cease supplying, or they should have the same power to request me to do so before the expiration of the time.

With regard to a six months' invitation from you, I have no objection to the length of time, but rather approve of the prudence of the church in wishing to have one so young as myself on an extended period of approbation. But I write after well weighing the matter, when I say positively that I cannot — I *dare* not — accept an unqualified invitation for so long a time. My objection is not to the length of time of probation, but it ill becomes a youth to promise to preach to a London congregation so long, until he knows them and they know him. I would engage to supply for three months of that time, and then, should the congregation fail, or the church disagree, I would reserve to myself liberty, without breach of engagement, to retire; and you would on your part have the right to dismiss me without seeming to treat me ill. Should I see no reason for so doing, and the church still retain their wish for me, I can remain the other three months, either with

or without the formality of a further invitation; but even during the second three months I should not like to regard myself as a fixture, in case of ill success, but would only be a supply, liable to a fortnight's dismissal or resignation.

Perhaps this is not business-like,—I do not know; but this is the course I should prefer, if it would be agreeable to the church. Enthusiasm and popularity are often the crackling of thorns, and soon expire. I do not wish to be a hindrance if I cannot be a help.

With regard to coming at once, I think I must not. My own deacons just hint that I ought to finish the quarter here: though, by ought, they mean simply,—pray do so if you can. This would be too long a delay. I wish to help them until they can get supplies, which is only to be done with great difficulty; and, as I have given you four Sabbaths, I hope you will allow me to give them four in return. I would give them the first and second Sabbaths in February, and two more in a month or six weeks' time. I owe them much for their kindness, although they insist that the debt lies on their side. Some of them hope, and almost pray, that you may be tired in three months, so that I may be again sent back to them.

Thus, my dear sir, I have honestly poured out my heart to you. You are too kind. You will excuse me if I err, for I wish to do right to you, to my people, and to all, as being not mine own, but bought with a price.

I respect the honesty and boldness of the small minority, and only wonder that the number was not greater. I pray God that if He does not see fit that I should remain with you, the majority may be quite as much the other way at the end of six months, so that I may never divide you into parties.

Pecuniary matters I am well satisfied with. And now one thing is due to every minister, and I pray you to remind the church of it, namely, that in private, as well as public, they must all wrestle in prayer to God that I may be sustained in the great work.

I am, with the best wishes for your health, and the greatest respect,

Yours truly,

C. H. SPURGEON.

Viewed in the light of subsequent results, it will not surprise the reader to learn that it did not take the church six months to determine their part of the contract. Before three months had passed away, "the small minority" had been absorbed into the majority, and the entire church united in giving their young minister, not yet twenty years old, an invitation to accept the pastorate, both cordial and unanimous. Mr. Spurgeon's second letter at this period will best explain the real facts: —

75 DOVER ROAD, BOROUGH, April 28, 1854.

To the Baptist Church of Christ worshipping in New Park-street Chapel, Southwark.

DEARLY BELOVED IN CHRIST JESUS, — I have received your unanimous invitation, as contained in a resolution passed by you on the 19th instant, desiring me to accept the pastorate among you. No lengthened reply is required; there is but one answer to so loving and cordial an invitation. I ACCEPT IT. I have not been perplexed as to what my reply shall be, for many things constrain me thus to answer.

I sought not to come to you, for I was the minister of an obscure but affectionate people; I never solicited advancement. The first note of invitation from your deacons came to me quite unlooked for, and I trembled at the idea of preaching in London. I could not understand how it came about, and even now I am filled with astonishment at the wondrous Providence. I would wish to give myself into the hands of our covenant God, whose wisdom directs all things. He shall choose for me; and so far as I can judge this is His choice.

I feel it to be a high honor to be the pastor of a people who can mention glorious names as my predecessors; and I entreat of you to remember me in prayer, that I may realize the solemn responsibility of my trust. Remember my youth and inexperience; pray that these may not hinder my usefulness. I trust, also, that the remembrance of these may lead you to forgive the mistakes I may make, or unguarded words I may utter.

Blessed be the name of the Most High! if He has called me to

this office He will support me in it; otherwise, how should a child, a youth, have the presumption thus to attempt a work which filled the heart and hands of Jesus? Your kindness to me has been very great, and my heart is knit unto you. I fear not your steadfastness; I fear my own. The gospel, I believe, enables me to venture great things, and by faith I venture this. I ask your co-operation in every good work, — in visiting the sick, in bringing in inquirers, and in mutual edification.

Oh, that I may be no injury to you, but a lasting benefit! I have no more to say, only this: that if I have expressed myself in these few words in a manner unbecoming my youth and inexperience, you will not impute it to arrogance, but forgive my mistake.

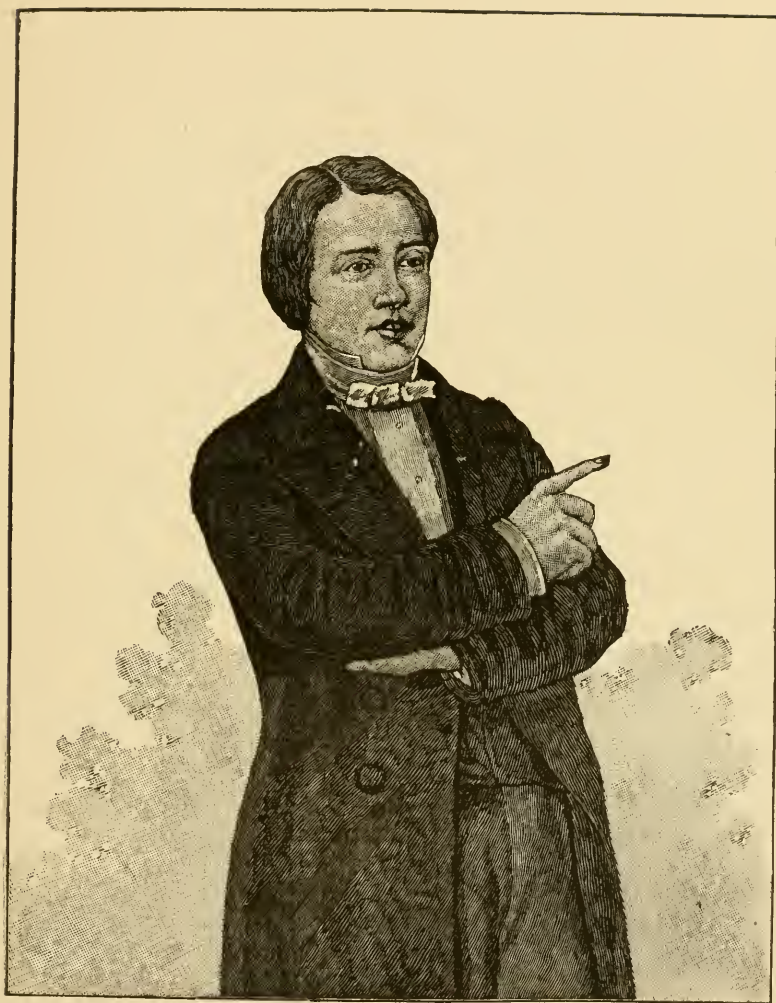
And now, commending you to our covenant-keeping God, the triune Jehovah, I am yours to serve in the gospel,

C. H. SPURGEON.

Before three months of the new pastorate had expired the fame of the young minister had spread over the metropolis, crowds of people flocked to his chapel at every service, and the newspapers, week by week for some time, were asking: Who is this Spurgeon? For a long time that question was a puzzle to many minds; but one thing was certain, he had secured the ear and the attention of the public, who waited upon his ministry by thousands.

The summer of 1854 will long be remembered for the frightful scourge of Asiatic cholera with which the great city was visited. The black flag could be seen stretched across streets to warn strangers of the close proximity of plague-stricken dwellings. On all sides there was anxious foreboding, sorrow, or bereavement. The young pastor's services were eagerly sought for, his time and strength taxed to their utmost; but he discharged the duties of the emergency with a true and manly courage. A paragraph from his "Treasury of David," on Psalm xci., most graphically describes this trying period: —

"In the year 1854, when I had scarcely been in London twelve months, the neighborhood in which I labored was visited by Asiatic cholera, and my congregation suffered from its inroads. Family after family summoned me to the bedsides of the smitten,



MR. SPURGEON AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-ONE.

and almost every day I was called to visit the grave. I gave myself up with youthful ardor to the visitation of the sick, and was sent for from all corners of the district by persons of all ranks and religions. I became weary in body and sick at heart. My friends seemed falling one by one, and I felt or fancied that I was sickening like those around me. A little more work and weeping would have laid me low among the rest. I felt that my burden was heavier than I could bear, and I was ready to sink under it. As God would have it, I was returning mournfully home from a funeral, when my curiosity led me to read a paper which was wafered up in a shoemaker's window in the Dover Road. It did not look like a trade announcement, nor was it; for it bore in a good bold handwriting these words: 'Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation; there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.' The effect upon my heart was immediate. Faith appropriated the passage as her own. I felt secure, refreshed, girt with immortality. I went on with my visitation of the dying in a calm and peaceful spirit; I felt no fear of evil, and I suffered no harm. The Providence which moved the tradesman to place those verses in his window I gratefully acknowledge, and in the remembrance of its marvellous power I adore the Lord my God."

In the autumn of his first year's pastorate he preached a sermon from the words, "Is it not wheat harvest to-day?" The sermon attracted attention, was much talked about by his hearers, and during the following week it appeared under the title of "Harvest Time," and had a large sale. This led the publisher shortly afterwards to print another of his sermons, under the title of "God's Providence." The public at once took to these sermons, and by the end of the year about a dozen had thus been issued. This greatly increased his popularity; for many who had not heard him, read those sermons, were interested in them, and soon found opportunity to go and hear him. The demand for his sermons being considerably greater than for the sermons of other ministers then being published, Mr. Spurgeon made arrangements with the first friend he met in London, who was a printer, and a member of his church, to commence the publication of one sermon

of his every week, beginning with the new year, 1855. Through the good providence of God the sermons have appeared continuously, week by week, without interruption, for more than twenty-seven years, with a steady, improving, and large circulation, which is in itself a marked indication of divine favor. No other minister the world has ever known has been able to produce one printed sermon weekly for so many years. The work still goes on with unabated favor and unceasing interest.

The following description of the preacher's style at this period is one of the earliest we have met with: "His voice is clear and musical; his language plain; his style flowing, but terse; his method lucid and orderly; his matter sound and suitable; his tone and spirit cordial; his remarks always pithy and pungent, sometimes familiar and colloquial, yet never light or coarse, much less profane. Judging from a single sermon, we supposed that he would become a plain, faithful, forcible, and affectionate preacher of the gospel in the form called Calvinistic; and our judgment was the more favorable because, while there was a solidity beyond his years, we detected little of the wild luxuriance naturally characteristic of very young preachers." Want of order and arrangement was a fault the preacher soon found out himself, and he refers to it when he says: "Once I put all my knowledge together in glorious confusion; but now I have a shelf in my head for everything; and whatever I read or hear I know where to stow it away for use at the proper time."

Amongst the multitudes who assembled to hear the popular preacher was a member of the Society of Friends, who, being deeply impressed by what he saw and heard, wrote a lengthened article on the subject. The writer observes: "The crowds which have been drawn to hear him, the interest excited by his ministry, and the conflicting opinions expressed in reference to his qualifications and usefulness, have been altogether without parallel in modern times. It was a remarkable sight to see this round-faced country youth thus placed in a position of such solemn and arduous responsibility, yet addressing himself to the fulfilment of its onerous duties with a gravity, self-possession, and vigor that proved him well fitted for the task he had assumed.

Within one year, New Park-street Chapel had to be enlarged. During the enlargement, Exeter Hall was taken, and it was filled to overflowing every Sabbath morning to hear the young preacher. The chapel, which had been enlarged to the fullest extent of the ground, was soon found to be far too circumscribed for the thousands who flocked to hear him; and by the end of the summer it became necessary to seek for a much larger place to satisfy the demand of the public.

On the 19th of June, 1855, Mr. Spurgeon came of age, and he improved the occasion by preaching a sermon relating thereto. A large congregation heard it, and it was printed, with an excellent likeness of the young preacher, pale and thin as he then was. The sermon was published with the title, "Pictures of Life, and Birthday Reflections." It had a large sale. That was the first portrait of him which had been issued.

At that period the first attempt to issue a penny weekly newspaper was made by Mr. C. W. Banks, and the "Christian Cabinet" was a very spirited publication. The value of a pure and cheap press was fully appreciated by Mr. Spurgeon, who generously furnished articles for the columns of that serial during nearly the whole of its first year's existence. They show a clear and sound judgment on many public events passing more than twenty years ago, and they are the first buddings of that genius which has since ripened so fully, and yielded such an abundant harvest of rich mental food. The books which have since come from Mr. Spurgeon's pen are equally marvellous for their number, variety, and usefulness, and some of them have had most unprecedentedly large sales.

In July of this year, 1855, he paid his first visit to Scotland, and a lively description of his congregation and preaching was printed in the "Cabinet."

On the bright evening of the 4th of September, Mr. Spurgeon preached to about twelve thousand people in a field in King Edward's Road, Hackney. The sermon was printed under the title of "Heaven and Hell," and had a very large sale, doing at the same time a large amount of good. The sermon was closed by the preacher giving the following account of his own conver-

sion, which had a good effect on his audience, proving that experience is the best teacher. There were thousands of young people present who were astonished at what they heard, and many turned that night from their sins. The preacher said: —

“I can remember the time when my sins first stared me in the face. I thought myself the most accursed of all men. I had not committed any very great open transgressions against God; but I recollected that I had been well trained and tutored, and I thought my sins were thus greater than other people’s. I cried to God to have mercy, but I feared that He would not pardon me. Month after month I cried to God, but He did not hear me, and I knew not what it was to be saved. Sometimes I was so weary of the world that I desired to die; but I then recollected that there was a worse world after this, and that it would be an ill matter to rush before my Maker unprepared. At times I wickedly thought God a most heartless tyrant, because He did not answer my prayer; and then at others I thought, ‘I deserve His displeasure; if He sends me to hell, He will be just.’ But I remember the hour when I stepped into a place of worship, and saw a tall, thin man step into the pulpit: I have never seen him from that day, and probably never shall till we meet in heaven. He opened the Bible, and read with a feeble voice: ‘Look unto Me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and beside Me there is none else.’ Ah! thought I, I am one of the ends of the earth; and then, turning round, and fixing his gaze on me, as if he knew me, the minister said: ‘Look, look, look!’ Why, I thought I had a great deal to *do*, but I found it was only to *look*. I thought I had a garment to spin out for myself; but I found that if I looked, Christ could give me a garment. Look, sinner, that is the way to be saved. Look unto Him, all ye ends of the earth, and be saved.”

Preaching is the ordained means for the salvation of sinners: the power of appeal by the human voice is greater than any other; but there is another influence which is potent. Before Mr. Spurgeon had issued more than half a year’s sermons from the press, letters reached him from far-off places recording the good which had been effected by reading them. On one of Mr.

Spurgeon's visits to Scotland he was taken to visit Anne Sims, an aged saint living at the Brae of Killiecrankie, far away up the mountains, who had expressed intense delight in reading his sermons, and prayed for his success in the work, little thinking that in her mountain solitude, and in her ninetieth year, she should ever see the preacher himself, whose visit was to her like that of an angel. It would be difficult to chronicle the results which have followed the reading of the sermons. In the first article in "The Sword and the Trowel" for 1872, the editor himself says, "Our ministry has never been without large results in conversion." Twenty conversions have been reported to him by letter in one week. The last Sunday sermon he preached in 1855, with which the first volume of his printed discourses is closed, had special reference to the war in the Crimea, and it commanded a large sale; its title was, "Healing for the Wounded." It contributed materially to allay public anxiety about the war. Mr. Spurgeon closed the year by holding a Watchnight Service in his chapel. It was a happy and memorable service, and it has been repeated at the close of every year since; the last hours of the closing year and the first moments of the opening new year being devoted to the worship of God, in acts of personal consecration.

It is a gratifying fact, not generally known, that from the first year of Mr. Spurgeon's ministry in London several clergymen have used his sermons weekly, with a little adaptation, in their own churches. This testimony has been given by the clergymen themselves, in person and by letter, to the writer. Some are using the sermons in that way at the present time, and though delivered second-hand in this manner, yet they are not without fruit.

PSALM XXI.

THY strength, O Lord, makes glad our King,
Who once in weakness bowed the head ;
Salvation makes His heart to sing,
For Thou hast raised Him from the dead.

Thou hast bestowed His heart's desires,
Showered on His path Thy blessings down ;
His royal pomp all Heaven admires ;
Thou on His head hast set the crown.

A life eternal as Thy years,
A glory infinite like Thine,
Repays Him for His groans and tears,
And fills His soul with joy divine.

O King, belovèd of our souls,
Thine own right hand shall find Thy foes !
Swift o'er their necks Thy chariot rolls,
And Earth Thy dreadful vengeance knows.

As glowing oven is Thy wrath,
As flame by furious blast upblown ;
With equal heat Thy love breaks forth,
Like wall of fire around Thine own.

Be Thou exalted, King of kings !
In Thine own strength sit Thou on high !
Thy Church Thy triumph loudly sings,
And lauds Thy glorious Majesty.

C. H. SPURGEON.

V.

ABUNDANT IN LABORS.

LIFE is so brief that no man can afford to lose an hour of it. It has been well said, that if a king should bring us a great heap of gold, and bid us take as much as we could count in a day, we should make a long day of it; we should begin early in the morning, and in the evening we should not withhold our hand. Now, to win souls, or to grow in grace, or to commune with God, is far nobler work; how is it that we so soon withdraw from it? — C. H. SPURGEON.

ABUNDANT IN LABORS.

THE year 1856 was a remarkable one in the life of Mr. Spurgeon. It was the year of his marriage; the year in which he preached his grandfather's jubilee sermon, and one of the centenary sermons in Whitfield's Tabernacle in Tottenham Court Road.

During the first week of the year Mr. Spurgeon was delighting large audiences at Bath. The second week was made memorable by a service held in his own chapel, in which the young people, more particularly, took a very lively interest. Early in the forenoon of January 8th Mr. Spurgeon was married to Miss Susanna Thompson, daughter of Mr. Robert Thompson, of Falcon Square, London. Twin boys, Charles and Thomas Spurgeon, are the only additions to their family. Both are now settled pastors.

At this period Mr. Spurgeon was daily in the pulpit, often travelling many miles between the services held; and for months together he preached twelve sermons weekly, with undiminished force and unflagging zeal. In the achievement of such herculean tasks he has doubtless been indebted to an excellent constitution and to his simple habits of living. He is the very embodiment of nature, without the usual make-up of art. He throws himself on the tide of social intercourse with the freedom of one who has no tricks to exhibit and no failings to conceal. He is one of the most pleasant of companions: pious without any of the shams of piety; temperate without a touch of asceticism; and devout without the solemnity of the devotee. Preaching for his poorer brethren in

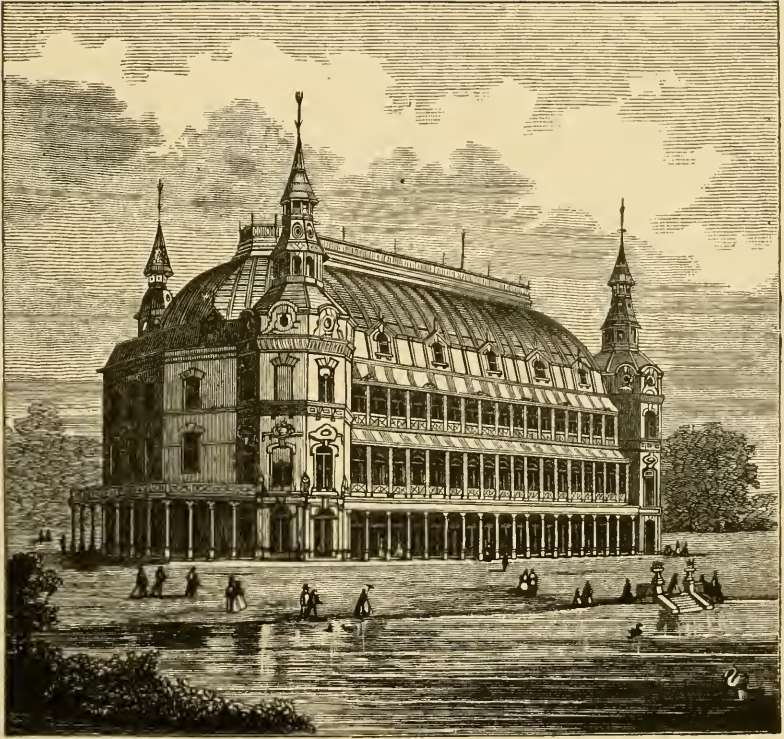
the country, he declined to receive any contribution towards his personal outlay, excepting only in cases where the church could well afford to pay his travelling expenses.

New Park-street Chapel when enlarged soon became utterly inadequate to receive the crowds which flocked to hear Mr. Spurgeon, and the deacons found it necessary to take the largest available building in London,—the Royal Surrey Gardens Music Hall,—and in October, 1856, Mr. Spurgeon commenced to preach every Sabbath in that vast audience-room, continuing the morning service there till the great Metropolitan Tabernacle was opened.

What is known as the Surrey Gardens catastrophe we need not do more than allude to. On October 19th a sad and fatal accident had wellnigh put an end to the large Sabbath gatherings drawn to hear Mr. Spurgeon; but that fatality was overruled for good. Previous to this Mr. Spurgeon knew not what illness was; but this calamity, joined with the wicked calumnies of a portion of the press, laid prostrate even the strong man.

In October, 1856, the first meeting was held for considering the steps necessary to be taken for erecting a great Tabernacle. The proposal was very heartily taken up by Mr. Spurgeon's friends, and in every part of the country sympathy was largely shown with the movement. There were many who laughed at the idea of erecting as a place of worship an edifice to hold five thousand persons. Regardless of these objections the work went on, Mr. Spurgeon travelling all over the land, preaching daily, with the promise of half the proceeds of the collection being devoted to the new Tabernacle. The foundation-stone of the great building was laid by Sir Samuel Morton Peto, Aug. 16, 1859.

During the progress of the work Mr. Spurgeon met on the ground, one evening after the workmen had left, one of his deacons. After some consultation and meditation, surrounded by planks, piles of timber and bricks, in the dim twilight, they both knelt down where no eye could see them but that of God; and with only the canopy of heaven for their covering, the pastor and his friend each poured out most earnest supplications for the prosperity of the work, the safety of the men engaged on the building,



SURREY MUSIC HALL.

and a blessing on the church. Their prayers were not offered in vain, but were abundantly answered. Out of so large a number of men engaged on the work, not one of them suffered harm.

In 1860 a large and enthusiastic meeting was held in the building before it was finished, at which much money was given and more promised. Great preparations were made during the winter for the holding of a large bazaar in the spring, which was probably one of the largest and most productive of the kind ever held in London. The opening services were commenced on March 25, 1861, and were continued without interruption for five weeks. As the result of all these efforts, the great Tabernacle, to hold five thousand people, was free from debt at the end of the special services, and \$155,000 of free-will offerings had been poured into the hands of the treasurer. Since then various improvements have been made in the audience-room, and, using every facility modern invention could suggest, seats have been provided for 5,500 persons, and standing room for 1,000 more, — total, 6,500.

Large as is the accommodation provided, the Tabernacle has always been filled. All the prophets of evil have been found false prophets, and the spirit of faith with which the work was begun has had its full reward in results even greater than ever had been anticipated.

When the church removed from New Park Street, in 1861, it numbered 1,178 members. In ten years from the commencement of his ministry Mr. Spurgeon had received into fellowship by baptism 3,569 persons.

During the period in which Mr. Spurgeon was preaching in the Surrey Music Hall large numbers of the aristocracy attended his ministry; amongst whom were Lord Chief Justice Campbell, the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London, Earl Russell, Lord Alfred Paget, Lord Panmure, Earl Grey, Earl Shaftesbury, the Marquis of Westminster, the Duchess of Sutherland, Lord Carlisle, Earl of Elgin, Baron Bramwell, Miss Florence Nightingale, Lady Rothschild, Dr. Livingstone, and many other persons of learning and distinction, some of whom sought and obtained interviews with the preacher. It was during that interim that Mr. Spurgeon paid

one of his visits to Holland, was privileged to preach before the Dutch Court, and had a lengthened interview with the queen of that country. It was reported that some members of the English Royal Family also occasionally attended on his preaching, and not a few distinguished clergymen and professors.

During the present year Mr. Gladstone and his son have formed part of the congregation, and a mutual interview was held at the close of the service between the great premier and the humble pastor. Mr. Gladstone has often spoken very highly of Mr. Spurgeon, calling him "the last of the Puritans."

Dr. Livingstone, the great African explorer, said, on one occasion after hearing Mr. Spurgeon, that no religious service he ever remembered had so deeply impressed his own mind as that he had witnessed and participated in that morning; adding, that when he had retired again into the solitudes of Africa, no scene he had ever witnessed would afford him more consolation than to recall the recollection that there was one man God had raised up who could so effectively and impressively preach to congregated thousands, whilst he should have to content himself by preaching to units, or at most tens, under a tropical sky in Africa; implying, at the same time, that Mr. Spurgeon's sphere of religious influence was a hundred times greater than that of the great and good traveller.

Mr. Spurgeon has often been invited to lecture in this country, but had always declined. The managers of the Redpath Lyceum Bureau having noticed a paragraph in the Boston papers stating that Mr. Spurgeon was about to visit the United States, enclosed it to him, and wrote as follows:—

BOSTON, Mass., June 22, 1876.

DEAR SIR, — Is the above paragraph true? We have tried so long and so hard for many years to secure you that we thought it impossible, and long since gave up all hope. We are the exclusive agents of all the leading lecturers in America. We will give you *a thousand dollars in gold* for every lecture you deliver in America, and pay all your expenses to and from your home, and place you under the most popular auspices in the country. Will you come?

To this invitation Mr. Spurgeon returned the following reply:—

CLAPHAM, LONDON, Eng., July 6.

GENTLEMEN, — I cannot imagine how such a paragraph should appear in your papers, except by deliberate invention of a hard-up editor, for I never had any idea of leaving home for America for some time to come. As I said to you before, if I could come, I am not a lecturer, *nor would I receive money for preaching.*

In the year 1857 Mr. Spurgeon preached two sermons, — one in the ordinary course of his ministrations, the other on a special occasion, — both of which commanded a sale of more than a hundred thousand copies. The first, preached in the autumn, was entitled “India’s Ills and England’s Sorrows,” and had reference to the mutiny in India. The second was preached in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham on the fast day relating to the war in India, when probably not less than twenty thousand formed the preacher’s audience.

It will doubtless interest many to learn something of the personal appearance of the preacher as he stood before that vast audience. One who had some skill in depicting natural life wrote of him as follows: —

“He is of medium height, at present quite stout, has a round and beardless face, not a high forehead, dark hair, parted in the centre of the head. His appearance in the pulpit may be said to be interesting rather than commanding. He betrays his youth, and still wears a boyish countenance. His figure is awkward, — his manners are plain, — his face (except when illumined by a smile) is admitted to be heavy. His voice seems to be the only personal instrument he possesses, by which he is enabled to acquire such a marvellous power over the minds and hearts of his hearers. His voice is powerful, rich, melodious, and under perfect control. Twelve thousand have distinctly heard every sentence he uttered in the open air, and this powerful instrument carried his burning words to an audience of twenty thousand gathered in the Crystal Palace. ‘Soon as he commences to speak,’ says an English critic, ‘tones of richest melody are heard. A voice, full, sweet, and musical, falls on every ear, and awakens agreeable

emotions in every soul in which there is a sympathy for sounds. That most excellent of voices is under perfect control, and can whisper or thunder at the wish of its possessor. Then there is poetry in every feature and every movement, as well as music in the voice. The countenance speaks, the entire form sympathizes. The action is in complete unison with the sentiments, and the eye listens scarcely less than the ear to the sweetly flowing oratory.' To the influence of this powerful voice, he adds that of a manner characterized by great freedom and fearlessness, intensely earnest, and strikingly natural. When to these we add the influence of thrilling description, touching anecdote, sparkling wit, startling episodes, striking similes, all used to illustrate and enforce the deep, earnest home-truths of the Bible, we surely have a combination of elements which must make up a preacher of wonderful attraction and of marvellous power."

Amidst his incessant duties and almost daily journeys and sermons, the devoted pastor still found time to give instruction to the young men he kept under his careful ministry. With Mr. Spurgeon it was work almost night and day, and all day long, with but little intermission, for several years in succession. The germs of what is now known as the Pastors' College were never absent from his mind, and frequently occupied his attention when in London. In 1857 the first student was sent out in charge of a church; in 1858 Mr. Silvertown went forth; in 1859 Mr. Davies and Mr. Genders followed, both of whom have left their mark on society.

On Jan. 1, 1865, appeared the first number of "The Sword and the Trowel;" a record of combat with sin, and labor for the Lord. It had an ornamental cover representing a Jewish doorway of stone, and beyond and within were seen the zealous Jews at work rebuilding the walls of Jerusalem, the sword in one hand, the trowel in the other. The work was so wisely planned, and it has been so ably conducted, that it now occupies a prominent, if not a foremost place amongst the periodical literature of the land, and has a circulation of several thousand copies monthly, with a steady advancement.

Besides the other works daily undertaken by Mr. Spurgeon himself, and all his journeys in the country to preach special ser-

mons, he found time to write no less than nineteen articles for the first year's volume of his magazine. At the end of the year the Editor was ill at home, but he informed his friends, through the magazine, that he had finished writing his new book, "Morning by Morning," by which means he hoped to hold hallowed communion with thousands of families all over the world, every morning, at the family altar. He has since added to it a companion volume, "Evening by Evening," both of which works have had a large sale, which is steadily on the increase. Amongst his articles in 1865 were two poems, one entitled "The Fall of Jericho;" the other will find a fitting place in these pages. It was written while on a visit to Hull, in Yorkshire, during the summer:—

MARRIED LOVE—TO MY WIFE.

Over the space that parts us, my wife,
 I'll cast me a bridge of song,
 Our hearts shall meet, O joy of my life,
 On its arch unseen, but strong.

The wooer his new love's name may wear
 Engraved on a precious stone;
 But in my heart thine image I wear,
 That heart has long been thine own.

The glowing colors on surface laid,
 Wash out in a shower of rain;
 Thou need'st not be of rivers afraid,
 For my love is dyed ingrain.

And as every drop of Garda's lake
 Is tinged with sapphire's blue,
 So all the powers of my mind partake
 Of joy at the thought of you.

The glittering dewdrops of dawning love
 Exhale as the day grows old,
 And fondness, taking the wings of a dove,
 Is gone like a tale of old.

But mine for thee, from the chambers of joy,
 With strength came forth as the sun,
 Nor life nor death shall its force destroy,
 Forever its course shall run.

All earth-born love must sleep in the grave,
To its native dust return :
What God hath kindled shall death out-brave,
And in heaven itself shall burn.

Beyond and above the wedlock tie
Our union to Christ we feel ;
Uniting bonds which were made on high,
Shall hold us when earth shall reel.

Though He who chose us all worlds before,
Must *reign* in our hearts alone,
We fondly believe that we shall adore
Together before His throne.

VI.

REVIVALS.

JUST as the birds, when the eggs are in the nest, have upon them a natural feeling that they must sit on those eggs, and that they must feed those little fledglings which will come from them ; so if God calls you to win souls, you will have a natural love for them, a longing wrought in you by the Holy Spirit, so that the whole force of your being will run out in that direction, seeking the salvation of men. — C. H. SPURGEON.

REVIVALS.

DURING the year 1865 Mr. Spurgeon held in the Tabernacle united meetings for prayer through one entire week, attended by over six thousand persons, which were a source of so much blessing to those attending them, that a second series followed a month later.

Conscious of the power of prayer, the pastor commenced the year 1866 with a month's continuous revival services, at which one hundred and twenty ministers and students were present. Knowing that he should have the sympathy and co-operation of his church in conducting them, in September the whole church had a day of fasting and prayer.

An important work, which had for a long time occupied Mr. Spurgeon's attention, was brought out this year, under the title of "Our Own Hymn Book." The preparation of a new collection of psalms and hymns for congregational use was felt to be an urgent necessity, but there was a nervous fear about the success of such a work. It was prepared with great care, and no pains were spared to make it complete in every respect, giving correct text, author's name to each hymn, with date of first publication, and other interesting particulars in the large edition of the book. The public at once saw the value of the collection, and since that time it has had a very large sale, having been adopted by and is now in use in scores if not hundreds of congregations.

As a student of the times in which Puritanism began to take hold of the mind of the English people, Mr. Spurgeon knew how

great a work was accomplished by the Nonconformists by book-hawking. He had learned by several visits to Scotland how useful and valuable that agency was in the north of England. He therefore, in January, 1866, issued a circular stating his intention to establish a system of colportage, by which his sermons and other works of a moral and religious character might be more widely distributed. At first it was intended to be confined to London and the neglected villages and small country towns around, where access to religious literature was difficult. The result of the appeal made in January led to the formation of THE COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION in October, which has ever since been one of the important agencies of the Tabernacle, and which is every year increasing its operations and usefulness. It employs colporteurs, whose whole time is directed to the work, and who are paid a moderate salary; also book agents, who are constantly delivering books to purchasers, for which service they receive a liberal discount on sales, and by which they are enabled to make a satisfactory living. The wisdom of the course taken by Mr. Spurgeon in this matter has since been abundantly demonstrated. That association has been a blessing to thousands.

At this time there was a feeling abroad which manifested itself in several articles in public papers, and notably in a New York religious weekly, that Mr. Spurgeon, by means of his College and the large number of new chapels being erected all over the land for his students, was aiming at founding a sect, after the example of Wesley. So soon as this notion reached Mr. Spurgeon, he took the earliest opportunity of repudiating the idea. In a short article entitled "Spurgeonism," he thus records his views: —

"There is no word in the world so hateful to our heart as that word Spurgeonism, and no thought further from our soul than that of forming a new sect. Our course has been, and we hope ever will be, an independent one; but to charge us with separating from the general organization of the religious world, and even of the Baptist denomination, is to perpetrate an unfounded libel. We preach no new gospel, we desire no new objects, and follow them in no novel spirit. We love Christ better than a sect, and

truth better than a party, and so far are not denominational; but we are in open union with the Baptists for the very reason that we cannot endure isolation. He who searches all hearts knows that our aim and object is not to gather a band around self, but to unite a company around the Saviour. 'Let my name perish, but let Christ's name last for ever,' said George Whitfield; and so has Charles Spurgeon said a hundred times. We aid and assist the Baptist churches to the full extent of our power, although we do not restrict our energies to them alone, and in this those churches are far enough from blaming us. Our joy and rejoicing is great in the fellowship of all believers, and the forming of a fresh sect is work which we leave to the devil, whom it befits far more than ourselves. It is true that it has long been in our power to commence a new denomination, but it is not true that it has ever been contemplated by us or our friends. We desire as much as possible to work with the existing agencies, and when we commence new ones our friends must believe that it is with no idea of organizing a fresh community."

The closing days of the year 1866 Mr. Spurgeon spent in Paris, in a successful effort to get the Baptist church in that city brought out of an obscure corner, in which property could not be respected, into a place of prominence, where there was hope of its becoming known and being useful. This effort had long exercised the mind of Pastor Spurgeon, and he had the joy of seeing the work he aimed at fully accomplished. He spent his Christmas in Paris, getting rest for himself and doing a good work for the Parisians.

Reinvigorated by his short trip to the Continent, he returned to his duties at the Tabernacle with renewed energy and a stronger faith, having gained fresh courage from his success in France.

The month of February, 1867, witnessed the usual week of prayer, which that year was marked, on the 18th, by a whole day of fasting and prayer, commencing at seven in the morning and continuing, without a pause or breaking up for meals, until nine at night — a day of prayer in which the Holy Spirit was manifestly present all day. The account of the services held during that week reads like a new chapter of the Acts of the Apostles.

The readiness with which Mr. Spurgeon can adapt himself to his audience, whether that audience consists of the educated or affluent, the poor or the ignorant, was never more distinctly seen than when, in the Evangelists' Tabernacle, Golden Lane, City, he preached to a congregation of costermongers. Mr. Orsman, the missionary there, had distributed tickets among the street dealers in Whitecross Street, so as to secure the class for whom the service was intended. An amusing article might be written to describe the singular variety of countenances and callings of those present. The hymns were heartily sung; the prayer won the hearts of the audience when Mr. Spurgeon offered supplication for those who had bodily aches and pains, and whose poverty deprived them of many desired comforts; many deep sighs followed those prayers. The sermon was preached from St. John iv. 15, and it was illustrated by allusions to the habits and manner of life of his congregation, whose acuteness relished the anecdotes and homely hits which the preacher so freely used. A costermonger's living depends much upon his voice. After the service the costers were free in their comments on the preacher's voice, which was described as "Wot a voice!" "Wonderful!" "Stunnin'!" "I never!" "Would make a fine coster!" &c. After the sermon about two hundred remained to be prayed with, and much spiritual good was done that night.

Six years having elapsed since the Tabernacle was opened, the building had suffered much from the massive congregations which had assembled there, and it became necessary to close it for several weeks for repairs. During that period Mr. Spurgeon preached to immense congregations in the Agricultural Hall, Islington. The first of the five special services was held on Sunday, March 24, 1867, when about twelve thousand persons were present. The preacher's delivery was slow, measured, and emphatic; nothing labored; and his voice lost none of its accustomed music. Many thousands heard the gospel at that time who were not accustomed to attend any place of worship. More than twenty thousand were in attendance on the final day.

The heavy responsibilities which rested on the pastor of the Tabernacle in the early part of the year made it necessary for him

to seek a little recreation, and with that he blended a friendly service for his esteemed friend Pastor Oncken, by preaching for him at the opening of his new Baptist church at Hamburg. He included in his travels a visit to Heligoland, which furnished for his ready and fertile pen most interesting matter for an article, which contains information both curious and valuable not to be found elsewhere.

PSALM XXX.

I WILL exalt Thee, Lord of hosts,
For Thou 'st exalted me ;
Since Thou hast silenced Satan's boasts,
I'll therefore boast in Thee.

My sins had brought me near the grave,
The grave of black despair :
I looked, but there was none to save
Till I looked up in prayer.

In answer to my piteous cries,
From hell's dark brink I'm brought :
My Jesus saw me from the skies,
And swift salvation wrought.

All through the night I went full sore,
But morning brought relief ;
That hand which broke my bones before,
Then broke my bonds of grief.

My mourning He to dancing turns,
For sackcloth joy He gives :
A moment, Lord, Thine anger burns,
But long Thy favor lives.

Sing with me then, ye favored men,
Who long have known His grace :
With thanks recall the seasons when
Ye also sought His face.

C. H. SPURGEON.

VII.

MULTIPLYING WORK.

WE must ourselves drink of the living water till we are full, and then out of the midst of us shall flow rivers of living water; but not till then. Out of an empty basket you cannot distribute loaves and fishes, however hungry the crowd may be. Out of an empty heart you cannot speak full things, nor from a lean soul bring forth fat things full of marrow, nor from a dead heart impart life. Be blest, that ye may bless. — C. H. SPURGEON

MULTIPLYING WORK.

RETURNING home, the industrious pastor found abundance of important work awaiting him. During the April previous the land had been secured at Stockwell for the ORPHAN HOUSES. The work of preparation for their erection had been so far advanced that a great festival was arranged, and on Monday, September 9, 1867, a party of some four thousand persons assembled at Stockwell, a large proportion of the company being collectors; and it was part of the programme for the foundation-stones of three of the houses to be laid, and for the numerous collectors to lay on the stones their respective contributions. It was an auspicious day for Mr. Spurgeon, for his deacons and church-members. A widely extended interest had been felt in the work, and the occasion became a grand holiday in that southern suburb of London. Three of the houses were thus far advanced in their progress, namely, the Silver Wedding House, the Merchants' House, and the Workmen's House. The united sums the collectors laid upon the stones amounted to eleven thousand dollars. The entire spectacle was both novel and touching. Prayers were offered on the occasion, the influence of which it is believed will be felt throughout all time. Appropriate hymns were sung, each ceremony being conducted with verses specially prepared, the first of which was as follows:—

Accept, O Lord, the grateful love
Which yields this house to Thee;
And on the Silver Wedding House
Let blessings ever be.

It was announced at the close of the ceremony that in addition to the one hundred thousand dollars given by Mrs. Hillyard, the money in hand was then twenty-seven thousand five hundred dollars. The assembly returned home highly delighted with the service and the glad tidings they had heard, whilst the pastor, worn out with fatigue and anxiety, retired home to rest.

The mental and physical strain of such heavy responsibilities was too much for Mr. Spurgeon, who was soon after laid aside quite ill. Although physically prostrate, his mind was in active exercise; and after being a sufferer for two months, he wrote an article for his magazine entitled, "On my Back," in which he submissively said, that after two months of ill health and severe pain, yet he believed there was a limit to sickness, and that Jesus knew all about it, feeling assured that the design of sickness was divinely good. This long absence from the pulpit led to the appointment of his brother, James Archer Spurgeon, as co-pastor to the church at the Tabernacle, and he officially entered on those duties in January, 1868.

Although the year 1868 did not furnish occasion for such important events as the preceding one, yet was there much earnest work done by Mr. Spurgeon at his Tabernacle. Not able to do so much physical work, he used his pen very freely. He wrote two articles for his magazine to advocate the claims of the Colportage Association. In March he delivered at the Tabernacle a lecture on "Our History and Work," with Mr. W. McArthur, M.P., in the chair. He also wrote an interesting article relating incidents in the life of his grandfather. In the month of May he preached the Sermon to Young Men at Mr. Martin's Chapel, Westminster, on behalf of the London Missionary Society, — a service rendered the more cheerfully, remembering, as he did, the prophetic words of good Richard Knill, that he would preach in the largest chapel in London. That was probably the largest chapel he had preached in, excepting his own. During the same month he spoke at the Breakfast Meeting of the Congregational Union.

In the month of March a generous friend sent to the pastor five thousand dollars for the College and five thousand dollars for the Orphanage, — such instances of liberality amply testifying



JAMES ARCHER SPURGEON, CO-PASTOR.

the high estimation in which the noble enterprises of Mr. Spurgeon were held by the public. On his birthday, June 19th, a great meeting was held, and liberal contributions made for the Orphanage.

Bright as are these spots in the life of the pastor, and in his work at the Tabernacle and its belongings, yet there hung over his home all the time a dark shadow which Divine Providence saw fit to place there. Mrs. Spurgeon had long been a great sufferer, and to alleviate her sorrows, if possible, a very painful operation had to be undertaken. The most skilful surgeons of the land were engaged, under the direction of Sir James Simpson, of Edinburgh. Prayer was made for her by the whole church, and, by the blessing of God, the operation was so far successful that her sufferings were alleviated and her life prolonged; but it has been a life of pain and weakness, though with less of anguish.

A gratifying fact is recorded by Mr. Spurgeon this year, who publicly acknowledges the kindness of Dr. Palfrey, of Finsbury Square, for his gratuitous and generous professional attendance on the poor members of the Tabernacle.

At Christmastide, and at the opening of the year, the claims of Mr. Spurgeon's benevolent agencies were remembered by his many friends, who sent him of their worldly substance with generous hands, so that he commences the first number of "The Sword and the Trowel" for 1869 with a most jubilant note: "Bless the Lord, O my soul!"

He also made the announcement that a gentleman in Australia had written to say he intended to reprint his sermons weekly in that far-off land, to give them a yet wider circulation.

From the very commencement of his ministry strange tales had been put into circulation by his detractors, most of which Mr. Spurgeon passed by in silence. Several very ludicrous speeches were attributed to him soon after he became popular in London. In the midst of his work, at the opening of the year 1869, the voice of the slanderer was again heard, and many were troubling the busy pastor to know how true were the statements in circulation respecting him. In reply to all these, under the head of "Silly Tales," he wrote in his magazine: "Friends who write us

about silly tales may save themselves the trouble. We have been enabled in our ministry and in our walk before God so to act, through grace, that we have given no occasion for the slanderers, save only that we have kept the faith, and been very jealous for the Lord God of Israel. Many of the absurd stories still retailed everywhere are the very same libels which were repeated concerning Rowland Hill and others long gone to their rest." This reply will serve its purpose in after years as well as now.

Having seen much of the folly too frequently exhibited at funerals, he published his views, with the apt title, "Funerals; or, a Black Business," in which, after exposing the folly of using feathers and gold-headed sticks in carrying a dead body to the grave, he observes: "I would sooner be eaten by crows than have pride and pomp feeding on my little savings, which are meant for my bereaved wife and children, and not for unsuitable, untimely, and unholy show. I have heard that more than four millions of money are squandered every year in funeral fopperies. The money buys or hires silk scarfs, brass nails, feathers for horses, kid gloves and gin for the mutes, and white satin and black cloth for the worms. It seems to me to be mighty fine nonsense, more for the pride of the living than the honor of the dead, more for the profit of the undertaker than any one else."

In June of that year the first report of the Orphanage was issued, which plainly set forth how earnestly the work had been carried on for it in having the houses erected and in getting them furnished and occupied. Twenty-nine boys were then in residence, one of whom was the son of one of the workmen who had assisted in building the workmen's house, the father having died after the house was erected.

Taking a short holiday in July, Mr. Spurgeon, accompanied by a friend, climbed the summit of Hindhead, in the South of England, then paid a brief visit to the Continent. Soon after his return home, in October, he was entirely laid aside from pastoral work by a slight attack of small-pox. His friends became seriously anxious about him, and special prayer was made again and again for his recovery. It came slowly, but in anticipation thereof the first article in the magazine for November was "A

Sermon from a Sick Preacher." Possessed of such mighty faith in God, and with such indomitable courage, Pastor Spurgeon finds opportunities for doing good, and does it, whilst others are considering what had best be done. He even wrote directions "How to bear Affliction."

During the progress of his recovery he wrote a New Year's Letter to his ministering brethren, which commences his magazine for 1870, in which, with much affectionate earnestness, he urges them, even by special means, if ordinary ones fail, *to aim at the salvation of the souls of their congregations*, enforcing this duty upon them by the example of the Ritualists, who are zealous, working to spread their delusions, especially amongst the poor, with whom they know how to succeed by bribes of bread and clothing. He says he writes as a sick man, but feels the urgency and importance of soul-winning.

The prostrate condition of the pastor's health for nearly three months made it necessary for him to appeal with his pen for the aid of his friends in sustaining the benevolent works of the Tabernacle. In March, 1870, his appeal took the following form: "The pastorate of a church of four thousand members, the direction of all its agencies, the care of many churches arising from the College work; the selection, education, and guidance in their settlements of the students; the oversight of the Orphanage, the editing of a magazine, the production of numerous volumes, the publication of a weekly sermon, an immense correspondence, a fair share in public and denominational action, and many other labors, besides the incessant preaching of the Word, give us a right to ask of our friends that we be not allowed to have an anxious thought about the funds needed for our enterprises."

This remarkable picture of energy and activity will scarcely be surpassed by any man living, if indeed it can be equalled by more than one in a million, even in this industrious age. But there were other duties pressing on Mr. Spurgeon's mind, at the time, which he could not throw off. For some months previously a controversy had been warmly carried on in the columns of the "Christian World" newspaper, advocating a curious system of future punishment ending in annihilation. The editor of the paper prohib-

ited in his columns the publication of any letters on the opposite side, excepting only what Mr. Spurgeon might write. Mr. Spurgeon wrote to the editor, pointing out that his conduct was not quite frank, and declining on his part to help the agitation, telling him that the words of our Lord — “These shall go away into everlasting punishment” — finally settled the point; and he held that the publication of views which are opposed to that declaration, and the views themselves, were equally dangerous.

Greatly have the funds of the College been aided by the lectures which its President has given from time to time on its behalf. After one of his visits to Italy Mr. Spurgeon delivered a very interesting and lively lecture on “Rome, and what I saw and heard there.” Some of the reporters for the daily press — not a few of whom are Jesuits — misrepresented some very material portions of the lecture in their abridged account. Mr. Spurgeon was obliged to defend himself; and what he said against such insidious foes in the pages of his own magazine led to another kindred topic being brought before the public about the same time, when these same reporters misled the public mind by applying to King Victor Immanuel of Italy a prayer which belonged only to Immanuel, Victor over sin, the man Christ Jesus.

In May, 1870, Mr. Spurgeon sent forth a new work entitled “Feathers for Arrows,” intended to supply preachers and teachers with useful material for filling up their sermons, lectures, and addresses. Ten thousand copies of the book were sold in three months.

The public mind was considerably agitated at that time by the action of the School Board in reference to religious teaching in their schools; some wanting to exclude the reading of the Bible from them, and so deprive the upgrowing population of the use of the best book in the language. A large meeting was held in Exeter Hall, in July, in defence of the Bible being daily read in elementary schools. Mr. Spurgeon took the chair on the occasion. The result of the meeting was, the Bible retains its place as a daily school book. The wisdom of the decision then made has been abundantly manifested since, and especially so by the

great gathering of Board-School children in the Crystal Palace in July, 1877, when some thousands of prizes were publicly given to the pupils for proficiency in knowledge of the Bible, and when it was most convincingly shown that parents in London (excepting only a few Jews) do not object to their children being taught daily from the Word of God.

PSALM XXXIX.

BEHOLD, O Lord, my days are made
A handbreadth at the most;
Ere yet 'tis noon my flower must fade,
And I give up the ghost.

Then teach me, Lord, to know mine end,
And know that I am frail;
To Heaven let all my thoughts ascend,
And let not Earth prevail.

What is there here that I should wait?
My hope 's in Thee alone.
When wilt Thou open glory's gate,
And call me to Thy Throne?

A stranger in this land am I,
A sojourner with Thee:
Oh, be not silent at my cry,
But show Thyself to me.

Though I 'm exiled from glory's land,
Yet not from glory's King:
My God is ever near at hand,
And therefore I will sing.

C. H. SPURGEON.

VIII.

RESULTS OF OVERWORK.

COME, let us live while we live ! Let us serve God to the utmost stretch of our manhood ! Let us ask the Lord to brace our nerves, to string our sinews, and make us true crusaders, knights of the blood-red cross, consecrated men and women who, for the love we bear Christ's name, will count labor to be ease, and suffering to be joy, and reproach to be honor, and loss to be gain ! —
C. H. SPURGEON.

RESULTS OF OVERWORK.

THE special religious services held in February, at the Tabernacle, were seasons of much blessing. More than one hundred members were added to the church in one month. The people went to the services expecting to receive good, and they were not disappointed.

Soon after the annual College supper, which was held in March, 1871, at which the sum of seven thousand five hundred dollars was given, Mr. Spurgeon was laid aside by a more than usually severe attack of gout, which confined him indoors for three long, weary months; yet in the midst of all his pain and suffering he wrote in July of the great mercies he had received from the hand of God, and by the bounty of his friends to the Orphanage and the College. It was at the close of this protracted attack of bodily pain that he was privileged to preach the sermon which forms No. 1,000 of his published discourses. Its second title is "Bread Enough and to Spare," and it is based on Luke xv. 17. It was the delight of the pastor to receive from a friend five thousand dollars on behalf of the College, in honor of the event just named. Who would not pray that God's blessing may rest forever on that friend?

Taking the advice of his friends, Mr. Spurgeon proceeded to the Continent for a short tour and for rest. His observant eye was constantly discovering some passing beauty which his ever-ready pencil recorded in his note-book, a book which contains a store of incidents which serve to enrich his conversation and fill up his magazine. Accordingly, taking Jersey and Guernsey on

his way, we find before the end of the year an interesting article from his pen, on St. Brelade's Bay.

As the cold raw winter weather set in, the beloved pastor was urged by all his friends to seek a warmer climate. Illness in a severe form again overtook him, on the second day of which he received a telegram from Boston, in America, offering most liberal terms to him if he would go to that country and deliver a series of lectures. So large a sum would have been a strong temptation to most men, but not so to this minister of Jesus Christ, whose prompt reply was, "he had neither time nor strength to go to America." Instead of journeying westward for personal gain, he started on a pilgrimage to sunny Italy and the South of France, taking what he designated a Scriptural holiday, a forty days' rest. Accordingly, leaving gloomy December in England, he spent that month in visiting Pompeii, Venice, Florence, Rome, Naples, and France,—a fitting holiday after having completed nineteen years' labor in London.

In taking a survey of the work of the year, for the preface to his magazine, Mr. Spurgeon sums up the record by saying it had been a year of spiritual drought in the churches generally, but at the Tabernacle they had witnessed much prosperity, and the trained pastors who had gone out from them had been also blessed in like manner. Eleven students were appointed to pastoral duty during 1872. During this year, also, Archibald G. Brown opened his large Tabernacle in the East of London. It is a building for extent and variety of Christian work second only to Mr. Spurgeon's. Mr. Brown is one of the most successful students trained in the Pastors' College.

In the hope that the genial sunshine of Southern Europe, in which he had passed out of the old into the new year, would have established his health for renewed efforts, the pastor appeared once more at the Tabernacle, and at the church meeting in January, 1873, he had the gratification of finding one hundred and thirty-five new members to be received into fellowship, thus demonstrating that there was life in the church, though its chief pastor had been away. The cold, raw, damp weather continuing with the new year, he was again prevented from leaving his own home,

and for many weeks he was unable to preach on the Sabbath. How great a trial that silence was to the preacher, none so well knew as himself. Sorrowing greatly at the privation both to himself and his church, he yet submitted without murmur to the will of God.

Shut in from the outer world, he had an opportunity of surveying the progress of the work which was being done at the Tabernacle. The College reports exhibited the outposts which had already been reached by the students, one of whom was laboring to set forth Jesus as the only Saviour of sinners, in China; one in Sydney, one in Tasmania, one in Adelaide, two in Madrid, one in Ontario, one in Ohio, one in Philadelphia, one in South Africa, and one in Toronto. What a vast prospect of work to be done in the intermediate spaces between each one of those missionary agents and the Tabernacle!

At the Annual Church Meeting held in February, 1873, the total membership was reported at 4,417. The losses during the previous year had been 263, the additions were 571, leaving a net increase for the year of 308 living members. Well may both pastor and deacons rejoice at the presence of the Lord God in their midst. At this date came a renewed application from the United States to come over and lecture. Note the preacher's reply: "An American firm offer Mr. Spurgeon twenty-five thousand dollars to deliver twenty-five lectures in that country, at one thousand dollars each, and further arrangements can be made for one hundred lectures. Although the remuneration offered is very far beyond anything our beloved people are likely to give us, we prefer to have the gospel according to our Lord's words preached freely, rather than to use the Lord's time for earning money for our own purse." Well done, Pastor Spurgeon!!!

Always sympathizing with the oppressed, it did not surprise any one to learn that the Fisk Jubilee Singers received an early invitation from the pastor and deacons to give one of their concerts in the Metropolitan Tabernacle. It would be difficult to determine which party experienced the most delight, the colored singers to go and see and hear Mr. Spurgeon speak in his own church, or his congregation to welcome, with all the heartiness

they could manifest, those liberated slaves, whose vocal powers had by anticipation preceded their visit, to insure them a hearty greeting. It was indeed a pleasant hour, that which introduced the singers to the vast mass of people which crowded every inch of space in the building to hear them. Indeed, hundreds had to go away, unable to crowd in anywhere within sight or hearing. And the collection which followed it was right royal in amount. They cleared about eleven hundred dollars for their University by singing at the Tabernacle alone. The effect on the mind of the pastor himself, he thus describes in his own magazine: "The melodies were rendered by our emancipated friends in a manner altogether unique: we have never heard anything like it; pure nature untrammelled by rule, pouring forth its notes as freely as the wild birds in the spring. The people were charmed: our intercourse with the choir was very pleasant." As soon as the singers arrived in London on their second tour, they received an earnest invitation to repeat their visit to the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

As the practical pastor was again charged with being too personal in preaching, in one of his articles on "Personal preaching," Mr. Spurgeon remarks: "We aim at speaking personally and pointedly to all our hearers; and they are the best judges whether we accomplish it, and also as to whether we use language at which any man ought to be offended. Very seldom does a week occur without our receiving letters from persons unknown to us, thanking us for advising or comforting them in our sermons, the parties evidently being under the impression that some friend had communicated their cases to us, though, indeed, we knew nothing whatever of them. Frequently we have had apologetic notes acknowledging the justice of the rebuke, and correcting us in some minor details of a description supposed to refer to a special sinner; whereas we were unaware of the writer's existence. We have ceased to regard these incidents as curious, for we remember that the Word of God is 'a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.'" Strange and interesting facts have often reached him. At the commencement of Mr. Spurgeon's ministry he related having received a letter from a poor shoemaker during the week,

who said that he was the man who had kept his shop open on the Sunday, who had sold only one pair of old boots for one-and-eightpence, and that, having broken the Sabbath for so small a sum and been so publicly exposed, none but God could have told the facts to the preacher, he had resolved to break the Sabbath no longer. He became converted, and joined the church; but the preacher had no knowledge of the man till he wrote about himself.

During the spring weather of '73 Mr. Spurgeon did not recover his accustomed health, neither did he give up his accustomed work, excepting when really unable to leave home. At the end of April he preached one of the annual sermons before the Wesleyan Missionary Society, in Great Queen-street Chapel, to the largest congregation ever assembled on a similar occasion, at the close of which the collection reached an amount greater than had ever before been made for that object.

In June he took part in the services connected with laying memorial stones for a new Baptist chapel near his own residence at Clapham. He stated that it had long been in his heart to build a chapel in that locality, and he had laid aside one thousand dollars to commence the work, but all his efforts had failed. He was glad that others were doing what he had not been able to do. He had himself been delighted that year to preach for the Wesleyans, and to speak for the Independents; but he urged all Baptists residing in that district to give to the church which intended to assemble in that new erection. In the early part of the year Mr. Spurgeon had made a collection at the Tabernacle on behalf of the new Surrey Chapel for Mr. Newman Hall, which reached five hundred dollars.

In taking a survey of the literary work of "The Sword and the Trowel" for the year, the editor in his preface for 1873 remarks: "I have been hunting up topics of interest with no small degree of anxiety, sending forth the magazine with earnest desires to win a hearing and to produce good results of all kinds. I edit the periodical most conscientiously, giving it my personal attention, and I spare no pains to make it as good as I can."

The applications made to the College for pastors during 1873

were more numerous than had before been made. Thirty of these were supplied. Out of that number two were sent to Spain, one to India, one to China, one to Prince Edward Island, one to Ireland, and one to Scotland. On the 14th of October the foundation-stone of the new College buildings was laid by the President. It was a day which will long be remembered with delight. The people on the occasion gave five thousand dollars, and the students gave fifteen hundred more; but the chief joy of the day was the whole-day prayer-meeting which the students held, that the divine blessing might rest on the work, and upon all connected with the College.

IX.

TRIALS AND DELIVERANCES.

THERE is a trying word and a delivering word, and we must bear the one till the other comes to us. How meekly Joseph endured his afflictions, and with what fortitude he looked forward to the clearing of his slandered character! It will be well if, under similar trials, we are able to imitate him and come forth from the furnace as thoroughly purified as he was, and as well prepared to bear the yet sterner ordeal of honor and power. — C. H. SPURGEON.

TRIALS AND DELIVERANCES.

THE year 1874 presented but few varieties in the life and work of the pastor at the Tabernacle. Of blessings he had many, and of trials not a few; but the work prospered. In May the funds of the Orphanage ran dry, and, as there was urgent need of five hundred dollars for each week, earnest efforts were required. On May the 8th all the debts were paid; but the bank was empty. There was urgent pleading with God, and on that very day two thousand dollars was sent in, so that the orphans were thereby provided for during another month. In October the funds were exhausted again; and again, in answer to prayer and effort, the needed relief came, though the faith of all was tried. At that time the pastor was suffering greatly, both in his person and family; his body was weary with rheumatic pains, his dear wife a suffering invalid, the care of a church of four thousand eight hundred members rested upon him, and the cry of the orphans was heard for bread; in the midst of all, his faith failed not; he wrote his assurance that the Lord will provide. Amongst other kind of help which came, Messrs. Cory, of Cardiff, sent for the good of the Orphanage five thousand dollars.

The annual meetings for prayer in February, the yearly church meeting for reporting the progress of the several agencies at work, and the annual supper in March for the benefit of the College, were each times of refreshing and blessing, in both spiritual and material things. In May the congregation at the Tabernacle had

the delightful satisfaction of hearing the Rev. George Müller, of Bristol, preach to them. After carrying on his wonderful Orphan Houses near that city for forty years, he felt constrained to go forth on a preaching pilgrimage, to declare the goodness of God, and to try and stimulate the faith of the Lord's people, and Mr. Spurgeon's church shared in his ministrations. It was a fitting cordial welcome to a man who was the very embodiment of that faith by which Mr. Spurgeon's Orphanage had been erected and maintained hitherto; and Mr. Müller's discourse embodied much of his own personal experience of what God had done by and through him, in erecting Orphan Houses on Ashley Downs, free from debt, in which two thousand children are daily fed, clothed, and educated. To the long record of God's faithful ones, written by the Apostle Paul, must be added what was done by the faith of George Müller and his helpers at Bristol, and by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon and his helpers at Stockwell.

Having had repeated invitations to preach in Bedford, in what is known as the New Bunyan Meeting, Mr. Spurgeon visited that place in the summer of 1874, but the crowds which assembled to hear him made it impossible for any building for public worship to hold them. Mr. Howard kindly met the people's wants, and had one of his large implement sheds fitted up for worship, and there the voice of praise and prayer ascended to heaven from thousands of voices. It was a memorable day for Bedford, which the people will not let pass from their recollection.

In the summer of 1874 a great cry was raised against Mr. Spurgeon for a public utterance in favor of smoking tobacco, which was made use of by the press and jealous rivals to lessen his influence. In his own defence he wrote as follows:—

“I demur altogether and most positively to the statement that to smoke tobacco is in itself a sin. It may become so, as any other indifferent action may, but as an action it is no sin. Together with hundreds of thousands of my fellow-Christians, I have smoked; and with them I am under the condemnation of living in habitual sin, if certain accusers are to be believed. As I would not knowingly live even in the smallest violation of the law of God, and sin is the transgression of the law, I will not own to sin

when I am not conscious of it. There is growing up in society a Pharisaic system which adds to the commands of God the precepts of men; to that system I will not yield for an hour. The preservation of my liberty may bring upon me the upbraidings of many of the good, and the sneers of the self-righteous: but I shall endure both with serenity, so long as I feel clear in my conscience before God.

“The expression ‘smoking to the glory of God’ standing alone has an ill sound, and I do not justify it; but in the sense in which I employed it I still stand to it. No Christian should do anything in which he cannot glorify God—and this may be done, according to Scripture, in eating and drinking and the common actions of life. When I have found intense pain relieved, a weary brain soothed, and calm, refreshing sleep obtained by a cigar, I have felt grateful to God, and have blessed His name; this is what I meant, and by no means did I use sacred words triflingly. If through smoking I had wasted an hour of my time; if I had stinted my gifts to the poor; if I had rendered my mind less vigorous, I trust I should see my fault and turn from it: but he who charges me with these things shall have no answer but my forgiveness.

“I am told that my open avowal will lessen my influence, and my reply is that if I have gained any influence through being thought different from what I am, I have no wish to retain it. I will do nothing upon the sly, and nothing about which I have a doubt.

“I am most sorry that prominence has been given to what seems to me so small a matter—and the last thing in my thoughts would have been the mention of it from the pulpit; but I was placed in such a position that I must either by my silence plead guilty to living in sin, or else bring down upon my unfortunate self the fierce rebukes of the anti-tobacco advocates by speaking out honestly. I chose the latter; and although I am now the target for these worthy brethren, I would sooner endure their severest censures than sneakingly do what I could not justify, and earn immunity from their criticism by tamely submitting to be charged with sin in an action which my conscience allows.”

This is a noble reply, but let no one for a moment suppose that Pastor Spurgeon advocates the general use of tobacco. By no means. And let his accusers remember that indulgence in expensive dress, or eating and drinking, is not allowable to themselves because they refrain from the use of tobacco. Those who would wash the disciples' feet should do so with clean hands.

One of the most gratifying services at the Tabernacle, during the year 1874, was that held on Monday, September 21, when the pastor's heart was delighted by admitting both of his sons into church fellowship by public baptism. One of Mr. Spurgeon's sisters has long been a member there, and now his two boys, Charles and Thomas, have both a name and a place in the church. Before they had been in communion with the church a year they began to address a small congregation at Bolingbroke Road, Clapham, on the Sabbath day. One of the brothers took the service in the morning, and the other in the evening: thus they were both, in their eighteenth year, following in the footsteps of their father and their ancestors for several generations. May the blessing of their fathers' God rest upon and ever abide with them.

More numerous than ever before were the applications for pastors from the Tabernacle College. During the year 1874 the new buildings had been opened, and they had been found all that could be desired for the convenience, comfort, and health of the men. The educational staff had been increased, and additional facilities for extending the knowledge of the students afforded. Thirty-seven students were located during the year, three of whom were sent to the United States, and one to Scotland. Up to the end of 1874 the total number of students who had gone out as pastors was three hundred and twenty.

Probably no preacher of the present day has received more tokens of affectionate regard, both private and public, personal and collective, than Pastor Spurgeon. These might be mentioned by the score, but it will suffice to allude to one special instance.

When Mr. Spurgeon had completed his pastorate of twenty-one years, some of his friends resolved to mark their sense of the value of his services by a present of ten thousand dollars and a written memorial. On hearing of what was contemplated, the pastor

declined the financial part of the proposal, suggesting that their gifts find their way to the collection at the College supper.

At the annual meeting of church-members held on Jan. 5, 1875, a very elegantly written testimonial, expressive of their devout gratitude to God for having sustained C. H. Spurgeon through twenty-one years of faithful, loving, and eminently successful ministry, beyond all precedent in the history of the Lord's people, was presented. It was a superb and elaborate piece of penmanship, and in the border were inserted correct photographic portraits both of Mr. Spurgeon and his brother James, the co-pastor. The portraits will remain as permanent representations of the two brothers in the prime of life.

The voice of praise and thanksgiving was the foremost theme in "The Sword and the Trowel" for January, 1875. The subject was "Twenty Years of Published Sermons." In an article extending to several pages the Editor gives a brief history of the way his sermons first began to appear in print, followed by a glance at their continuance during a period of twenty years. He informs us that as a youth he took great delight in reading the sermons of Joseph Irons as they appeared; and he even then conceived in his heart that one day he might have a penny pulpit of his own. The dream of his boyhood has been realized, and he gratefully acknowledges the hand of God in permitting him to issue one sermon at the least every week, without a single omission, for the last twenty years. This is a privilege and an honor no other man in England has attained to; and the plain, homely, earnest manner in which the gospel has been set forth in those sermons is set down by the author as the chief cause of their continuance. Commencing with a sale of from one to two thousand weekly, they rapidly increased till the sale was ten thousand each issue. For many years past the sermons have maintained a steady and permanent sale of twenty-five thousand copies. There is a twofold marvel connected with these sermons: the first is that the work should have been continued so many years without interruption; the second, that the sale should have steadily progressed till they had reached so large a weekly demand, and that it has been so many years maintained at that large number. The sermons are

to be found in every country in the world, and at a moderate computation they have been read during the past twenty years by millions of people. Many hundreds of persons have been converted by their perusal, and thousands of preachers have at various times either used them in their published form, or adapted them to the congregations to which they have been preached by others than their author. One Scotch minister translates the sermons into Gaelic, and from his Gaelic translates them back into English, by which process he preserves the thoughts, but totally loses the phraseology used by Mr. Spurgeon; and in that form preaches or reads them to his people.

One gentleman had copies handsomely bound and presented to every crowned head in Europe. A smaller volume was sent, post free, to every student in all the English universities, and to all the members of both houses of Parliament. That gentleman alone gave away two hundred and fifty thousand copies of the sermons, and superintended their distribution himself.

With such a history, well may the preacher close his own account of his sermon-publishing labors with the words of the Psalmist: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name!"

But however jubilant the tone of the first article in the January magazine, it was not long before the pastor realized how uncertain were earthly joys, and how soon they are mixed with sorrows. Naturally buoyant in spirit, he was preparing to escape from the severe cold of January by a visit to Mentone, where a genial sun shines all the year round. Gout and rheumatic pains came on with such rapidity and severity that removal from home was impossible. His condition will be best described in his own words: —

"Just preparing for a journey to Mentone when gout and rheumatism came on with such rapidity and severity that removal was impossible. Feet and legs became useless except for suffering. We had much to do, but were not permitted even to think of the many plans of usefulness open. Dr. Palfrey attended, and intimated that the disease springs from mental causes, and can be as fairly reckoned upon when an extra pressure of care or labor occurs as the tides may be calculated by the moon.

“ We have received many prescriptions for the gout, and should have been dead long ago if we had tried half of them. We are grateful, but cannot utilize them. The best remedy is to prevent our having any anxiety about the College, Orphanage, or the Colportage. If the funds keep up, and the works are carried on, and the Lord’s blessing rests upon the enterprises, they will be better to us than all the lotions, liniments, specifics, and elixirs put together, with twenty sorts of magnetisms thrown in.”

After many weeks of intense suffering relief came; and a brief holiday for change was followed by a renewed application to the numerous daily duties of his active life. Resuming his Sunday morning preaching, he found Mr. Ira D. Sankey one of his auditors, and at the close of the service the American evangelist led the congregation by singing one of his favorite hymns, “ Ring the Bells of Heaven.” Mr. Spurgeon shortly afterwards manifested his sympathy with the work carried on by Messrs. Moody and Sankey by inviting them to take part in the College anniversary, and by his delivering addresses for them at the noonday prayer-meetings, and by preaching. Mr. Moody visited Mr. Spurgeon at his residence at Clapham, and after dinner learned from his host some lessons of practical encouragement in his great evangelistic work. Looking over the portraits of Mr. Spurgeon’s twin boys, — for which they both sat annually from infancy till they were seventeen years old, to show their gradual growth, — Mr. Moody has since used the fact as a new illustration for his sermons.

At the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, held in Exeter Hall, Mr. Spurgeon moved the adoption of the resolution of thanks to the committee and officers; and in doing so stated very plainly that the distribution of the Bible was the best remedy against infidelity, ritualism, and all other evils; and the study of its pages tended to bring all Christians nearer to each other. He prefaced his address by relating an incident which occurred to him three years previously, which is as follows. Sitting in the Colosseum at Rome with two or three friends, he said: “ Is it not glorious to look at this old ruin and see how Christ has conquered here; how all these ruins tell what desolations He hath made in the earth; how He breaketh the bow and scattereth the

spear in sunder? So I said, 'Let us have a tune,' and we sang the verse, —

'Jesus' tremendous name
Has put our foes to flight;
Jesus, the meek, the humble lamb,
A lion is in fight.'

Up came two strangers, and said, 'What is that you are singing? Let us join you.' One was an American and the other an English clergyman, and we sang together the next verse, —

'By all hell's host withstood,
We all hell's host o'erthrow;
And conquering them through Jesus' blood,
We still to conquer go.'

And so we shall mark our track by the ruin of our adversaries; they shall only be remembered by the place which they once inhabited, which shall be a desolation and the habitation of the bittern for ever and ever."

Before closing his address, he related the following anecdote: "I have very seldom found it to be a lost thing to give a present of a Testament. I was greatly astonished about a month ago. A cabman drove me home, and when I paid him his fare, he said: 'A long time since I drove you last, sir!' 'But,' said I, 'I do not recollect you!' 'Well,' he said, 'I think it is fourteen years ago; but,' he said, 'perhaps you will know this Testament!' pulling one out of his pocket. 'What,' I said, 'did I give you that?' 'Oh, yes,' he said, 'and you spoke to me about my soul, and nobody had done that before, and I have never forgotten it.' 'What,' said I, 'have n't you worn it out?' 'No,' he said, 'I would not wear it out; I have had it bound!' — and he had kept it very carefully indeed."

Just at that period Messrs. Moody and Sankey were in the midst of their evangelistic labors in London, and Mr. Spurgeon cheerfully and heartily encouraged those earnest men of God. Early in May he preached for Mr. Moody one Friday evening to ten thousand people in Bow-road Hall, on the healing of the deaf and dumb man, as recorded in Mark vii. 24-27. The sermon occupied nearly an hour in delivery, and was simple, natural, and prac-

tical, and was listened to with the attention of persons who seemed to be listening for life. Few of those who were present, and who admired the power of his voice and the vigor of his thoughts, knew that he had spoken for two hours that afternoon to the students of his College.

A great grief overshadowed the church at the Tabernacle near the end of the month of July, when it was announced that Mrs. Bartlett was seriously ill; and after only a week's illness the labors of her most loving and useful life were terminated on August 2. On Friday, August 6, a funeral service was held in the Tabernacle, and the interment took place the same afternoon in Nunhead Cemetery. The suffering pastor bowed submissively to that divine dispensation, knowing that the hand of God was in it.

PSALM XLI.

JESUS, poorest of the poor!
Man of sorrows! Child of grief!
Happy they whose bounteous store
Ministered to Thy relief.

Jesus, though Thy head is crowned,
Crowned with loftiest majesty,
In Thy members Thou art found
Plunged in deepest poverty.

Happy they who wash Thy feet,
Visit Thee in Thy distress!
Honor great, and labor sweet,
For Thy sake the saints to bless!

They who feed Thy sick and faint,
For Thyself a banquet find;
They who clothe the naked saint,
Round *Thy* loins the raiment bind.

Thou wilt keep their soul alive,
From their foes protect their head;
Languishing, their strength revive,
And in sickness make their bed.

Thou wilt deeds of love repay;
Grace shall generous hearts reward
Here on earth, and in the day
When they meet their reigning Lord.

C. H. SPURGEON

X.

DEVISING LIBERAL THINGS.

LET not your zeal evaporate in a mere mist of pious talk, let it flow in streams of practical usefulness. Love the brethren of Him who loved you. If there be a Mephibosheth anywhere who is lame or halt, help him for that Jonathan's sake whose love to us surpasseth the love of women. If there be a poor tried believer, weep with him, and bear his cross for the sake of Him who wept for you and carried the painful burden of your sins. — C. H. SPURGEON.

DEVISING LIBERAL THINGS.

THE work of Mrs. Bartlett at the Tabernacle has been one of the greatest blessings of the place. That lady, born in the country in 1807, was converted to God at the age of twelve, and immediately she began to persuade others around her to give their hearts to God. She became an earnest and devoted praying teacher in the Sunday-school, and soon saw some of the children turning to God. She then began to visit the villages around her house, and was the means of doing much good in that way. After her marriage, and with a family claiming her attention, she came to London, and, attending New Park-street Chapel, good Deacon Olney invited her, in 1859, to take charge of the senior class connected with the Sunday-school, which had then only three in attendance. Suffering from heart disease, she consented to take the class for only one month, during which time it had increased to fourteen. Supported in her work, her strong faith in God led her to say, "God has given me strength for one month, He will surely give me strength for another." In 1861, when the new Tabernacle was opened, the class had increased to fifty. Such was the influence of her earnest, loving words on the young women, that soon they numbered a hundred, then two and three, and in a short time five hundred attended her services every Sabbath day, and many of them came also on Tuesday and Friday; whilst at her own house, which Mr. Spurgeon called the "House of Mercy," she was constantly receiving anxious inquirers after salvation. The blessing of God so abundantly rested upon her labors, that fully one hundred of her members joined the church

annually. They generously collected and gave thousands of dollars to the funds of the Pastors' College, besides contributing to relieve the wants of the poor in the locality.

During the year 1875 twenty-nine of the students from the Pastors' College were sent into the field of ministerial labor, three of whom went into the work abroad, one to Rio Janeiro, one to San Domingo, and one to China.

Before the year closed, a change from the damp cold of the November fogs in London to the genial sunshine at Mentone, in South Europe, was a necessity for the overworked pastor. Whilst resting in the sunny South, Mr. Spurgeon wrote some pleasant Recollections of Dr. Brock. Dining one day at Mr. Spurgeon's house, Father Olney was present, and Dr. Brock stated that he had preached at Park-street Chapel once or twice when a student at Stepney College, but he supposed he was not man enough for them, as he was not invited to succeed Dr. Rippon. The good deacon remarked that the people were much struck with him, but he himself was not in office in those days, so had not dared to interfere with the august authorities then in power. "See how all things are determined by a superintending Providence," replied the Doctor; "for if the Park-street people had chosen me, where would our friend Spurgeon have come to?"

On another occasion Dr. Brock and Mr. Spurgeon were dining together at the mansion of a beloved friend in Regent's Park, when the Orphanage building was in progress, and money was wanted which was not in hand. Mr. Spurgeon, suffering from feeble health, still expressed his strong faith in God that the money would come to hand in due time. Just as the dinner was ended the servant entered the room with a telegram from his private secretary, announcing that an unknown donor had sent five thousand dollars for the Orphanage. Dr. Brock immediately rose and poured forth his utterances of gratitude in the most joyful manner, and they all united in prayer on their knees to magnify the Lord.

About the same time certain newspapers published reports that some sixty Methodist students were yearly received into the classes of the Pastors' College. This is noticed to give an opportunity

for Mr. Spurgeon's reply, which was in these words: "We have never said anything of the kind, nor is it true. We shall not regret if it turns out to be a prophecy. If Methodists improve into Baptists, we shall not lament it; but we do not expect it. The Church of England has been flirting with the Wesleyans, but we have done nothing of the kind; we have been too busy seeking the conversion of the ungodly to have had any time to bait traps for members of any other denominations." This reply may be taken as a general answer to other false reports which sensational editors are too fond of printing in their papers.

At the annual meeting of church members it was reported that 510 had been added to the church during the year 1875, that 208 had removed, leaving the total of church members at 4,813, being an increase of 136 on the year.

The annual meeting of the Colportage Association reported that forty-seven men were employed in forty-three districts, and that \$22,075 had been received for books supplied by that agency.

The weekly offerings at the Tabernacle for 1875, on behalf of the Pastors' College, were reported to be \$9,375.

On March 1st a very lively, loving, and enthusiastic meeting of the collectors was held at the Orphanage, when one thousand dollars was paid in, and the orphans sang like cherubs, and looked as bright and cheerful as the morning. The meeting was interesting in other respects, as will be seen by the following extract: "The Rev. John Spurgeon, Charles H. Spurgeon, and Thomas Spurgeon — grandfather, father, and son — addressed the meeting. The grandsire spoke of twenty years ago, when C. H. Spurgeon preached at his grandfather's — James Spurgeon's jubilee, and three generations of their family were present on that occasion. He blessed God that as the older generations had gone new ones had arisen. We all joined in his gratitude, and the more so when the grandson proved by his cool, clear delivery, and lively, warm-hearted manner, that he would worthily sustain the family name."

There was a still more interesting gathering at the Orphanage, on June 20th, when a *fête* was held to commemorate the anniversary of the pastor's birthday. The crowds which attended were

beyond all precedent, and at the evening meeting, presided over by Sir Henry Havelock, five Spurgeons delivered addresses, namely, the Rev. John Spurgeon, the grandfather; his two sons, Charles and James Spurgeon; and Thomas and Charles, the twin sons of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon. Seldom does a man find himself followed in the ministry by two sons and two grandsons, all living to speak at the same meeting. About one thousand dollars was contributed that day to the funds of the Orphanage, one friend having sent £42 (two hundred and ten dollars), so as to give a golden token of his esteem for every year of the pastor's life. The pastor recorded afterwards that his right arm and hand would long remember the thousands of hearty salutations he had received that day.

It will be recollected that some twenty-five years before, an appointment was made with Dr. Angus, of London, to meet a young man at Cambridge, with the intention of arranging for the young man to become a student of the Baptist College in London. By a very remarkable omission of duty, the college tutor and the young man did not meet on that day, and the young man did not enter a college. Now that young man has a college of his own, in which some of the most able and useful ministers in England have been trained, and about forty new Baptist churches have been raised in London and its suburbs solely by the students sent forth from the Pastors' College. On March 17, 1876, Dr. Angus, who still presides over the Regent's Park Baptist College, went over with his students to pay a fraternal visit to the Pastors' College, and a very pleasant day was thus spent together. Both students and tutors were hearty in their greetings. The Tabernacle men escorted their guests over the College and rooms at the Tabernacle, and many new acquaintances were made, which will surely ripen into enduring friendship when they meet one another on the field of service. The addresses delivered on the occasion were hearty, solid, and well received, and the social and Christian intercourse thus opened will be a blessing to both colleges.

Another form of helpful service at the Tabernacle is an annual gathering of the parents of the children in the Sunday-schools. These schools are conducted with so much energy, wisdom, and

efficiency, that they have no need to resort to treats and prizes to induce the children to come. They attend in multitudes; and the money usually spent in treats and prizes is devoted to give the parents of the children a free tea, which brings them into personal contact with Mr. Spurgeon and the teachers, and so a mutual sympathy and affection is awakened and sustained, and the parents help the teachers in their work.

The Twelfth Annual Conference of the Pastors' College was held during the week commencing on Monday, April 3d. It was a time of blessing and encouragement to all who took part in the proceedings. The inaugural address of Mr. Spurgeon, based upon the clause in the creed, "I believe in the Holy Ghost," was able, lucid, and instructive. During the conference, Mr. Phillips gave his annual supper, at which the spontaneous gifts to the College reached ten thousand dollars. In writing brief notes of that conference Mr. Spurgeon adds: "Our brain refuses to dictate more. If our friends would earnestly ask for us more health and more grace we should be deeply grateful."

Deeply did Mr. Spurgeon feel the need of prayer at that time; for the illness which he felt coming on lasted for three months, and was to him and to his church a heavy loss and severe trial. The patient pastor poured forth his complaint in the first article in his magazine for May, under the title, "Laid Aside. Why?" In this touching fragment from his pen he remarks: "When the Lord is using a man for His glory it is singular that He should all of a sudden smite him down and suspend his usefulness. It must be right, but the reason for it does not lie near the surface. How is it that a heart eager for the welfare of men and the glory of God should find itself hampered by a sickly frame, and checked in its utmost usefulness by attacks of painful disease? We may ask the question, if we do so without murmuring; but who shall answer it for us? We are content to leave a thousand mysteries unsolved rather than tolerate a single doubt as to the wisdom and goodness of our Heavenly Father."

On Lord's-day evening, July 16th, the great Tabernacle was deserted by its regular attendants, by the special desire of Mr. Spurgeon, who wished to throw open the place for a free service to

strangers. None of the seat-holders were present, — or not more than half a dozen, — which Mr. Spurgeon considered “splendid discipline, worthy of the best-trained army, — the discipline of love”: and he very sincerely thanked the seat-holders for vacating their places so unanimously that the poor might hear the gospel preached to them in comfort, without even a collection. “The Tabernacle was as full as a barrel packed with herrings,” and the heat was intense. Much prayer was offered at various meetings; and the officers had a baptism of fire from heaven in offering prayer before the doors were opened. They also held three prayer-meetings and an out-door service to the crowds who could not get within the building. Much good was done, many sinners were awakened, and additions to the church followed. The experiment was repeated on Sunday, October 22d, three months afterwards; and this has now become an established service periodically. The object of these evangelistic services is to lay hold of those who inhabit a world outside the Church, ignoring the existence of church or chapel, or even of religion itself. Of these there are multitudes amongst both rich and poor. After each service a number of inquirers come forward, desiring further instruction in matters concerning salvation.

The weekly baptismal service at the Tabernacle on Monday, June 26, 1876, was one which awakened deep feelings of gratitude in the breast of the pastor. Amongst those who were baptized were three friends who were led to confess the Saviour through the preaching of the pastor's two sons, Charles and Thomas Spurgeon, the first-fruits of their useful ministry. Who could refuse to pray, “God bless the lads”?

During half of the month of August Mr. Spurgeon was rambling in Scotland amongst “Highland cattle, sea-gulls, herrings, and heather.” He went north in search of rest, was away thirteen days, and had fifty invitations to preach. He yielded four times to the entreaty of friends. On Sabbath, August 13th, he preached at Blairmore to an immense out-door company, gathered from all the surrounding towns. The two services there were happy occasions, and much Christian fellowship was shown by the Scotch brethren to the Metropolitan pastor.

Seeking by all possible means to rescue the perishing, a series of special revival services were commenced in the Tabernacle on Monday, October 30th, conducted by the College students, hoping thereby to benefit the church, which so greatly promotes the usefulness of the College by its weekly offerings. The services were only intended for one week, but the meetings were seasons of so much blessing that they were continued to November 10th. Various means were used for gathering in the people to hear the Word, and occasionally a band of students resorted to the "highways," and by singing and preaching compelled them to come in. Deep earnestness characterized both speakers and hearers, and on every evening the young brethren had to rejoice over some sinners brought to repentance. On Thursday afternoon, November 2d, the students held a fellowship meeting to seek a blessing on themselves and their work. In the evening Mr. Spurgeon preached to them. The Master was manifestly present, and all were blessed by the service. There were one hundred and ten students in the College when they re-assembled in the autumn.

On Tuesday, December 12th, Mr. Spurgeon was at Nottingham, and preached two of the opening sermons in Mr. Silverton's new chapel, which he has appropriately named Exeter Hall. It is a building of great capacity, substantial and elegant. It seats two thousand people, yet cost only \$23,500, apart from the site. Mr. Spurgeon said of the services of that day: "The giving and the hearing were of the most enthusiastic order, the amount contributed being one thousand dollars."

At the close of the year 1876 Mr. Spurgeon was assailed by some newspapers in an almost savage manner for a prayer which he offered one Sunday morning, that the Lord would preserve peace, and if our rulers would not learn wisdom, to remove them. He did not trouble much about the abuse of the press, knowing that it is only when he exposes evil and injustice that a clamor is raised. Their fierce language was unheeded, for he received a letter from Austria, informing him that the words of his prayer had been translated into German and Servian, and had been printed in most of the newspapers in those languages, the readers there rejoicing to think that there was one man in England

who seemed to comprehend the atrocities suffered by the victims of Turkish barbarism.

The annual meeting of the College evening classes was held at the Tabernacle on December 22d. By means of these classes two hundred men who are working all day receive such educational advantages as they require; thus they do not forget the Lord's work.

During the year, no less than thirty-three students had been appointed to churches, four of whom have gone into the work abroad, — namely, one to Australia, one to New Zealand, one to the Cape of Good Hope, and one to Basle, Switzerland. Very gratifying reports have already been received from many of those new curates of church work. It is deserving of record that no less than sixty Baptist churches in and around London have been, or now are, under the pastoral care of students from the Pastors' College. More than half the number are entirely new churches, raised out of the world, and amongst them are some of the largest and most prosperous churches in the denomination. About twenty students were sent out during the first half of the year 1877.

Several times during the spring of the year 1877 large audiences of merchants and business men assembled in the great hall at the Cannon-street Hotel, and at the Friends' Meeting-house in Bishopsgate Street, to hear addresses from Mr. Spurgeon on questions of commercial morality and personal salvation. About two thousand persons gathered at midday on each occasion to hear the words of faithful warning and affectionate invitation. The addresses which were delivered have been published at one penny each, with the titles "The Claims of God" and "Faith in Christ."

For more than eighty years the annual sermon before the London Missionary Society was preached in Rowland Hill's chapel. The last of the series in the old sanctuary was preached in May, 1876. Thereafter the official sermon was expected to be preached in Christ Church, Westminster Road, and Mr. Spurgeon was selected as the preacher of the first sermon of the new series. In the course of the sermon he said some plain things about preachers who discoursed on subjects which were not the gospel

of salvation, and sometimes were even opposed to it. A spirit of controversy followed, as is usual, but Mr. Spurgeon wisely left his critics to entertain their own opinions, unquestioned by himself.

No minister knows better than Mr. Spurgeon the advantages to a Christian church of having work for every member, and seeing that the work is done. It was no surprise to many of the friends at the Tabernacle when, in the spring of 1877, a special mission was inaugurated for those young ladies who have leisure, culture, and refined taste; hence a flower mission was commenced. Friends in the country send boxes of cut flowers every Wednesday to the Tabernacle, when young ladies arrange them, and append to them appropriate texts from the Bible, and these are immediately distributed, free, to the hospitals in London, where they are welcomed with the utmost delight by the poor afflicted inmates, and many a blessing is invoked on the committee who distribute them as well as on those who donate the flowers.

The inventive spirit has long been in active exercise at the Tabernacle; hence the variety of agencies which exist in that church, which are, many of them, unknown in most other church organizations. There is a Baptist Country Mission which provides, under Mr. Spurgeon's direction, young brethren who visit villages and country towns near London, who labor to raise new churches in them. These earnest young men are always ready to enter on any opening by preaching on the village green, or in a cottage or room. There is also the Tabernacle Evangelists' Society, which finds speakers for special services in London, and works in connection with the churches. These do not restrict themselves to any denomination, but cheerfully aid all pastors who are willing to accept their help for a short period, or a series of meetings. They carry on open-air preaching and lodging-house visitation. These are branches of home-missionary work.

Our social festivals are always occasions of joy, but how generally do they partake largely of selfishness! Mr. Spurgeon has discovered the way to combine the highest amount of personal happiness with the most extensive benevolence and philanthropy. Who but a man with a large heart and unbounded sympathy could

have conceived the plan, and so successfully have carried it out, of celebrating the anniversary of his birth by devoting all the gifts which loving friends bestowed, to feed the orphan and relieve distress?

Still suffering from the weakness which follows long-continued pain, yet no one was more happy than Pastor Spurgeon on June 19, 1877, when he kept his forty-third birthday. Some thousands of attached personal friends, and friends of the orphan, gathered that day at Stockwell Orphanage. The day was fine; the gentle zephyrs wafted pleasantly over the enclosed grounds, joy sat on every countenance, and a spirit of generosity seemed to animate every breast. The orphans and their guardians met likewise to unite their loving congratulations to the President of the Institution: this feeling of sympathy and kindness being freely manifested by hosts of Tabernacle worshippers, and by kind friends from the locality. In the afternoon the pastor preached a short sermon in the covered playground from Gen. xxx. 27, in which he testified that "I have learned by experience that the Lord hath blessed me for thy sake," and he acknowledged having received countless blessings through his faithful people.

An open-air meeting was held in the evening on the grass, presided over by Thomas Blake, Esq., M.P., who was ably supported by the Rev. M'Connell Hussey, a neighboring clergyman, and other friends. In the calm air Mr. Spurgeon sat on the platform without his hat, when his son Charles was called on to speak. He referred to his father's sufferings from the gout, and added, "There he sits without his hat, but he has a will of his own." Immediately the hat went on; so his own will at once became the will of the multitude, all of whom were his well-wishers. The pastor himself announced that he had that morning received seventy-one letters of congratulation, all containing help for the orphans, besides which one friend had sent him £43 (two hundred and fifteen dollars), to tally with the number of his years, and one of the trustees of the institution had sent a similar amount. Mr. Spurgeon commended very highly the management of his brother and Mr. Charlesworth in superintending the Orphanage, and of the working staff he said he could not wish them

to be better, as they would then be too good for work on earth, and he assured the meeting that the business of the Orphanage was so well conducted that it gave the President only the minimum of care; and he sincerely thanked the numerous donors who during the day brought in to the treasurer nearly two thousand dollars.

The month of January, 1879, will long be remembered. Having completed the twenty-fifth year of his pastorate, it was decided to celebrate the occasion, which was termed THE PASTORAL SILVER WEDDING, by presenting Mr. Spurgeon with a liberal testimonial. The amount proposed to be raised was twenty-five thousand dollars. A large bazaar was opened, which was well supported, and with the subscription lists the proceeds exceeded the amount originally proposed.

With his usual large-heartedness he declined accepting the amount for his private benefit. There was one important institution connected with the Tabernacle that needed to be placed on a surer footing, and this was a fitting opportunity for securing that end. The Almshouses, affording homes for nineteen poor widows, required a more permanent support, and all the proceeds of the "Pastoral Silver Wedding Fund" were devoted to this laudable object, thereby insuring its future maintenance.

May the perusal of the brief personal history of this earnest, unselfish, laborious man stir many to inquire, "Lord, what wilt Thou have ME to do?"

PSALM XLIV.

OUR ears have heard, O glorious God,
What work Thou didst of old ;
And how the heathen felt Thy rod
Our fathers oft have told.

'T was not Thy people's arm or sword,
But only Thy right hand
Which scattered all the race abhorred,
And gave Thy tribes their land.

Thou hadst a favor to the seed
Which sprang of Jacob's line ;
And still on men afore decreed
Doth love electing shine.

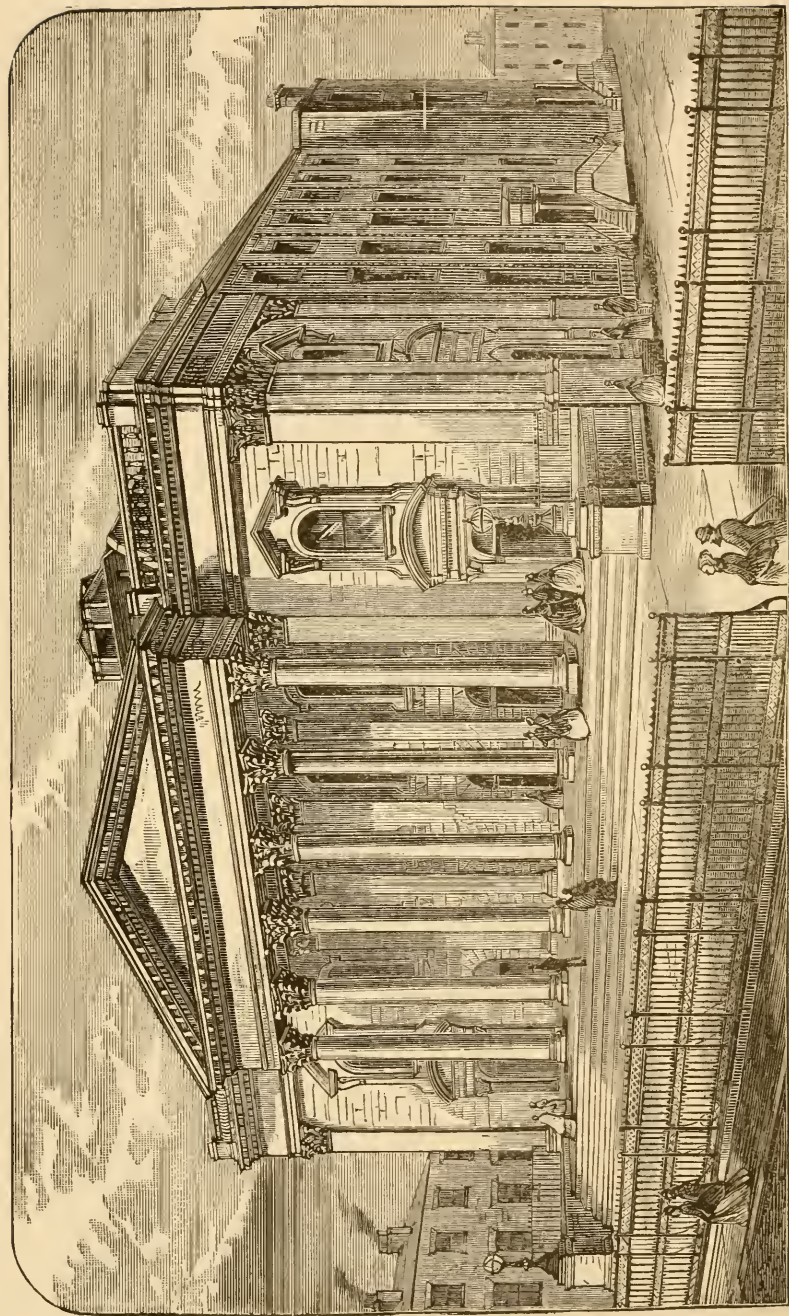
These shall the heritage obtain,
And drive out every sin ;
E'en death and hell shall rage in vain, —
They *must* the conquest win.

From grace alone their strength shall spring,
Nor bow nor sword can save ;
To God alone, their Lord and King,
Shall all their banners wave.

Awake, O Lord, of Thine elect,
Achieve Thy great design ;
Thy saints from Thee alone expect
Salvation's light to shine.

In Thee alone we make our boasts,
And glory all day long ;
Arise at once, thou Lord of hosts,
And fill our mouth with song.

C. H. SPURGEON.



THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, C. H. SPURGEON, PASTOR.

XI.

THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

LIVING in the midst of the church of God is like sailing down the Nile in a boat. One is charmed with the luxuriance of either bank, and with much that is beautiful immediately around; but, alas! at a little distance on either side lies a vast uncultivated, we had almost said hopeless, desert. Some are at rest because they never look beyond the borders of the church; but those whose sympathies reach to all humanity will have to carry a life-long "burden of the Lord."— C. H. SPURGEON.

THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

THE history of the church of which Mr. Spurgeon is overseer contains a record of information and interest peculiar to itself. For two hundred and thirty years it has stood the test, and some of the best leaders and teachers of Christendom have ministered the Word of life to its members. For many years a pressure was brought to bear upon its present pastor to furnish to the public every possible information regarding its origin, growth, and work. Notwithstanding his arduous labors, he has responded to this legitimate inquiry, and in a book of one hundred and twenty pages has sketched the early history of the Baptists, the founding of the church, the successive pastors, and its present participation in the various branches of education, charity, evangelization, and missionary operations with which it stands connected. Thus Mr. Spurgeon prefaces his history of the Metropolitan Tabernacle: —

When modest ministers submit their sermons to the press they usually place upon the titlepage the words, "Printed by request." We might with emphatic truthfulness have pleaded this apology for the present narrative, for, time without number, friends from all parts of the world have said: "Have you no book which will tell us all about your work? Could you not give us some printed summary of the Tabernacle history?" Here it is, dear friends, and we hope it will satisfy your curiosity and deepen your kindly interest.

The best excuse for writing a history is that *there is something to tell*, and, unless we are greatly mistaken, the facts here placed on record are well worthy of being known. In us they have aroused fervent emotions of gratitude, and in putting them together our faith in God has been greatly established; we hope, therefore, that in some measure our readers will derive the same benefit. Strangers cannot be expected to feel an equal interest with ourselves, but our fellow members, our co-workers, our hundreds of generous helpers, and the large circle of our hearty sympathizers cannot read our summary of the Lord's dealings with us without stimulus and encouragement.

Our young people ought to be told by their fathers the wondrous things which God did in their day "and in the old time before them." Such things are forgotten if they are not every now and then rehearsed anew in the ears of fresh generations. "Why should the wonders He hath wrought be lost in silence and forgot?" We feel that we only discharge a duty to the present and coming generations when we use our pen for such a purpose.

May the reader's belief in prayer be increased, and his reliance upon God strengthened, as he reads our testimony; and should he unhappily be as yet unconverted, may he be led to believe in God, to rest in the sacrifice of Jesus, and cast in his lot with the people of God.

Brethren who have helped us so long, support our enterprises still by your prayers, your efforts, and your gifts, and so shall our Zion become increasingly a praise in the earth. To the Triune God be praise that for two centuries His mercy has surrounded this portion of His Church, and that "His hand is stretched out still."

This church was born in stormy times, when mayors and mobs were formidable foes of all who believed in the crown rights of King Jesus. The practice of the Baptists in dipping was specially obnoxious to the bigots who plied hard the argument that it was wicked to immerse persons in cold weather. Mr. Spurgeon goes on with the history, which we abridge: —

Moved by the feeling that it was the duty of the State to keep men's consciences in proper order, the Parliament set to work to curb the wicked sectaries, and Dr. Stoughton tells us: "By the Parliamentary ordinance of April, 1645, forbidding any person to preach who was not an ordained minister, in the Presbyterian, or some other reformed church,—all Baptist ministers became exposed to molestation, they being accounted a sect, and not a church. A few months after the date of this law, the Baptists being pledged to a public controversy in London with Edmund Calamy, the Lord Mayor interfered to prevent the disputation,—a circumstance which seems to show that, on the one hand, the Baptists were becoming a formidable body in London, and, on the other hand, that their fellow-citizens were highly exasperated against them." Or, say rather, that the Lord Mayor's views not being those of the Baptists, he feared the sturdy arguments which would be brought to bear upon his friends, and concluded that the wisest course he could take was to prevent the truth being heard. No Lord Mayor, or even King, has any right to forbid free public speech, and when in past ages an official has done so, it is no evidence that his fellow-citizens were of the same mind: Jack-in-office is often peculiarly anxious that the consciences of others should not be injured by hearing views different from his own.

From some one of the many Baptist assemblies which met in the borough of Southwark, the Tabernacle Church took its rise. Crosby says: "This people had formerly belonged to one of the most ancient congregations of the Baptists in London, but separated from them, in the year 1652, for some practices which they judged disorderly, and kept together from that time as a distinct body." They appear to have met in private houses, or in such other buildings as were open to them. Their first pastor was WILLIAM RIDER, whom Crosby mentions as a sufferer for conscience' sake, but he is altogether unable to give any further particulars of his life, except that he published a small tract in vindication of the practice of laying on of hands on the baptized believers. The people were few in number, but had the reputation of being men of solid judgment, deep knowledge, and religious stability, and many of them were also in easy circumstances as to worldly

goods. Oliver Cromwell was just at that time in the ascendant, and Blake's cannon were sweeping the Dutch from the seas; but the Presbyterian establishment ruled with a heavy hand, and Baptists were under a cloud. In the following year Cromwell was made Protector, the old Parliament was sent about its business, and England enjoyed a large measure of liberty of conscience.

How long William Rider exercised the ministerial office we are unable to tell, but our next record bears date 1668, when we are informed that, "the pastor having been dead for some time, they unanimously chose Mr. BENJAMIN KEACH to be their elder or pastor." Accordingly he was solemnly ordained with prayer and the laying on of hands in the year 1668, being in the twenty-eighth year of his age. Keach was one of the most notable of the pastors of our church. He was continually engaged in preaching in the towns of Buckinghamshire, making Winslow his headquarters; and so well did the good cause flourish under his zealous labors, and those of others, that the Government quartered dragoons in the district in order to put down unlawful meetings and stamp out dissent. The amount of suffering which this involved, the readers of the story of the Covenanting times in Scotland can readily imagine. A rough soldiery handle with little tenderness those whom they consider to be miserable fanatics. When the favorite court poet was lampooning these poor people and ridiculing their claims to be guided by the Spirit of God, common soldiers of the Cavalier order were not likely to be much under restraint in their behavior to them.

Having written a book called "The Child's Instructor," in which he avowed that children are born in sin, and in need of redemption by Jesus Christ, he was publicly tried and convicted. The merciful (?) judge pronounced upon the culprit the following sentence: —

"Benjamin Keach, you are here convicted for writing, printing, and publishing a seditious and schismatical book, for which the court's judgment is this, and the court doth award: That you shall go to jail for a fortnight without bail or mainprize; and the next Saturday to stand upon the pillory at Aylesbury in the open market, from eleven o'clock till one, with a paper upon your



BENJAMIN KEACH.

head with this inscription : *For writing, printing, and publishing a schismatical book, entitled The Child's Instructor; or, a New and Easy Primer.* And the next Thursday to stand, in the same manner and for the same time, in the market at Winslow; and then your book shall be openly burnt before your face by the common hangman, in disgrace of you and your doctrine. And you shall forfeit to the King's majesty the sum of twenty pounds, and shall remain in jail until you find sureties for your good behavior, and for your appearance at the next assizes; then *to*



BENJAMIN KEACH IN THE PILLORY.

renounce your doctrines, and make such public submission as shall be enjoined you. Take him away, keeper!"

Keach simply replied, "I hope I shall *never renounce* the truths which I have written in that book."

The attempts made to obtain a pardon or a relaxation of this severe sentence were ineffectual; and the sheriff took care that everything should be punctually performed.

When he was brought to the pillory at Aylesbury, several of his religious friends and acquaintances accompanied him; and when they bemoaned his hard case and the injustice of his suf-

ferings, he said with a cheerful countenance, "The cross is the way to the crown." His head and hands were no sooner placed in the pillory, but he began to address himself to the spectators, to this effect: "Good people, I am not ashamed to stand here this day, with this paper on my head! My Lord Jesus was not ashamed to suffer on the cross for me; and it is for His cause that I am made a gazing-stock. Take notice, it is not for any wickedness that I stand here; but for writing and publishing those truths which the Spirit of the Lord hath revealed in the Holy Scriptures."

Very sweetly did Mr. Keach preach the great fundamental truths of the gospel, and glorify the name and work of Jesus. His "Gospel Mine Opened," and other works rich in savor, show that he was no mere stickler for a point of ceremony, but one who loved the whole truth as it is in Jesus, and felt its power. The doctrine of the Second Advent evidently had great charms for him, but not so as to crowd out Christ crucified. He was very solid in his preaching, and his whole conduct and behavior betokened a man deeply in earnest for the cause of God. In addressing the ungodly he was intensely direct, solemn, and impressive, not flinching to declare the terrors of the Lord, nor veiling the freeness of divine grace. He was a voluminous writer, having written in all forty-three works,—eighteen practical, sixteen polemical, and nine poetical. Some of them were very popular, having reached the twenty-second edition.

Mr. Keach was of a very weak constitution, being often afflicted with illness, and once to such a degree that he was given over by the physicians; and several of the ministers, and his relations, had taken their leave of him as a dying man and past all hope of recovery; but the Reverend Mr. Hanserd Knollys, seeing his friend and brother in the gospel so near expiring, betook himself to prayer, and in a very extraordinary manner begged that God would spare him, and add unto his days the time He granted to His servant Hezekiah. As soon as he had ended his prayer, he said, "Brother Keach, I shall be in heaven before you," and quickly after left him. So remarkable was the answer of God to this good man's prayer, that we cannot omit it; though it may be discredited by some, there

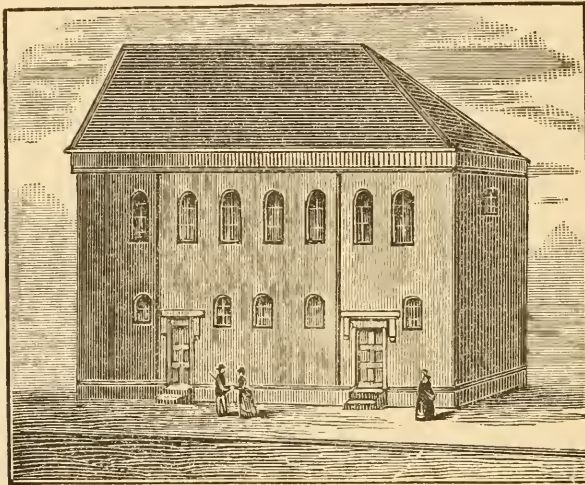
were many who could bear incontestable testimony to the fact. Mr. Keach recovered of that illness, and lived just fifteen years afterwards; and then it pleased God to visit him with that short sickness which put an end to his days. He "fell on sleep" July 16, 1704, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, and was buried at the Baptists' burying-ground, in the Park, Southwark. It was not a little singular that in after years the church over which he so ably presided should pitch its tent so near the place where his bones were laid, and New Park Street should appear in her annals as a well-beloved name.

When Mr. Keach was upon his death-bed he sent for his son-in-law, BENJAMIN STINTON, and solemnly charged him to care for the church which he was about to leave, and especially urged him to accept the pastoral office, should it be offered to him by the brethren. Mr. Stinton had already for some years helped his father-in-law in many ways, and therefore he was no new and untried man. It is no small blessing when a church can find her pastors in her own midst; the rule is to look abroad, but perhaps if our home gifts were more encouraged the Holy Spirit would cause our teachers to come forth more frequently from among our own brethren. Still, we cannot forget the proverb about a prophet in his own country. When the church gave Mr. Stinton a pressing invitation, he delayed awhile, and gave himself space for serious consideration; but at length, remembering the dying words of his father-in-law, and feeling himself directed by the Spirit of God, he gave himself up to the ministry, which he faithfully discharged for fourteen years, — namely, from 1704 to 1718.

Spending himself in various works of usefulness, Mr. Stinton worked on till the 11th of February, 1718, when a sudden close was put to his labors and his life. He was taken suddenly ill, and saying to his wife, "I am going," he laid himself down upon the bed, and expired in the forty-third year of his life. He smiled on death, for the Lord smiled on him. He was buried near his predecessor, in the Park, Southwark.

In the beginning of the year 1719, the church at Horsleydown invited JOHN GILL to preach, with a view to the pastorate; but there was a determined opposition to him in about one half of

the church. The matter was referred to the club of ministers meeting at the Hanover Coffee-house, and they gave the absurd advice that the two parties should each hear their own man turn about till they could agree. Common sense came to the rescue, and this sort of religious duel never came off. The friends, with far greater wisdom, divided. John Gill's friends secured the old meeting-house for the term of forty years, and he was ordained March 22, 1720.



CARTER-LANE CHAPEL.

Little did the friends dream what sort of man they had thus chosen to be their teacher; but had they known it they would have rejoiced that a man of such vast erudition, such indefatigable industry, such sound judgment, and such sterling honesty had come among them. He was to be more mighty with his pen than Keach, and to make a deeper impression upon his age, though perhaps with the tongue he was less powerful than his eminent predecessor. Early in his ministry he had to take up the cudgels for Baptist views against a Pædobaptist preacher of Rowel, near Kettering, and he did so in a manner worthy of that eulogium which Toplady passed upon him in reference to other controversies, when he compared him to Marlborough, and declared that he never fought a battle without winning it.

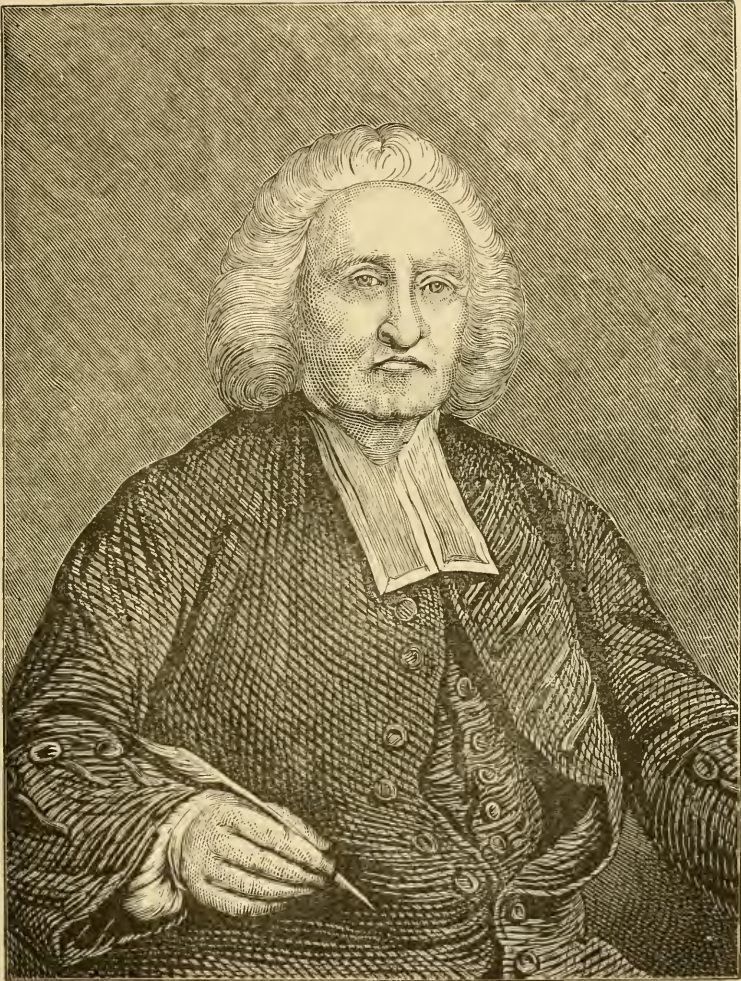
Mr. Gill, being settled in London, became more intimately acquainted with that worthy minister of the gospel, Mr. John Skepp, pastor of the Baptist church at Cripplegate. This gentleman, though he had not a liberal education, yet, after he came into the ministry, through great diligence acquired a large acquaintance with the Hebrew tongue. As Mr. Gill had previously taken great delight in the Hebrew, his conversation with this worthy minister rekindled a flame of fervent desire to obtain a more extensive knowledge of it, and especially of Rabbinical learning. Mr. Skepp dying a year or two after, Mr. Gill purchased most of his Hebrew works, the Baptist Fund making him a grant of eighty-seven dollars for this purpose. Having obtained the books, he went to work with great eagerness, reading the Targums and ancient commentaries, and in a course of between twenty and thirty years' acquaintance with these writings he collected a large number of learned observations. Having also, in this time, gone through certain books of the Old Testament and almost the whole of the New Testament, by way of exposition, in the course of his ministry, he put all the expository, critical, and illustrative parts together, and in the year 1745 issued proposals for publishing his "Exposition of the whole New Testament," in three volumes folio. The work meeting due encouragement, it was put to press the same year, and was finished, the first volume in 1746, the second in 1747, and the third in 1748. Towards the close of the publication of this work, in 1748, Mr. Gill received a diploma from Marischal College, Aberdeen, creating him Doctor in Divinity on account of his knowledge of the Scriptures, of the Oriental languages, and of Jewish antiquities. When his deacons in London congratulated him on the respect which had been shown him he thanked them, pleasantly adding, "I neither thought it, nor bought it, nor sought it."

The ministry of Mr. Gill being acceptable not only to his own people but to many persons of different denominations, several gentlemen proposed among themselves to set up a week-day lecture, that they might have an opportunity of hearing him. Accordingly they formed themselves into a society, and agreed to have a lecture on Wednesday evenings, in Great Eastcheap, and set on foot a subscription to support it. Upon their invita-

tion Mr. Gill undertook the lectureship. He opened it in the year 1729 with a discourse or two on Psalm lxxi. 16: "I will go in the strength of the Lord God: I will make mention of Thy righteousness, even of Thine only." Through divine grace he was enabled to abide by this resolution to the edification of many, preaching in Great Eastcheap for more than twenty-six years, and only relinquished the lecture when the infirmities of years were telling upon him, and he felt a great desire to give all his time to the completion of his great expository works.

As a pastor he presided over the flock with dignity and affection. In the course of his ministry he had some weak, some unworthy, and some very wicked persons to deal with. To the feeble of the flock he was an affectionate friend and father. He readily bore with their weaknesses, failings, and infirmities, and particularly when he saw they were sincerely on the Lord's side. A godly woman visited him one day, in great trouble, about the singing; for the clerk, in about three years, had introduced two new tunes. Not that he was a famous singer, or able to conduct a great variety of song, but he did his best. The young people were pleased with the new tunes; but the good woman could not bear the innovation. The Doctor, after patiently listening, asked her whether she understood singing? No, she said. "What! can't you sing?" No, she was no singer, nor her aged father before her. And though they had had about a hundred years between them to learn the Old Hundredth tune, they could not sing it, *nor any other tune*. The Doctor did not hurt her feelings by telling her that people who did not understand singing were the last who should complain; but he meekly said: "Sister, what tunes should you like us to sing?" "Why, sir," she replied, "I should very much like David's tunes." "Well," said he, "if you will get David's tunes for us, we can then try to sing them." Such weak good people may be found among all denominations of Christians.

All the stories told of Dr. Gill are somewhat grim. He could not come down to the level of men and women of the common order so far as to be jocose; and when he attempted to do so he looked like Hercules with the distaff, or Goliath threading a needle.



DR. JOHN GILL.

When he verged upon the humorous the jokes were ponderous and overwhelming, burying his adversary as well as crushing him. It is said that a garrulous dame once called upon him to find fault with the excessive length of his white bands. "Well, well," said the Doctor, "what do you think is the right length? Take them and make them as long or as short as you like." The lady expressed her delight; she was sure that her dear pastor would grant her request, and therefore she had brought her scissors with her, and would do the trimming at once. Accordingly, snip, snip, and the thing was done, and the bibs returned. "Now," said the Doctor, "my good sister, you must do me a good turn also." "Yes, that I will, Doctor. What can it be?" "Well, you have something about you which is a deal too long, and causes me no end of trouble, and I should like to see it shorter." "Indeed, dear sir, I will not hesitate," said the dame; "what is it? Here are the scissors, use them as you please." "Come, then," said the pastor, "good sister, *put out your tongue!*" We have often pictured him sitting in the old chair, which is preserved in our vestry, and thus quietly rebuking the gossip.

The comparative asperity of his manner was probably the result of his secluded habits, and also of that sturdy firmness of mind, which in other directions revealed itself so admirably. When he was once warned that the publication of a certain book would lose him many supporters and reduce his income, he did not hesitate for a moment, but replied: "Do not tell me of losing. I value nothing in comparison with gospel truth. I am not afraid to be poor!"

The mighty commentator having been followed to his grave by his attached church and a great company of ministers and Christian people, among whom he had been regarded as a great man and a prince in Israel, his church began to look around for a successor. This time, as in the case of Dr. Gill, there was trouble in store, for there was division of opinion. Some, no doubt, as true Gillites, looked only for a solid divine, sound in doctrine, who would supply the older saints with spiritual food; while another party had an eye to the growth of the church and to the securing to the flock the younger members of their families. They were agreed that they would write to Bristol for a probationer, and Mr.

John Rippon was sent to them. He was a youth of some twenty summers, of a vivacious temperament, quick and bold. The older members judged him to be too young and too flighty; they even accused him of having gone up the pulpit stairs two steps at a time on some occasion when he was hurried, — a grave offence for which the condemnation could hardly be too severe. He was only a young man, and came from an academy, and this alone was enough to make the sounder and older members afraid of him. He preached for a lengthened time on probation, and finally some forty persons withdrew because they could not agree with the enthusiastic vote by which the majority of the people elected him.

John Rippon modestly expressed his wonder that even more had not been dissatisfied, and his surprise that so large a number were agreed to call him to the pastorate. In the spirit of forbearance and brotherly love he proposed that, as these friends were seceding for conscience' sake, and intended to form themselves into another church, they should be lovingly dismissed with prayer and God speed, and that, as a token of fraternal love, they should be assisted to build a meeting-house for their own convenience, and the sum of fifteen hundred dollars should be voted to them when their church was formed and their meeting-house erected. The promise was redeemed, and Mr. Rippon took part in the ordination service of the first minister. This was well done. Such a course was sure to secure the blessing of God. The church in Dean Street thus became another offshoot from the parent stem, and with varying conditions it remains to this day as the church in Trinity Street, Borough.

He will be best known as having prepared the first really good *selection of hymns* for dissenting congregations. Although a Baptist collection, it was extensively used with Dr. Watts's among both classes of Congregationalists. This work was an estate to its author, and he is said to have been more than sufficiently eager to push its sale. One thing we know, his presents of nicely bound copies must have been pretty frequent, for we have seen several greatly prized by their aged owners, who have showed them to us, with the remark, "The dear old Doctor gave me *that* himself."



DR. JOHN RIPPON IN HIS YOUTH.

The happy eccentricity of the Doctor's character may be illustrated by a little incident in connection with royalty. He was deputed to read an address from the Dissenters to George III., congratulating him upon recovery from sickness. The Doctor read on with his usual clear utterance till, coming to a passage in which there was special reference to the goodness of God, he paused and said: "Please your Majesty, we will read that again," and then proceeded with his usual cool dignity to repeat the sentence with emphasis. No other man in the deputation would have thought of doing such a thing, but from Rippon it came so naturally that no one censured him, or if they did it would have had no effect upon *him*.

There are still some in the church who cherish his memory with affectionate and well-deserved reverence; and there are thousands in heaven who were led first to love the Saviour by his earnest exhortations. He quarried fresh stones, and built up the church. He moulded its thought and directed its energies. Without being great he was exceedingly useful, and the period in which he was one of the judges of our Israel was one of great prosperity in spiritual things. It was a good sixty-three years, and with the previous pastorate of Dr. Gill, enabled the church to say that *during one hundred and seventeen years they had been presided over by two ministers only*. Those who are given to change were not numerous in the community. Short pastorates are good when ministers are feeble, but it is a great blessing when the saints are so edified that all are content, and the ministry is so owned of God that vacancies are filled up even before they are felt: in such a case change would wantonly imperil the hope of continued prosperity, and would therefore be criminal.

The next pastor of our church was Mr.—now Doctor—JOSEPH ANGUS, a gentleman whose career since he left us to become secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society, and afterwards the tutor of Stepney Academy, now Regent's Park College, has rendered his name most honorable among living Baptists. He is one of the foremost classical scholars, and is a member of the committee for producing a revised version of the Holy Scriptures. He is the author of those standard books, "The Bible Handbook," "The

Handbook of the English Tongue," and "Handbook of English Literature."

Mr. JAMES SMITH succeeded Dr. Angus, and after a useful pastorate of eight years resigned on account of ill health. In October, 1849, he wrote: "For a considerable time I have felt an oppression on my chest, and great difficulty in breathing. Last week I consulted a doctor upon it, and he advised me to leave London as soon as I could, and get into the country, as my lungs require a purer air. I am seeking wisdom from God: I cannot doubt but He will guide me."

In February, 1850, he said: "I have written my resignation of office, and laid it before the deacons. It is a serious and important step which I have taken. I trust I have taken it in a proper spirit, and from a right motive. My mind is now calm and peaceful, the agitation from which I have long been suffering is at an end, and I feel as if I could now leave the matter with the Lord.

"When my resignation was accepted, the church passed a very kind and affectionate resolution regretting that I felt it necessary to take such a step; but as I had rested it pretty much on the state of my health, they did not feel that they could refuse to accede to my wishes. I cannot say that I have labored in vain here, for many souls have been converted, some backsliders have been restored, and between four hundred and five hundred members have been added to the church during my pastorate of eight years. Many of my poor people deeply feel the step which I have felt it my duty to take, and I have received very affectionate letters from several of them. May they soon be favored with a pastor more suitable and efficient than I have been."

Mr. Smith built up in Cheltenham the strong working church now meeting in Cambray Chapel, which was erected by his exertions. When he was lying upon his dying bed the church at the Tabernacle sent him a heartily affectionate letter, and gratefully reminded him of all the blessing which the Lord had bestowed upon many souls by his means. To this we received a delightful answer, assuring us that our words had greatly cheered him. He died in 1861, and an account of an interview with him may interest the reader if we include it in our pages. "I saw this week

the former pastor of this church, Mr. James Smith of Cheltenham. About a year ago he was struck with paralysis, and one half of his body is dead. But yet I have seldom seen a more cheerful man in the full heyday of strength. I had been told that he was the subject of very fearful conflicts at times; so after I had shaken hands with him, I said: 'Friend Smith, I hear you have many doubts and fears!' 'Who told you that?' said he, 'for I have none.' 'Never have any? Why, I understood you had many conflicts.' 'Yes,' he said, 'I have many *conflicts*, but I have no *doubts*; I have many wars within, but I have no fears. Who could have told you that? I hope I have not led any one to think that. It is a hard battle, but the victory is sure.' Then he said in his own way, 'I am just like a packet that is all ready to go by train, packed, corded, labelled, paid for, and on the platform, waiting for the express to come by and take me to glory. I wish I could hear the whistle now.'"

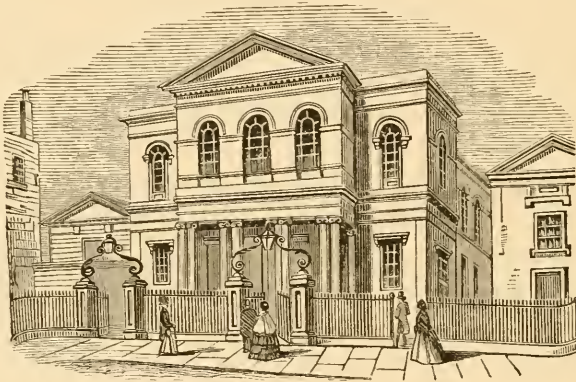
In July, 1851, the church invited the REV. WILLIAM WALTERS, of Preston, to become the pastor, but as he understood the deacons to intimate to him that his ministry was not acceptable, he tendered his resignation, and although requested to remain, he judged it more advisable to remove to Halifax in June, 1853, thus closing a ministry of two years. These changes sadly diminished the church and marred its union. The clouds gathered heavily, and no sunlight appeared.

[But this did not long continue, as in the next year the youthful pastor of Waterbeach, CHARLES H. SPURGEON, in his twentieth year, accepted the invitation of the church, and has continued his fruitful ministry there for eight and twenty years.]

Under date January 6, 1861, there stands in the records the following solemn declaration, signed by the pastor and leading friends: "This church needs rather more than £4,000 (twenty thousand dollars) to enable it to open the new Tabernacle free of all debt. It humbly asks this temporal mercy of God, and believes that for Jesus' sake the prayer will be heard and the boon bestowed. As witness our hands."

Now let the reader mark that, on May 6th of the same year, the pastor and many friends also signed their names to another testi-

mony, which is worded as follows: "We, the undersigned, members of the church lately worshipping in New Park-street Chapel, but now assembling in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, desire with overflowing hearts to make known and record the loving-kindness of our faithful God. We asked in faith, but our Lord has exceeded our desires, for not only was the whole sum given us, but far sooner than we had looked for it. Truly, the Lord is good and worthy to be praised. We are ashamed of ourselves that we have ever doubted Him, and we pray that as a church and as individuals we may be enabled to trust in the Lord



NEW PARK-STREET CHAPEL,

The first building in which Mr. Spurgeon preached in London.

at all times with confidence, so that in quietness we may possess our souls. To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost we offer praise and thanksgiving, and we set to our seal that God is true."

After about a month of Opening Services, regular work commenced at the Tabernacle in May, 1861, the whole building being *free of debt*, and the accounts showing that \$156,660 had been received, and the same amount expended. Truly we serve a gracious God.

The Tabernacle is 146 feet long, 81 feet broad, and 62 feet high. There are some 5,500 sittings of all kinds. There is room for 6,000 persons without excessive crowding; and we have also a lecture-hall holding about 900, schoolroom for 1,000 children, six

class-rooms, kitchen, lavatory, and retiring rooms below stairs. We have a ladies' room for working meetings, young men's class-room, and secretary's room on the ground floor; three vestries, for pastor, deacons, and elders on first floor, and three store-rooms on the second floor. The accommodation is all too little for the work to be carried on, and we are glad to use the rooms at the Almshouses and the College.

In October, 1867, the pastor having for several years been laid aside at intervals by painful illness, and it having been stated by eminent physicians that this was due to the over-straining of his mental powers, the deacons and elders, after consulting together, recommended the church to request MR. J. A. SPURGEON to become co-pastor with his brother, to relieve him of much of the pastoral work. This happy arrangement was carried out January 9, 1868, and has been a great comfort to the senior pastor, both in church and college work. Mr. James Spurgeon is now also the pastor of a large and growing church in Croydon, for which he has erected a noble chapel, where he is able to exercise his ministry on the Lord's day; his help being mainly required at the Tabernacle upon week days, and in the general oversight of the church. No more efficient or sympathetic helper could possibly have been found.

In addition to the College and Orphanage, the following institutions are also connected with the Tabernacle. Who shall dare say that this is not A WORKING CHURCH? We collate from trustworthy documents.

Tabernacle Building Fund. — Capital twenty-five thousand dollars. The capital is lent out without interest to chapels in debt, to encourage them to clear themselves of their liabilities. Thus this capital remains and continues to benefit one church after another. The fund was originally raised in order that the pastor might feel that in case of his death there would be money available to pay for the completion of the studies of the men in College.

Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund. — The pastor's beloved wife, touched with the poverty of many ministers, commenced this

fund to supply the most needy with books. She makes this the pleasant business of her life, when she has respite from pain, and sufficient strength.

Mr. Oncken's German Mission.—The church supports two missionaries in Germany,—at Templin and Hamburg.

Mission to the Jews.—There is a small auxiliary to this mission.

Mr. Orsman's Mission in Golden Lane, City, one of the most useful in all London, is an entirely independent enterprise, but Mr. Orsman is still a member at the Tabernacle.

Richmond-street Mission and Schools, Walworth.—In 1875 new premises were erected for this mission at a cost of over four thousand five hundred dollars, which is all paid. Sunday and Ragged Schools, and adult classes. Children in schools, 650. Preaching, tract distribution, Band of Hope, evangelistic work, &c., all in active operation.

Green Walk Mission, Bermondsey.—A mighty warfare against sin has been carried on here, and very many brought to Jesus and added to the Tabernacle church. Hall thronged to hear the gospel. About 350 children in the schools. Mothers' meetings, Band of Hope, Tract Society, Open Air Mission, Bible and Singing Classes, and children's special service. All at work and all alive.

James Grove, Peckham.—Here a chapel has been built and a congregation gathered, with schools. Many members have been added to the Tabernacle church, and we hope ere long to form them into a separate community and let them run alone.

Mr. Hampton's Blind Mission.—Established some years, for the evangelization of the poor blind. There is a Sunday-school for blind children. Tea is given on Sunday afternoon to the blind and their guides, and then service is held. Two hundred blind and guides attend.

Mrs. Thomas's Mothers' Mission.—Our afflicted friend carries on this work with the help of some of our members, and it is a great success. Seventy women are on the books. Clothes, loan-boxes, &c., provided for poor women.

Other mothers' meetings are held by various ladies of the church.

Tabernacle Sunday-school.—Held in the Tabernacle school-room and in the College. Children, 1,000 in regular attendance; 150 in senior classes, each of which deserves separate mention if we had space. Young Christians' Association, 216 members. Children's and teachers' library. The school raises from \$250 to \$300 per annum for the Baptist Missionary Society. There is a Band of Hope and a working class.

Almshouses.—The day-schools are as full as they can hold. Here there are Sunday-schools, and an adult class of 120 members.

Orphanage.—Here, too, Sunday-school work goes on vigorously.

Mrs. Bartlett's Class.—This famous class, since the decease of its invaluable leader, is now presided over by her son Edward, who is an indefatigable laborer in many ways. The class is well attended, numbering from 500 to 700; it carries on many meetings and works of usefulness, and manifests a right royal liberality to the College, for which it raises a large amount annually. Very many have come into the church from this class.

Mr. Perkins's Bible Class.—An earnest, united band of young men, who meet on Sabbath afternoons in the vestry of the Tabernacle. They carry on different works of usefulness and aid the College.

Mr. Bowker's Bible Class is of the same character, and meets in the Octagonal Room of the College. It is an earnest class, helps its own poor, works for Jesus, and aids in supporting the College.

Mr. Charlesworth has a *Ladies' Bible Class* on Thursdays before the service, and a *Young Men's Bible Class* on Sabbath afternoons, both prospering. The two classes support a Bible-carriage.

Baptist Country Mission.—A small society, but full of life. It seeks to evangelize the villages by open-air preaching, and opening rooms for services. With small funds, it has during late years carried on three promising interests,—in Putney, Walthamstow, and Carshalton. Others in past years have become self-supporting churches, and so will these. It is making attempts in villages further afield, and Christ is preached faithfully. It is an

evangelistic effort for the suburbs and country. Its expenditure was only three hundred dollars in one year.

Evangelists' Association.—Is fully at work in halls, lodging-houses, street corners, the Tabernacle steps, &c. Services have been successfully carried on at Dunn's Institute and Tabernacle Almshouses, and in various chapels where the ministers have allowed evangelistic meetings to be held. This society sends brethren to any church needing such assistance.

Loan Tract Society for Tabernacle District.—Tracts and the pastor's sermons are lent out, and two thousand families visited every week. Several conversions have resulted.

General Loan Tract Society.—Supplies the pastor's sermons in free grants to poor districts, where friends arrange for their loan. With the very best results, this work has been carried on in seventeen counties of England.

Another society, called *The Rock Loan Tract Society*, lends sermons chiefly in country villages.

The Ordinance Poor Fund distributes among the poor members of the church about four thousand dollars annually.

Ladies' Benevolent Society.—For making clothing and relieving the poor. A very useful society.

Ladies' Maternal Society.—For the aid of poor women in their confinements. One hundred and sixty-two boxes of linen lent during the year.

Mrs. Evans's Home and Foreign Missionary Working Society makes up boxes of garments for missionaries, and also for poor ministers and their families at home. This is a blessed work, and has made glad many a poor servant of Jesus.

XII.

THE PASTORS' COLLEGE.

SOULS are not saved by systems, but by the Spirit. Organizations without the Holy Ghost are mills without wind, or water, or steam power. Methods and arrangements without grace are pipes from a dry conduit, lamps without oil, banks without capital. Even the most Scriptural forms of church government and effort are clouds without rain till the "power from on high" be given. — C. H. SPURGEON.

THE PASTORS' COLLEGE.

COLLEGES may become a bane or a blessing. How many of them have been harmful in their unsanctified learning! What responsibility rests upon the faculty of a college! Not always through evil teaching, but by *indifference* on the part of the professors, have there been so many moral wrecks in these halls of learning. Indifference, we say, on the part of teachers who had no care for their students beyond that of teaching the young idea how to shoot a classic bow, or dig up Greek and Latin roots. Nevertheless, the Christian student must take the blame upon himself if he departs from the living God. There are, however, colleges which are "schools of the prophets," where the moral and mental requirements are faithfully considered and judiciously ministered unto. From such training-ground men of might come forth fit for the battle, like David's heroes, bold as lions, and swift as the roes upon the mountains. Oh, that their name were legion!

The unswerving aim of Mr. Spurgeon has been to help his young men in Bible knowledge, so that they may be thoroughly furnished unto all good works. He has had long experience in Christian work, and every year his conviction deepens that there cannot be a healthy church where an unspiritual minister leads. In addition, therefore, to the development of intellect, and as the great desideratum, he prays and labors to bring his students into the life of faith and deep Christian experience. To an unloving heart Jesus will not commit the care of His sheep. The first and only question with Him is, "Lovest thou Me?" And the beloved

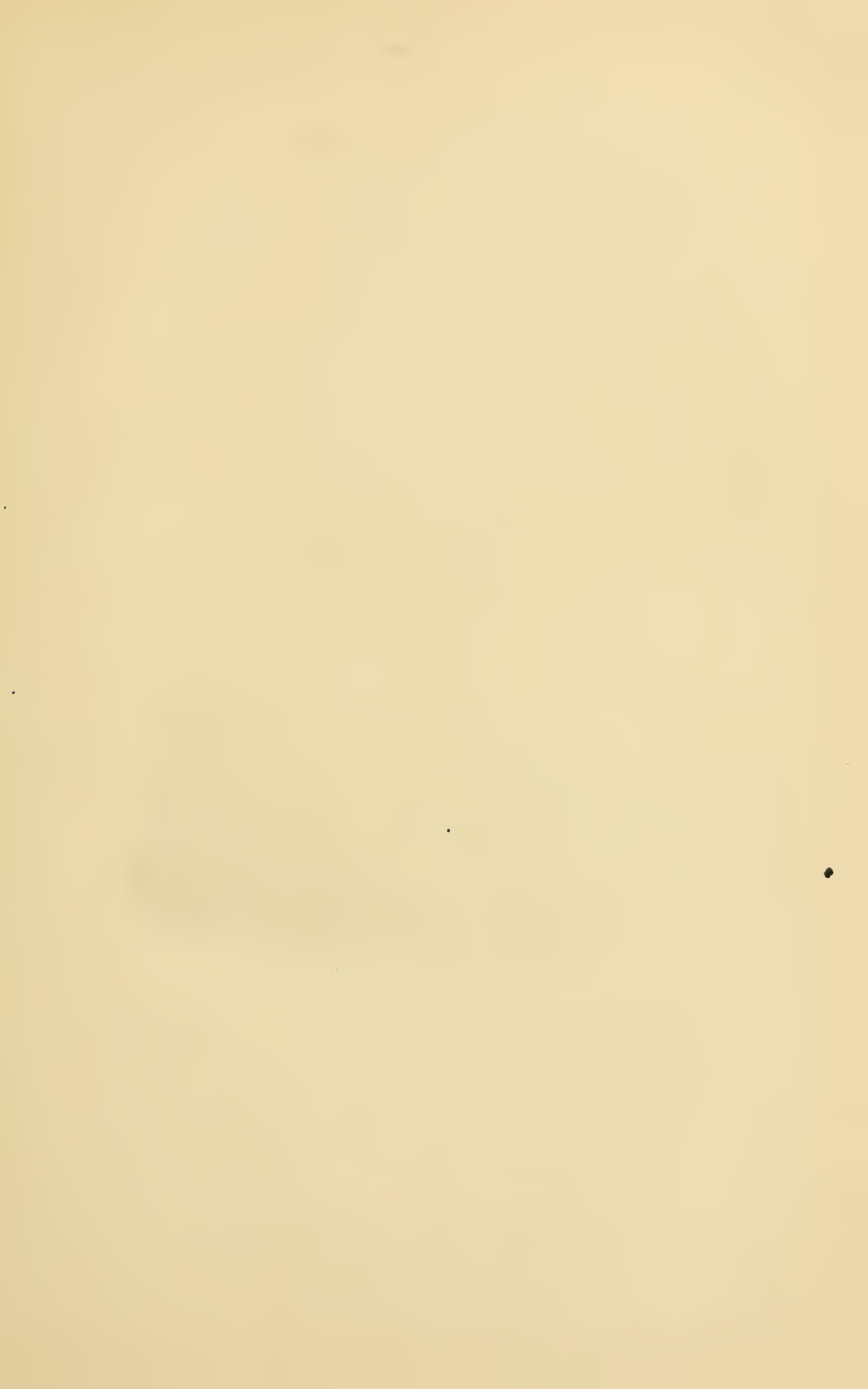
president of the Pastors' College is in sympathy with his gracious Master's purpose, viz., that men filled with divine love may be sent forth duly qualified to preach the gospel and to teach God's Word to the world lying in wickedness.

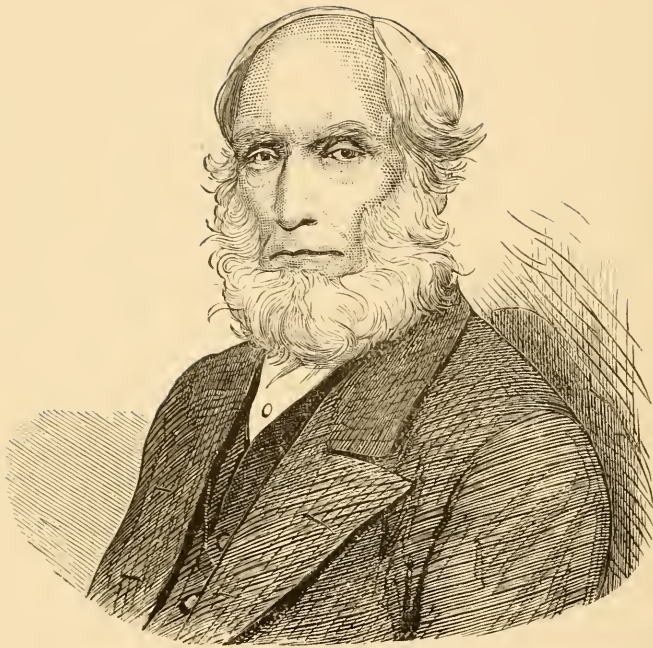
None is better fitted to speak of the College, from its incipiency to its present successful administration, than its honored president. Its object, methods, and results are thus sketched by his own pen: —

The College was the first important institution commenced by the pastor, and it still remains his first-born and best beloved. To train ministers of the gospel is a most excellent work, and when the Holy Spirit blesses the effort, the result is of the utmost importance both to the Church and to the world.

The Pastors' College commenced in 1856, and during this long period has unceasingly been remembered of the God of heaven, to whom all engaged in it offer reverent thanksgiving. When it was commenced, I had not even a remote idea of whereunto it would grow. There were springing up around me, as my own spiritual children, many earnest young men who felt an irresistible impulse to preach the gospel, and yet with half an eye it could be seen that their want of education would be a sad hindrance to them. It was not in my heart to bid them cease their preaching, and had I done so, they would in all probability have ignored my recommendation. As it seemed that preach they would, though their attainments were very slender, no other course was open but to give them an opportunity to educate themselves for the work.

The Holy Spirit very evidently had set His seal upon the work of one of them, by conversions wrought under his open-air addresses; it seemed therefore to be a plain matter of duty to instruct this youthful Apollos still further, that he might be fitted for wider usefulness. No college at that time appeared to me to be suitable for the class of men that the providence and grace of God drew around me. They were mostly poor, and most of the colleges involved necessarily a considerable outlay to the student; for even where the education was free, books, clothes,





GEORGE ROGERS, FOR MANY YEARS TUTOR IN THE PASTOR'S COLLEGE.

and other incidental expenses required a considerable sum per annum. Moreover, it must be frankly admitted that my views of the gospel and of the mode of training preachers were and are somewhat peculiar. I may have been uncharitable in my judgment, but I thought the Calvinism of the theology usually taught to be very doubtful, and the fervor of the generality of the students to be far behind their literary attainments. It seemed to me that preachers of the grand old truths of the gospel, ministers suitable for the masses, were more likely to be found in an institution where preaching and divinity would be the main objects, and not degrees and other insignia of human learning. I felt that, without interfering with the laudable objects of other colleges, I could do good in my own way. These and other considerations led me to take a few tried young men, and to put them under some able minister, that he might train them in the Scriptures, and in other knowledge helpful to the understanding and proclamation of the truth. This step appeared plain; but how the work was to be conducted and supported was the question, — a question, be it added, solved almost before it occurred.

Two friends, both deacons of the church, promised aid, which, with what I could give myself, enabled me to take one student, and I set about to find a tutor. In Mr. George Rogers, God sent us the very best man. He had been preparing for such work, and was anxiously waiting for it. This gentleman, who has remained during all this period our principal tutor, is a man of Puritanic stamp, deeply learned, orthodox in doctrine, judicious, witty, devout, earnest, liberal in spirit, and withal juvenile in heart to an extent most remarkable in one of his years. My connection with him has been one of uninterrupted comfort and delight. The most sincere affection exists between us; we are of one mind and of one heart; and, what is equally important, he has in every case secured not merely the respect but the filial love of every student. Into this beloved minister's house the first students were introduced, and for a considerable period they were domiciled as members of his family.

Encouraged by the readiness with which the young men found spheres of labor, and by their singular success in soul-winning, I

enlarged the number; but the whole means of sustaining them came from my own purse. The large sale of my sermons in America, together with my dear wife's economy, enabled me to spend from three thousand dollars to four thousand dollars in a year in my own favorite work; but on a sudden, owing to my denunciations of the then existing slavery in the States, my entire resources from that "brook Cherith" were dried up. I paid as large sums as I could from my own income, and resolved to spend all I had, and then take the cessation of my means as a voice from the Lord to stay the effort, as I am firmly persuaded that we ought under no pretence to go into debt. On one occasion I proposed the sale of my horse and carriage, although these were almost absolute necessities to me on account of my continual journeys in preaching the Word. This my friend Mr. Rogers would not hear of, and actually offered to be the loser rather than this should be done. Then it was that I told my difficulties to my people, and the weekly offering commenced; but the incomings from that source were so meagre as to be hardly worth calculating upon. I was brought to the last pound, when a letter came from a banker in the City, informing me that a lady, whose name I have never been able to discover, had deposited a sum of one thousand dollars, to be used for the education of young men for the ministry. How did my heart leap for joy! I threw myself then and henceforth upon the bounteous care of the Lord, whom I desired with my whole heart to glorify by this effort. Some weeks after, another five hundred dollars came in, from the same bank, as I was informed, from another hand. Soon after Mr. Phillips, a beloved deacon of the church at the Tabernacle, began to provide an annual supper for the friends of the College, at which considerable sums have from year to year been given. A dinner was also given by my liberal publishers, Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, to celebrate the publishing of my five-hundredth weekly sermon, at which twenty-five hundred dollars were raised and presented to the funds. The College grew every month, and the number of students rapidly advanced from one to forty. Friends known and unknown, from far and near, were moved to give little or much to my work, and so the funds increased as

the need enlarged. Then another earnest deacon of the church espoused as his special work the weekly offering, and by the unanimous voice of the church under my care the College was adopted as its own child. Since that hour the weekly offering has been a steady source of income, till in the year 1869 the amount reached exactly £1,869 (\$9,345).

There have been during this period times of great trial of my faith; but after a season of straitness, never amounting to absolute want, the Lord has always interposed and sent me large sums (on one occasion five thousand dollars) from unknown donors. When the Orphanage was thrust upon me, it did appear likely that this second work would drain the resources of the first, and it is very apparent that it does attract to itself some of the visible sources of supply; but my faith is firm that the Lord can as readily keep both works in action as one. My own present inability to do so much, by way of preaching abroad, occasions naturally the failure of another great source of income; and as my increasing labors at home will in all probability diminish that stream in perpetuity, there is another trial of faith. Yet, if the Lord wills the work to be continued, He will send His servant a due portion of the gold and silver, which are all His own; and therefore as I wait upon Him in prayer, the All-sufficient Provider will supply all my needs. About twenty-five thousand dollars is annually required for the College, and the same sum is needed for the Orphanage; but God will move His people to liberality, and we shall see greater things than these.

While speaking of pecuniary matters, it may be well to add that, as many of the young men trained in the College have raised new congregations and gathered fresh churches, another need has arisen,—namely, money for building chapels. It is ever so in Christ's work; one link draws on another, one effort makes another needed. For chapel-building, the College funds could do but little, though they have freely been used to support men while they are collecting congregations; but the Lord found for me one of His stewards, who, on the condition that his name remains unknown, has hitherto, as the Lord has prospered him, supplied very princely amounts for the erection of places of worship, of

which more than forty have been built, or so greatly renovated and enlarged as to be virtually new structures. Truly may it be said, "What hath God wrought!"

Pecuniary needs, however, have made up but a small part of our cares. Many have been my personal exercises in selecting the men. Candidates have always been plentiful, and the choice has been wide; but it is a serious responsibility to reject any, and yet more to accept them for training. When mistakes have been made, a second burden has been laid upon me in the dismissal of those who appeared to be unfit. Even with the most careful management, and all the assistance of tutors and friends, no human foresight can secure that in every case a man shall be what we believed and hoped. A brother may be exceedingly useful as an occasional preacher; he may distinguish himself as a diligent student; he may succeed at first in the ministry; and yet, when trials of temper and character occur in the pastorate, he may be found wanting. We have had comparatively few causes for regret of this sort, but there have been some such, and these pierce us with many sorrows. I devoutly bless God that He has sent to the College some of the holiest, soundest, and most self-denying preachers I know, and I pray that He may continue to do so; but it would be more than a miracle if all should excel. While thus speaking of trials connected with the men themselves, it is due to our gracious God to bear testimony that these have been comparatively light, and are not worthy to be compared with the great joy which we experience in seeing so many brethren still serving the Lord according to their measure of gift, and all, it is believed, earnestly contending for the faith once delivered unto the saints; nor is the joy less in remembering that eleven have sweetly fallen asleep after having fought a good fight. At this hour some of our most flourishing Baptist churches are presided over by pastors trained in our College, and as years shall add ripeness of experience and stability of character, others will be found to stand in the front rank of the Lord's host.

The young brethren are boarded generally in twos and threes, in the houses of our friends around the Tabernacle, for which the College pays a moderate weekly amount. The plan of separate

lodging we believe to be far preferable to having all under one roof; for, by the latter mode, men are isolated from general family habits, and are too apt to fall into superabundant levity. The circumstances of the families who entertain our young friends are generally such that they are not elevated above the social position which in all probability they will have to occupy in future years, but are kept in connection with the struggles and conditions of every-day life.

Devotional habits are cultivated to the utmost, and the students are urged to do as much evangelistic work as they can. The severe pressure put upon them to make the short term as useful as possible, leaves small leisure for such efforts, but this is in most instances faithfully economized. Although our usual period is two years, whenever it is thought right the term of study is lengthened to three or four years; indeed, there is no fixed rule, all arrangements being ordered by the circumstances and attainments of each individual.

As before hinted, our numbers have greatly grown, and now range from eighty to one hundred. Very promising men, who are suddenly thrown in our way, are received at any time, and others who are selected from the main body of applicants come in at the commencement of terms. The church at the Tabernacle continues to furnish a large quota of men, and as these have usually been educated for two or more years in our Evening Classes, they are more advanced and better able to profit by our two years of study. We have no difficulty in finding spheres for men who are ready and fitted for them. There is no reason to believe that the supply of trained ministers is in advance of the demand. Even on the lowest ground of consideration, there is yet very much land to be possessed; and when men break up fresh soil, as ours are encouraged to do, the field is the world, and the prayer for more laborers is daily more urgent. If the Lord would but send us funds commensurate, there are hundreds of neighborhoods needing the pure gospel, which we could by His grace change from deserts into gardens. How far this is a call upon the reader let him judge as in the sight of God. Shall there be the gifts and graces of the Spirit given to the Church, and shall there not also

be sufficient bestowed of the earthly treasure? How much owest thou unto my Lord?

The College was for some little time aided by the zealous services of Mr. W. Cubitt, of Thrapstone, who died among us, enjoying our highest esteem. Mr. Gracey, the classical tutor, a most able brother, is one of ourselves, and was in former years a student, though from possessing a solid education, he needed little instruction from us except in theology. In him we have one of the most efficient tutors living, a man fitted for any post requiring thorough scholarship and aptness in communicating knowledge. Mr. Fergusson, in the English elementary classes, does the first work upon the rough stones of the quarry, and we have heard from the men whom he has taught in the Evening Classes, speeches and addresses which would have adorned any assembly, proving to demonstration his ability to cope with the difficulties of uncultured and ignorant minds. Mr. Johnson, who zealously aids in the evening, is also a brother precisely suited to the post which he occupies. These Evening Classes afford an opportunity to Christian men engaged during the day to obtain an education for nothing during their leisure time, and very many avail themselves of the privilege. Nor must I forget to mention Mr. Selway, who takes the department of physical science, and by his interesting experiments and lucid descriptions gives to his listeners an introduction to those departments of knowledge which most abound with illustrations. Last, but far from least, I adore the goodness of God which sent me so dear and efficient a fellow-helper as my brother in the flesh and in the Lord, J. A. Spurgeon. His work has greatly relieved me of anxiety, and his superior educational qualifications have tended to raise the tone of the instruction given.

As to the quality of the preachers whom we have been enabled to send forth, we need no more impartial witness than the good Earl of Shaftesbury, who was kind enough to express himself publicly in the following generous terms: —

“It was an utter fallacy to suppose that the people of England would ever be brought to a sense of order and discipline by the repetition of miserable services, by bits of wax candle, by rags of

Popery, and by gymnastics in the chancel: nothing was adapted to meet the wants of the people but the Gospel message brought home to their hearts, and he knew of none who had done better service in this evangelistic work than the pupils trained in Mr. Spurgeon's College. They had a singular faculty for addressing the population, and going to the very heart of the people."

Each year the brethren educated at the Pastors' College are invited to meet in conference at the Tabernacle, and they are generously entertained by our friends. The week is spent in holy fellowship, prayer, and intercourse. By this means men in remote villages, laboring under discouraging circumstances and ready to sink from loneliness of spirit, are encouraged and strengthened: indeed, all the men confess that a stimulus is thus given which no other means could confer.

All things considered, gratitude and hope are supreme in connection with the Pastors' College; and with praise to God and thanks to a thousand friends, the president and his helpers gird up the loins of their minds for yet more abundant labors in the future. To every land we hope yet to send forth the gospel in its fulness and purity. We pray the Lord to raise up missionaries among our students and make every one a winner of souls. Brethren, remember this work in your prayers, and in your allotment of the Lord's portion of your substance.

When the necessity for new college buildings was plainly indicated, a friend in May, 1873, sent \$5,000 towards that object. On October 14, 1873, the foundation-stone of those buildings was laid, when the people contributed \$5,000, the students gave \$1,500, and undertook to raise the amount to \$5,000. In 1874 Messrs. Cory and Sons, of Cardiff, sent for the benefit of the fund \$5,000 worth of paid-up shares in their colliery company. In July, 1875, the president received \$25,000 for the same object as a legacy from the late Mr. Matthews. These are named as examples of the various ways in which God has answered prayer and rewarded the faith of His servant in that important work.

Shortly before the new College buildings were commenced, Mr. Spurgeon, by an article in "The Sword and the Trowel,"

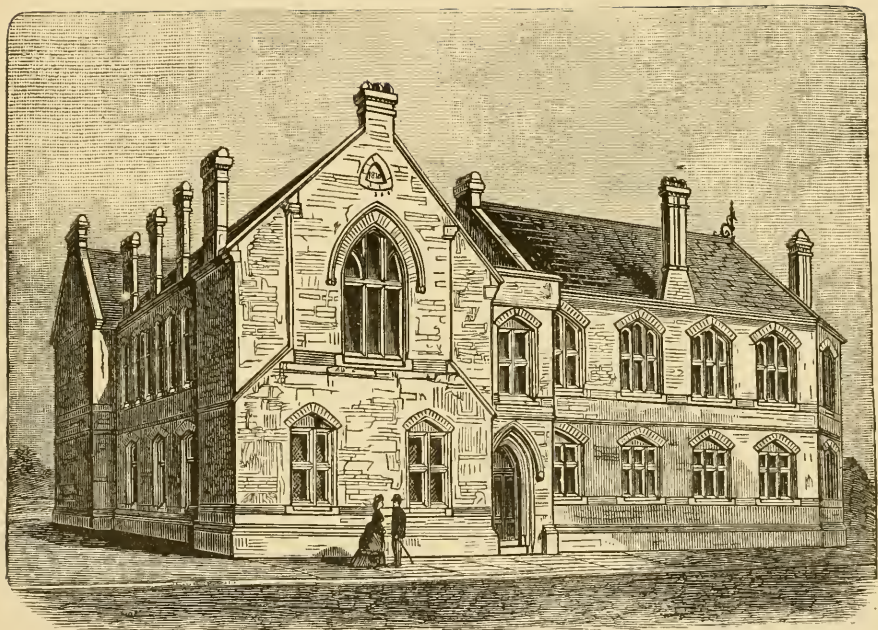
directed public attention to the institution. The following extract will suffice:—

The supply of men as students has been always large, and at this time more are applying than ever. Our one aim has been to train preachers and pastors. The College is made into a home missionary society for the spread of the gospel. One of our students, Mr. F. E. Suddard, was first, in 1872, among seven competitors for one of the Dr. Williams' scholarships at the Glasgow University. In the metropolis alone, forty-five churches have been founded.

One of the students has commenced a cause in Turk's Island; he is now carrying on evangelistic work in St. Domingo, where, if he is spared, he is likely to become the apostle of that island, and also of Hayti. One brother has gone to serve the Lord in China, two others are laboring in Spain. Several are doing a good work in Canada, and more than twenty brethren have become pastors in America, and seven others are gone as far south as Australia. One is a missionary in India, and another in Prince Edward Island.

The suitable and commodious new buildings, which have been erected and furnished, cost about \$75,000, all of which is paid. Here we have a fine hall, excellent class-rooms, a handsome library, and, in fact, all that a college can require. The way in which the money was raised was another instance of divine goodness; \$15,000 was given as a memorial to a dear and lamented husband; \$10,000 was a legacy to the College from a reader of the sermons. The ministers who had been formerly students came to our help in a princely fashion. Large amounts were made up by the unanimous offerings of Tabernacle friends on days when the pastor invited the members and adherents to be his guests at the College. In answer to prayer, the gold and the silver have been ready when needed. How our heart exults and blesses the name of the Lord.

The Evening Classes are in a high condition of prosperity, there being about two hundred men in regular attendance, and a considerable number among them of hopeful ability. Out of this



THE PASTOR'S COLLEGE.

class city missionaries, lay preachers, writers for the press, and colporteurs are continually coming. It is an eminently useful part of the College work.

There are now hundreds of men proclaiming the gospel who have been trained in the College. We are daily expecting more missionaries to be raised up among us.

Our statistics, which are far from being complete, show that these brethren baptized 20,676 persons in ten years (1865-1874), that the gross increase to their churches was 30,677, and the net increase 19,498. LAUS DEO.

PSALM LII:

THE foes of Zion quake for fright,
Where no fear was they quail ;
For well they know that Sword of might
Which cuts through coats of mail.

The Lord of old defied their shields,
And all their spears He scorned ;
Their bones lay scattered o'er the fields,
Unburied and unmourned.

Let Zion's foes be filled with shame,
Her sons are blessed of God ;
Though scoffers now despise their name,
The Lord shall break the rod.

Oh, would our God to Zion turn,
God with salvation clad ;
Then Judah's harps should music learn,
And Israel be glad.

C. H. SPURGEON.

XIII.

STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE.

IN a church in Verona stands, or rather sits, a wooden image of St. Zeno, an ancient bishop, with knees so ludicrously short that there is no lap on which a babe could be dandled. He was not the first nor the last ecclesiastic who has been utterly incapable of being a nursing father to the Church. It were well if all ministers had a heavenly instinct for the nourishing and bringing up of the Lord's little ones. Is there not much lack in this? — C. H. SPURGEON.

STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE.

OF Mr. Spurgeon's Orphanage Mr. Stevenson gives the following account and description:—

It is the Lord's own work to care for the fatherless. Those who have faith in God never need be without success in undertaking the care of the orphan. God helps the helpless; but He uses man as His agent in arranging details. Soon after "The Sword and the Trowel" was commenced Mr. Spurgeon indicated in one of his articles published in its pages several forms of Christian usefulness, and amongst them the care of the orphan.

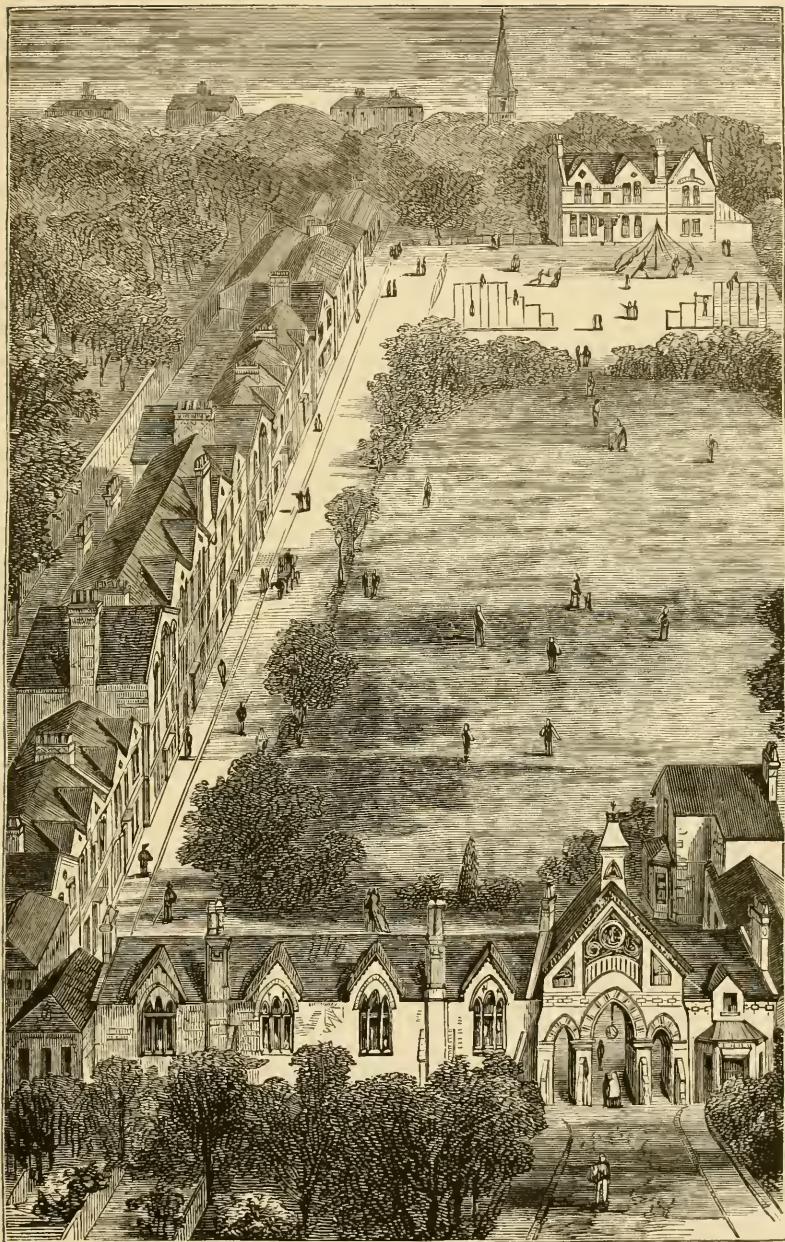
Shortly afterwards, in September, 1866, Mr. Spurgeon received a letter from a lady, offering to place at his command the sum of \$100,000, with which to commence an orphanage for fatherless boys. At first he felt disposed to avoid the onerous responsibilities of such a work; and, calling at the address given by the lady, tried to prevail upon her to give the money to Mr. Müller, of Bristol. The claims of London for such an institution were urged; and, unable to refuse the request of the generous donor, the money was accepted on trust for the purpose named. Mrs. Hillyard, the widow of a clergyman of the Church of England, was the lady whose benevolence thus originated the Orphanage. The money was in railway debentures, which were not at that time available for use otherwise than as an investment.

After consulting with the leading friends at the Tabernacle, a body of twelve trustees was chosen, in whose names the money was invested, and a resolution was agreed upon to purchase a

suitable plot of land at Stockwell, on which to erect an orphanage. In March, 1867, the deed of incorporation was signed by the trustees, and in May the claims of the projected buildings were urged with so much force and urgency that the people belonging to the Tabernacle took up the case with loving zeal and energy. By the month of August \$5,350 were in hand, and the whole church at the Tabernacle was engaged in collecting on this behalf. Prayer, faith, and prompt, energetic action were all combined in the efforts made, and pastors, trustees, and congregation were of one mind in their purpose to make the work a success.

Within the space of a year the plan of the Orphanage was matured, the foundations laid, the work was making rapid progress, and a large amount of money was in hand for the purpose. Donations from \$5 to \$1,250 had been generously forwarded to help on the work, and a great meeting was held in September, 1867, when the public generally had an opportunity of showing their sympathy with the proceedings. Previously to that large meeting the foundation-stones of three of the houses were laid under circumstances of more than usual interest.

Mrs. Tyson, a lady who had often aided Mr. Spurgeon in the work of the College, and in other enterprises, had been spared to see the twenty-fifth anniversary of her marriage day, on which occasion her beloved husband, a wealthy merchant, presented her with \$2,500. This money the lady at once took to Mr. Spurgeon to be dedicated to God for the erection of one of the orphan houses, to be called Silver-Wedding House. About the same time a merchant in the City called upon the pastor at the Tabernacle, and, after transacting some business with him, left with Mr. Spurgeon's secretary a sealed envelope, in which was \$3,000, to be used in building another house, which, it was afterwards determined, should be called Merchant's House, as the donor refused to have his name given. The way in which God was answering the prayers of His people was further shown by an offer made by the workmen who had built the Tabernacle to give the labor necessary for erecting a third house, whilst their employer volunteered to give the necessary material: this to be called the Workmen's House.



BOYS' HOME — STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE.

Such manifest tokens of the divine favor attending the work greatly encouraged the pastor and the trustees, and on Monday afternoon, Aug. 9, 1867, the foundation-stones of the three houses named were laid,—one by Mrs. Hillyard, one by Mr. Spurgeon, and one by Mr. Higgs. The scene presented at Stockwell on that day was exceedingly picturesque and intensely interesting. At the monster tea-meeting which followed, the tables extended three hundred and thirty feet in length, and the bright sunshine made the scene one of joy and delight, which will long be remembered, though the rain, which came down so bountifully just as tea was over, caused much discomfort. The subscriptions brought in that day reached \$12,000. In "The Sword and the Trowel" for October the names of 1,120 collectors are printed, with the amounts on their cards, stated to be \$14,010. Amongst the collectors were members of the Church of England, Congregationalists, Methodists, Baptists, and others, so general had been the sympathy which was felt in the work.

The faith of the pastor and trustees of the Orphanage was greatly strengthened by the wonderful manner in which God had answered their prayers and rewarded their efforts. It was announced that eight houses were contemplated, to provide for not less than one hundred and fifty orphans, requiring an outlay of \$15,000 per annum. Messrs. Olney and Sons gave \$2,500 to erect a fourth house, to be called, after the sainted and venerable Mrs. Olney, Unity House.

By the end of the year 1867 the trustees had no less than two hundred names of orphans from whom to select fifty in the following April. The pressing need of providing for these children made the way more easy for extending the work. Accordingly, at the meeting of the Baptist Union, early in 1868, it was resolved that an effort should be made to raise the funds necessary for erecting two houses, at a cost of \$3,000 each. Whilst these efforts were being made amongst the Baptists, Mr. Thomas Olney, as the superintendent of the Tabernacle Sunday-school, aided by the teachers and scholars, was collecting the funds necessary for erecting a house to represent the young children. Simultaneously with that effort was another amongst the students at the College,

who had resolved to show their affection for their pastor by raising money sufficient to erect a house on their behalf, and to perpetuate their institution by having it named the College House.

Two meetings were held at the Orphanage in June, 1868; one on the 1st of June, when the venerable Thomas Olney, sr., laid the foundation-stone of the building which was to form the lecture and dining-hall, the master's house, and the entrance gateway. It was a gladsome sight to witness the joy of the venerable man, who had for nearly threescore years been connected with the church worshipping at the Tabernacle, as he performed the pleasing duty assigned to him.

On the same day the Rev. John Aldis, of Reading, and Alexander B. Goodall, Esq., each laid one of the foundation-stones of the two Testimonial Houses subscribed for by the Baptist churches as a token of regard to Mr. Spurgeon. A monster tea-meeting followed the proceedings, after which addresses were delivered by the Revs. Thomas Binney, Dr. Raleigh, J. T. Wigner, W. Brock, D.D., W. Howieson, A. Mursell, Henry Varley, W. Stott, S. H. Booth, G. Gould, J. Raven, J. H. Millard, John Spurgeon, sr., C. H. Spurgeon, and James A. Spurgeon. Mr. Wigner presented to the pastor an address of affectionate sympathy from the Baptist churches, which was signed by Mr. Goodall and himself on behalf of the subscribers to the fund, and with the address was the sum of \$6,000. That sum was afterwards increased to \$8,720, so as to include the furniture and fittings for the two houses, that the offering might be in every respect complete in all its parts.

The meeting held on June 19th, the thirty-fourth birthday of Mr. Spurgeon, was, if possible, a more joyous and enthusiastic one than any of the preceding. On that day Mr. Thomas Olney, jr., surrounded by a huge mass of children forming the Tabernacle Sunday-schools, laid the foundation-stone of the Sunday-school House, amidst the enthusiastic applause of the delighted children. It was a time of joy they will all long remember. Dear Mrs. Spurgeon, so long a suffering invalid, was there to witness the happiness of the assembly, and by request from the students at the College, and the ministers who had gone from it, she was

induced to lay the foundation-stone of the College House. She was graciously upheld on the occasion, although the surpassing kindness displayed was enough to overcome one of a stronger frame. After the stone-laying was over, twenty-six sweet little girls in white advanced one by one, and presented Mrs. Spurgeon with purses which their parents had subscribed as a token of their affectionate rejoicing at her temporary restoration. It was a touching, beautiful, and unexpected sight, which deserves to be recorded. A large sum of money was presented to Mr. Spurgeon as a birthday offering, *which he put into the Orphanage treasury.*

Another incident occurred at that period which deserves to be placed on record. The Baptist church at Liverpool, over which the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown presides, was about to be reopened, and Mr. Spurgeon consented to preach the sermons. He did so: but the church and congregation resolved to defray the cost of the repairs, and gave to Mr. Spurgeon for the Orphanage the whole of the collection, which amounted to \$1,250.

The manner in which the funds have been contributed, first to erect the Orphanage buildings, and since then to maintain the children and officers, and keep the whole establishment in continuous operation, most clearly indicates that from the commencement of the work, up to the present time, the hand of God has been directing the whole.

Each house was occupied as soon as it was finished; but unable to wait until the first was ready, so soon as the plan of the Orphanage was matured and trustees appointed, four orphans were selected and placed under the charge of a sister in her own house. As money came in others were added to them. To manifest still further the interest which Mrs. Hillyard took in the work, when she found several orphans already in charge of a matron, she sold some household plate to give the money for their support. Thus encouraged, by the month of July, 1867, before the foundation-stones were actually laid, seven boys were chosen by the trustees as a commencement. It was wonderful how the money was sent in. One day, just as Mr. Spurgeon finished his sermon in the open air, a lady put into his hand an envelope containing \$100 for the Orphanage and \$100 for the College. In January, 1868,

Mr. Spurgeon announced in his magazine that an unknown gentleman had given him \$5,000 towards two of the houses. In March another sum of \$5,000 was announced, and in June the Baptist churches sent in \$6,000. In September, a year after the work began, a great bazaar was held, which brought in a net profit of \$7,000. How many loving hearts and willing hands were employed to bring about such a result, it would be impossible to tell, though there were but few of the eleven hundred collectors, who so nobly came forward at the first meeting a year before, who did not lend a helping hand to the bazaar. By the end of the year the president announced in his magazine that only \$5,000 more was required to complete the eight houses, "and this," says he, "will surely be sent in; for the Lord will provide." And so it came to pass.

In January, 1869, fifty children had been chosen to occupy the houses as soon as they should be ready, but up to the month of June only twenty-nine orphans were in residence. The chief difficulty which for some time had given anxiety to the trustees was to find a suitable superintendent. Several persons had presented themselves, but not one had satisfied the claims of the institution. When the difficulty seemed to be the greatest, Divine Providence sent the right man. Vernon J. Charlesworth, who had been for seven years co-pastor at Surrey Chapel with Newman Hall, offered his services, and they were accepted. Mr. Charlesworth was at once appointed: and the ability which he has manifested in managing the affairs of the institution is very satisfactory evidence that he is the right man in the right place. By his influence within the Orphanage, and by his pen outside, he has shown himself to be the orphan's friend.

Up to the spring of the year 1870 one hundred and fifty-four orphans had been admitted, six of whom had been removed, leaving one hundred and forty-eight in residence. In 1877 the resident orphans numbered two hundred and thirty.

Each of the eight houses forms a separate family, that plan having after mature consideration been resolved upon as the best. Each family is complete in its own arrangements; each dwelling having a large sitting and four lofty bed-rooms for the boys, with lockers,

which, when closed, form handy seats in the middle of the room; and a sitting-room, bed-room, and kitchen for the matron in charge. A large covered play-room adjoins the houses on the east, and separate from that is the infirmary, forming the east end of the quadrangle. At the west end is the school-room and dining-hall, the master's house and entrance gateway: and in the rear of the dining-hall is the suite of offices for cooking and other domestic purposes.

In selecting the most needy boys for the benefits of the institution, the trustees are in no way influenced by the religious opinions of their parents. Those showing the most pressing want have the preference.

A judicious writer has said of the Stockwell Orphanage: "How superior any real approach to the family ideal is to the barrack system was apparent to us on a mere glance at these fatherless lads. The families are large, about thirty boys in each house; but they are under the care of affectionate and diligent matrons, and everything is done to compensate for the loss of parental rule and training. There is more of the 'home' than of the 'institution' in the atmosphere. To encourage home ideas, and for the sake of industrial training, the boys in turn assist in the domestic work during the morning of the day; each boy's period of service being restricted to one week in six, servants being entirely dispensed with. A working cook superintends the kitchen, aided by the boys. No regimental uniform is suffered. The boys differ in the clothes they wear, in the cut of the hair, and show all the variety of a large family. The boys do not look like loosely connected members of a huge and miscellaneous crowd, but sons and brothers. No traces of ill-disguised dissatisfaction, as though in perpetual restraint, always under orders, were apparent; but a free, healthy, and vigorous homeliness, as if under the genial and robust influence of love, made itself everywhere manifest. With all the care of a Christian father, situations are chosen for the lads, where their spiritual interests will not be in danger; and when they have been passed into them the master corresponds with them, and gives them counsel and assistance as they need. Like a true home, its benediction follows every

inmate throughout his life. We were specially pleased with our visit to the school. The boys are well drilled in elementary knowledge, reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, history, geography, vocal music, Latin, shorthand, science of common things, and Scripture. A French class is held for the elder boys. Military drill is given daily. Drawing is successfully taught, and many boys excel in it. The singing-class did very great credit to its instructor,—singing at sight, with great accuracy and sweetness, music of some difficulty.” Two of H. M. Inspectors were deputed from the Local Government Board to visit the institution, and they gave the following report, which reflects the highest credit upon Mr. Spurgeon for his wisdom and prudence: “An admirable institution, good in design, and, if possible, better in execution.”

The children are admitted between the ages of six and ten years, and they remain until they are fourteen. From an abstract drawn up by the master in 1873 it was found that the creeds of the parents of the children admitted to that date were in the following proportions: sixty-nine were members of the Church of England; twenty-six Independent; nineteen Wesleyan; fifty-one Baptist; four Presbyterian; one Catholic; and thirty-five made no profession of religion.

In the management of the Orphanage will be found one of its chief attractions, and one which ought to commend its plans to other similar institutions. The author of a book called “Contrasts” cites the Stockwell School as a specimen of admirable administration, proving that large expenditure in some public institutions does not guarantee thorough satisfaction. In some orphan schools and pauper schools the rate of expense per head is from one hundred and fifteen to one hundred and forty-five dollars, whilst in the Stockwell Orphanage, with complete organization and highly satisfactory results in each department, the cost is only seventy-two dollars per head, inclusive of everything. This is the highest testimonial which could be given of its efficiency.

Looking over the list of applications which are entered in the books at Stockwell, it was ascertained that two only out of every

dozen cases could be received. What becomes of the other ten? "Think of widows, some of them sickly and unable to work, with four or five children; families of orphans deprived of both parents; and yet the Stockwell trustees had to decline them because there were more necessitous cases. But there was one comfort, they had not to pay any election expenses." On that subject Mr. Spurgeon has written the following judicious remarks: "No widow ever goes away lamenting over time, labor, and money spent in vain. The worst that can happen is to be refused because there is no room, or her case is not so bad as that of others. Not a shilling will have been spent in purchasing votes, no time lost in canvassing, no cringing to obtain patronage. Her case is judged on its merits, and the most necessitous wins the day. We have now so many applicants and so few vacancies, that women with two or three children are advised not to apply, for while there are others with five, six, or seven children depending upon them, they cannot hope to succeed." A dozen orphanages as large as the one at Stockwell could be filled at once with children needing such help.

The economy with which the Orphanage has been managed has excited the admiration of many who are familiar with the details of kindred institutions. Those who honor Mr. Spurgeon with their contributions make a good investment, and will share in the blessedness of the return. The office expenses are reduced to a minimum, and no paid canvassers are employed. Offerings find their way into the exchequer from all parts of the globe, and though at times there has been a little tightness felt, the children have never lacked a meal. Mr. Spurgeon is a man of unwavering faith in the living God, and though his faith has been put to the severest test, it has never failed him. Friends who have not been able to give money have sent gifts in kind. Flour and potatoes, meat and preserves, are always gladly received. One manufacturer has given all the coverlets for the beds, and the proprietors and pupils of a young ladies' school have endeavored to keep the boys supplied with shirts.

The Orphanage has now existed long enough to form a correct opinion of its merits in every department. Hundreds of boys

have left the school and entered on the duties of life. The reports which have been received annually from those business men who have taken them have been most gratifying. With few exceptions, those who have left keep up communication with the home. Summing up these results, a recent report says: "Almost every boy who has gone into a situation has given satisfaction. Where failure has occurred it has arisen from a craving for the sea, or from the interference of an unwise mother. Some of the lads are in good positions, and command the esteem of their employers."

Nearly all the boys have sent a portion of their first earnings as a donation to the Orphanage, in sums varying from one dollar to five dollars, thus manifesting a spirit of gratitude. Some of the letters received from them are read to the boys, and produce on their minds beneficial results. Many of the boys have, before they have left, become decided Christians, and some have made public confession of their faith by baptism. The head master himself was publicly baptized in 1874, and five of the boys joined him in the same act of dedication. Others have become members of Christian churches in the towns and villages where they have gone to reside. One of the first boys converted is now devoting his evenings and Sundays to missionary work in South London, and showed so much talent for preaching that he was received into the College in January, 1876.

It is gratifying to be able to record that the health of the inmates has been graciously maintained, with but little interruption, through the several years of its existence. A few who entered in feeble health have fallen into consumption and died, although the locality is most favorable to health. Of those who have died, it is pleasing to have to record that their youthful spirits passed away trusting in Jesus.

The 1875 anniversary of the schools was held at the Orphanage on the pastor's birthday, June 19th, which was preceded by a bazaar. The attendance was so numerous that it was necessary to hold two public meetings to accommodate the large number of persons present. The Earl of Shaftesbury was present, and spoke at both the services. The contributions added two thousand five hundred dollars to the funds.

XIV.

A SPECIMEN ANNUAL REPORT.

IN dibbling beans the old practice was to put three in each hole: one for the worm, one for the crow, and one to live and produce the crop. In teaching children, we must give line upon line and precept upon precept, repeating the truth which we would inculcate, till it becomes impossible for the child to forget it. We may well give the lesson once, expecting the child's frail memory to lose it; twice, reckoning that the devil, like an ill bird, will steal it; thrice, hoping that it will take root downward, and bring forth fruit upward to the glory of God. — C. H. SPURGEON.

ANNUAL REPORT.

IN issuing the twelfth annual report of the Stockwell Orphanage the Committee write: —

With profound gratitude to our Heavenly Father we issue the Twelfth Report of the Stockwell Orphanage, and our gratitude will be shared, we doubt not, by all who have given of their substance towards the maintenance and development of the institution. We therefore invite all our readers to “rejoice with us” in the tokens of the divine favor which have crowned our labors during another year. “The Lord hath been mindful of us: He will bless us.”

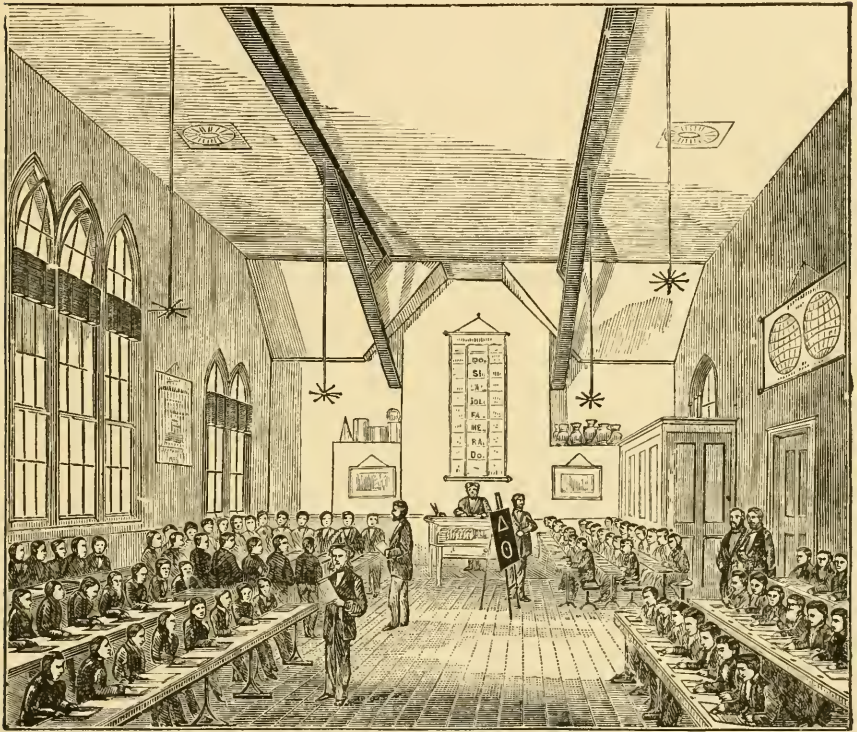
When we remember how this gracious work began by the consecrated thought of a holy woman, and then grew into an actual gift from her hand, and further developed, by the large help of others, into houses and schools, infirmary and dining-hall, and all manner of provision for destitute children, we feel bound to cry, “What hath God wrought!” Our God has supplied all our need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus. The story of the Stockwell Orphanage will be worth telling in heaven when the angels shall learn from the Church the manifold wisdom and goodness of the Lord. Incidents which could not be published on earth will be made known in the heavenly city, where every secret thing shall be revealed. How every need has been supplied before it has become a want; how guidance has been given before questions have become anxieties; how friends have been raised up in unbroken succession, and how the One Great Friend

has been ever present, no single pen can ever record. To care for the fatherless has been a work of joyful faith all along, and in waiting upon God for supplies we have experienced great delight. The way of faith in God is the best possible. We could not have carried on the work by a method more pleasant, more certain, more enduring. If we had depended upon annual subscribers we should have had to hunt them up and pay a heavy poundage, or perhaps fail to keep up the roll; if we had advertised continually for funds our outlay might have brought in a scanty return; but dependence upon God has been attended with no such hazards. We have done our best as men of business to keep the Orphanage before the public, but we have desired in all things to exercise faith as servants of God. Whatever weakness we have personally to confess and deplore, there is no weakness in the plan of faith in God. Our experience compels us to declare that He is the living God; the God that heareth prayer; the God who will never permit those who trust in Him to be confounded. The business world has passed through trying times during the last few years; but the Orphanage has not been tried; men of great enterprise have failed, but the home for the fatherless has not failed; for this enterprise is in the divine hand, an eye watches over it which neither slumbers nor sleeps.

Let the people of God be encouraged by the fact of the existence and prosperity of the Stockwell Orphanage. Miracles have come to an end, but God goes on to work great wonders: the rod of Moses is laid aside, but the rod and staff of the Great Shepherd still compass us.

The son of an old Puritan rode some twenty miles to meet his father, who came a similar distance to the half-way house. "Father," said the son, "I have met with a special providence, for my horse stumbled at least a dozen times, and yet it did not fall." "Ah!" replied the father, "I have had a providence quite as remarkable, for my horse did not stumble once all the way." This last is the happy picture of the Orphanage for some time past, and indeed throughout its whole career: we have never had to issue mournful appeals because of exhausted resources, and in this we must see and admire the good hand of the Lord.

We now enter more fully upon a fresh stage of our existence; we shall need to double the amount of our present income, and we shall have it from the ever-opened hand of the Lord our God. Friends will be moved to think of our great family, for our Great



ONE OF THE SCHOOL-ROOMS.

Remembrancer will stir them up. The duty of each Christian to the mass of destitute orphanhood is clear enough, and if pure minds are stirred up by way of remembrance there will be no lack in the larder, no want in the wardrobe, no failing in the funds of our Orphan House.

We labor under one great difficulty: many people say, "Mr. Spurgeon will be sure to get the money, and there is no need for us to send." It is clear that if everybody talked so, our presi-

dent's name would be a hindrance instead of a help. He will be the means of finding money for our institution, for the Lord will honor his faith and hear his prayers, and be glorified in him; but there will be no thanks due to those who fabricate an excuse for themselves out of the faithfulness of God. This difficulty, however, does not distress us: we go forward believing that when we have twice our present number of children the Lord will send us double supplies; we cannot entertain the suspicion that the girls will be left without their portion, for we, being evil, care as much for our daughters as for our sons, and our Heavenly Father will do the same. It is well, however, to remind our friends of this, that each helper of the Orphanage may try to interest another generous heart, and so enlarge the circle of our friends. It may be that by such means the Great Provider will supply us; for we know that when our Lord fed the multitude He first said to His disciples, "Give ye them to eat."

The sanitary condition of the Orphanage has been all that we could desire. Considering that so large a proportion of the children come to us in a delicate condition, and some with the taint of hereditary disease, it is a matter for devout thankfulness that their general health is so good, and that so few deaths have occurred. Out of the entire number who have left, only one boy was unable to enter upon a situation in consequence of an enfeebled constitution. We owe it to an ever-watchful Providence that, during the prevailing epidemic, not a single case of fever or small-pox has occurred in the institution.

Family worship is conducted twice daily, before the morning and evening meals, by the head master or his assistants, the service being taken occasionally by the president, or a member of the committee, or a visitor to the institution who may happen to be present. The Word of God is read and expounded, hymns sung, and prayer offered, and the whole of the boys repeat a text selected for the day. A service is conducted for the elder boys every Wednesday evening by Mr. W. J. Evans, when addresses are given by ministers and other friends.

During their term of residence in the institution all the boys are total abstainers, no alcoholic liquors being allowed except by

order of the doctor, but most of them are pledged abstainers, with the approval of their friends. Band of Hope meetings are held every month, when the children receive instruction from competent speakers; and lectures are given at intervals during the winter months.

The operations of the institution reveal to the managers the wide-spread necessity which exists. The cry of the orphan comes from every part of our beloved land, and the plea of the widow for Christian sympathy and help is restricted to no one class of the community. Faces once radiant with smiles are saddened with grief, for the dark shadow which death casts falls everywhere. How true are the lines of the poet: —

“ There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.”

It is a constant joy to the president and the committee that they are able to mitigate to such a large extent the misery and need which are brought under their notice; and it must be an equal joy to the subscribers to know that their loving contributions furnish the sinews for this holy war.

As our Sunday-school is affiliated to the Sunday-school Union, we allow the boys who desire to do so to sit for examination. Of the candidates who were successful at the last examination, three gained prizes, twelve first-class certificates, and thirty-eight second-class certificates.

During the year the boys took part in the Crystal Palace Musical Festivals arranged by the Band of Hope Union and the Tonic Sol-fa Association.

In order to make the character and claims of the institution more widely known, the head master and the secretary have held meetings in London and the provinces, and the success which has crowned their efforts is of a very gratifying character. The boys who accompany them to sing and to recite furnish a powerful appeal by their appearance and conduct, and commend the institution to which they owe so much. The local papers speak in terms of the highest praise of their services, and thus a most effective advertisement is secured without any cost to the institu-

tion. So far as the boys are concerned these trips have an educational value, for they get to know a great deal of the products and industries of different parts of the country, besides securing the advantage of being brought into contact with Christian families where they reside during their visit.

The amount realized during the year, after defraying all expenses, is \$3,320, and our thanks are hereby tendered to all who assisted in any way to secure such a splendid result.

The committee record with thankfulness that there has been no lack in the funds contributed for the efficient maintenance of the institution. Friends prefer to give donations rather than pledge themselves to send annual subscriptions, and the benevolence thus manifested is purely spontaneous. The admirable custom of making shirts for the boys is still continued by the young ladies of an educational establishment, who send in a supply of two hundred shirts every year. Their efforts are supplemented by several working associations, but the supply is not yet equal to the demand, and we cordially invite the co-operation of others, to whom we shall be glad to send samples and patterns.

The work of caring for the widow and the fatherless is specially mentioned by the Holy Spirit as one of the most acceptable modes of giving outward expression to pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father, and therefore the Lord's people will not question that they should help in carrying it out. Will it need much pleading? If so, we cannot use it, as we shrink from marring the willingness which is the charm of such a service. The work is carried on in dependence upon God, and as His blessing evidently rests upon it, we are confident the means will be forthcoming as the need arises. While commending the work to our Heavenly Father in prayer, we deem it right to lay before the stewards of His bounty the necessities and claims of the institution.

The year 1880 will be a memorable one in the history of the institution, and we record with gratitude the fact that the foundation-stones of the first four houses for the Girls' Orphanage were laid on the 22d of June, when the president's birthday was celebrated. It was a joy to all present that Mrs. Spurgeon was

able to lay the memorial stone of "The Sermon House, the gift of C. H. Spurgeon and his esteemed publishers, Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster." The memorial stone of another house, the gift of Mr. W. R. Rickett, and called "The Limes, in tender memory of five beloved children," was laid by C. H. Spurgeon, who made a touching allusion to the sad event thus commemorated. Mrs. Samuel Barrow laid the memorial stone of the house called "The Olives," the amount for its erection having been given and collected by her beloved husband. The trustees of the institution having subscribed the funds for the erection of a house, the treasurer, Mr. William Higgs, laid, in their name, the memorial stone which bears the inscription, "Erected by the Trustees of the Orphanage to express their joy in this service of love."

At the present moment the buildings of the Orphanage form a great square, enclosing a fine space for air and exercise. Visitors generally express great surprise at the beauty and openness of the whole establishment. Much remains to be done before the institution is completely accommodated; there is needed an infirmary for the girls, and till that is built one of the houses will have to be used for that purpose, thus occupying the space which would otherwise be filled by thirty or forty children: this should be attended to at an early date. Baths and washhouses will be urgently required for the girls, and we propose to make them sufficiently commodious for the girls to do the washing for the entire community of five hundred children, thus instructing them in household duties and saving a considerable expense. We would not spend a sixpence needlessly. No money has been wasted in lavish ornament or in hideous ugliness. The buildings are not a workhouse or a county jail, but a pleasant residence for those children of whom God declares Himself to be the Father. The additional buildings which we contemplate are not for luxury, but for necessary uses; and as we endeavor to lay out money with judicious economy, we feel sure that we shall be trusted in the future as in the past.

Are there not friends waiting to take a share in the Stockwell Orphanage Building? They cannot better commemorate personal blessings, nor can they find a more suitable memorial for departed

friends. No storied urn or animated bust can half so well record the memory of beloved ones as a stone in an Orphan House. Most of the buildings are already appropriated as memorials in some form or other, and only a few more will be needed. Very soon all building operations will be complete, and those who have lost the opportunity of becoming shareholders in the Home of Mercy may regret their delay. At any rate, none who place a stone in the walls of the Stockwell Orphanage will ever lament that they did this deed of love to the little ones for whom Jesus cares. Honored names are with us already engraven upon the stones of this great Hostelry of the All-merciful; and many others are our co-workers whose record is on high, though unknown among men. Who will be the next to join us in this happy labor?

When the whole of the buildings are complete, the institution will afford accommodation for five hundred children, and prove a memorial of Christian generosity and of the loving-kindness of the Lord.

The next brief chapter, on "The Girls' Orphanage," is from the pen of Mr. Spurgeon.

XV.

THE GIRLS' ORPHANAGE.

HE who is the feeder of sparrows will also furnish you with what you need. Sit not down in despair; hope on, hope ever. Take up the arms of faith against a sea of fears, "and by opposing end them." There is One above who cares for you, though all men deny you sympathy. He gave His Son to redeem you, and He will not suffer His redeemed to be famished. He will hear your cry. At any rate, try Him and see. — C. H. SPURGEON.

THE GIRLS' ORPHANAGE.

IN our address at the presentation of the late testimonial, we disclaimed all personal credit for the existence of any one of the enterprises over which we preside, because each one of them has been forced upon us. "I could not help undertaking them," was our honest and just confession. This is literally true, and another illustration of this fact is now to come before the Christian public. Several of us have long cherished the idea that the time would come in which we should have an Orphanage for girls as well as for boys. It would be hard to conceive why this should *not* be. It seems ungentlemanly, not to say unrighteous, to provide for children of one sex only, for are not all needy little ones dear to Christ, with whom there is neither male nor female? We do not like to do such things by halves, and it is but half doing the thing to leave the girls out in the cold. We have all along wished to launch out in the new direction, but we had quite enough on hand for the time being, and were obliged to wait. The matter has been thought of, and talked about, and more than half promised, but nothing has come of it till this present, and now, as we believe at the exact moment, the hour has struck, and the voice of God in providence says, "Go forward." The fund for the Girls' Orphanage has commenced, and there are about a dozen names upon the roll at the moment of our writing. The work will be carried on with vigor as the Lord shall be pleased to send the means, but it will not be unduly pushed upon any one so as to be regarded as a new burden, for we want none but cheerful helpers, who will count it a privilege to have a share in the good work.

We shall employ no collector to make a percentage by dunning the unwilling, and shall make no private appeals to individuals. There is the case: if it be a good one and you are able to help it, please do so; but if you have no wish in that direction, our Lord's work does not require us to go a begging like a pauper, and we do not intend to do so.

We have never been in debt yet, nor have we had a mortgage upon any of our buildings, nor have we even borrowed money for a time, but we have always been able to pay as we have gone on. Our prayer is that we may never have to come down to a lower platform and commence borrowing.

It has often happened that we have been unable to assist widows in necessitous circumstances with large families, because there did not happen to be a boy of the special age required by the rules of our Boys' Orphanage. There were several girls, but then we could not take girls, and however deserving the case, we have been unable to render any assistance to very deserving widows, simply because their children were not boys. This is one reason why we need a Girls' Orphanage.

Everywhere also there is an outcry about the scarcity of good servants, honest servants, industrious servants, well-trained servants. We know where to find the sisters who will try to produce such workers out of the little ones who will come under their care.

We have succeeded by God's grace and the diligent care of our masters and matrons in training the lads so that they have become valuable to business men: why should not the same divine help direct us with the lasses, so that domestics and governesses should go forth from us as well as clerks and artisans? We believe that there are many friends who will take a special interest in the girls, and that there are some whose trades would more readily enable them to give articles suitable for girls than those which are useful to boys.

Here is a grand opportunity for Christian people with means to take their places among the first founders of this new institution, and if they judge that such a work will be good and useful, we hope that they will without fail, *and without delay*, come to our

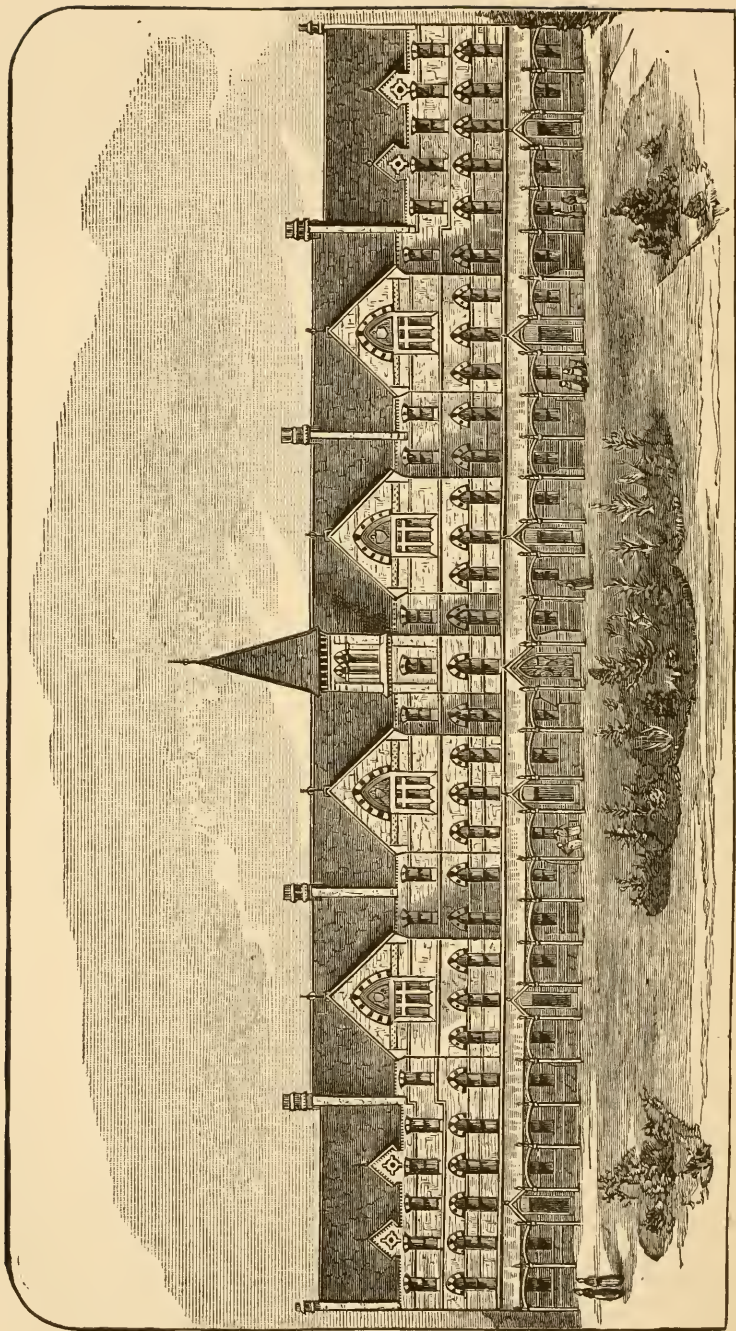
assistance in this fresh branch of service. We cannot afford to lose a single penny from the funds for the boys, but this work for the girls must be something extra and above. You helped Willie and Tommy: will you not help Mary and Maggie?

It is very needful to add that foolish persons often say: Mr. Spurgeon can get plenty of money, and needs no help. If all were to talk in this fashion, where would our many works drift to? Mr. Spurgeon does get large sums, but not a penny more than the various works require, and he gets it because God moves His people to give it, as he hopes, good reader, He may move you. We have no personal end to serve, we do not, directly or indirectly, gain a single penny by the Orphanage, College, or any other societies over which we preside; neither have we any wealthy persons around us who are at a loss to dispose of their property; but our hard-working church keeps continually consecrating its offerings, and our friends far and near think upon us. Our treasury is the bounty of God, our motto is: **THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.** Past mercy forbids a doubt as to the future, and so in the name of God we set up our banners.

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The girls' part is not yet fully complete, but it soon will be so, and then we must take in the girls. Now it occurs to me to let my friends know the increased need which has arisen, and will arise from the doubling of the number of children. The income must by some means be doubled. My trust is in the Lord alone, for whose sake I bear this burden. I believe that He has led me all along in the erection and carrying on of this enterprise, and I am also well assured that His own hand pointed to the present extension, and supplied the means for making it. I therefore rest in the providence of God alone. But the food for the children will not drop as manna from heaven, it will be sent in a way which is more beneficial, for the graces of His children will be displayed in the liberality which will supply the needs of the orphans. God will neither feed the children by angels nor by ravens, but by the loving gifts of His people. It is needful, therefore, that I tell my friends of our need, and I do hereby tell them. The institution will need, in rough figures, about one thousand dollars a week.

This is a large sum, and when I think of it I am appalled if Satan suggests the question: "What if the money does not come in?" But it is nothing to the Lord of the whole earth to feed five hundred little ones. He has kept two hundred and fifty boys for these years, and He can do the like for the same number of girls. Only let not His stewards say that there is no need at Stockwell, for there is great and crying need that all my friends should inquire whether they may not wisely render me much more aid than they have done. The buildings are not all finished yet, nor the roads made, but this will soon be accomplished, and then the institution will be in full operation, and its requirements will be great. I have written these lines with a measure of reluctance; and I hope it is not in unbelief, but as a reasonable service, that I have thus stated the case.



THE GIRLS' HOME — STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE.

XVI.

SUNSHINE IN THE HEART.

DEAR friend, whether you die as soon as you are born again, or remain on earth for many years, is comparatively a small matter, and will not materially alter your indebtedness to divine grace. In the one case the great Husbandman will show how He can bring His flowers speedily to perfection; and in the other He will prove how He can preserve them in blooming beauty, despite the frosts and snows of earth's cruel winter: in either case your experience will reveal the same love and power. — C. H. SPURGEON.

SUNSHINE IN THE HEART.

ABUNDANT evidence has been given to assure the founder and patrons of the Orphanage that the aim ever in view, viz., the spiritual good of the children, is being constantly realized. The little ones who have been removed by death have died in the Lord. Mr. Charlesworth, the head master, tells the following pathetic story concerning one of "these little ones": —

During the history of the Orphanage we have received a number of children to whom has been bequeathed a heritage of disease. In many cases, we are thankful to say, delicate boys, of whom at first we stood in doubt, have become strong and healthy youths. God has been very gracious in blessing the ministrations of doctors and nurses to the complete renovation of constitutions enfeebled by disease, neglect, or want. Our death-rate has been very small considering the large proportion of children whose parents died of pulmonary disease and other hereditary complaints. Only thirteen out of five hundred and sixty-seven have been removed by death during their term, and of these one died in a fit within a few hours of his admission, and another of scarlet fever while away for a holiday. With the exception of one boy, who died of scarlet fever, all the rest fell victims to inherited disease.

With devout gratitude to our Heavenly Father we record the pleasing fact that all who have died in the institution not only gave evidence of conversion, but experienced the rapture of saints who are fully assured of their personal interest in the Saviour and of

their eternal home in the house of many mansions. In the little books entitled "Love Jesus and Live for Heaven" and "Little Dicky" we have endeavored to describe the dying experiences of two of the boys, and now it has fallen to our lot to write of another who has only just fallen asleep. The realities thus described may seem to some to belong to the realm of fiction; but we ask to be believed when we affirm that we have not exaggerated, nor even colored, a single expression.

Ernest Edgar Bray, the last of the number called to the fold above, came to us after he had lost both parents. He was a simple-minded, affectionate boy, but for several years he was possessed of very little moral consciousness. His conduct at times was a severe strain upon the patience of his matron and teachers, and on several occasions he brought himself into disgrace by his folly and sin. We mention this at the outset to show that he had no natural bias towards goodness, and that his Christian character was not due to the development of inherited virtues. The child-piety of the theorists is a quality we have never met with during a long experience; but the piety which springs from a regenerated nature is a beautiful adornment we have often witnessed. In every such case the character and conduct after conversion formed a striking contrast to all that had gone before. The change was so radical, that the second phase of experience seemed to belong to another individual. "From darkness to light" indicates the change of which a new-born soul is conscious; "from the kingdom of Satan into the kingdom of God's dear Son" suggests the altered relationship into which a "child of God" enters. The change is not a development, but a translation. If it be claimed by some that the artless simplicity of childhood carries with it the germs of a Christian character, and that children ought to grow up, under proper nurture, and "never know themselves as other than Christian," we challenge the theory by demanding an illustration. If a case in point be adduced, we shall then claim the liberty to withhold our assent unless we can be certified that no radical change has ever been effected by the grace of God. We believe it to be contrary to the testimony of the Word of God and to the uniform experience of Christians for the twilight of

natural virtues to expand into the full radiance of Christian purity and joy. The divine life in the soul is a heavenly exotic, and sanctification is the result of the Spirit's operation. "Not of works, lest any man should boast," is an inspired dictum, which receives unqualified indorsement from all who belong to the "new creation."

In the case of Ernest Bray, the change in his character was so apparent that no one could question the fact of the divine agency by which it was wrought. It is true, the precise moment of the change cannot be determined, nor can we indicate the special circumstance which culminated in his conversion. From the time of his admission to the Orphanage he was the object of Christian solicitude and prayer, and the subject of Christian instruction and training. Twice every day all the boys assemble for family worship, when a text is repeated from memory, the Word of God read and expounded, addresses delivered, and prayer offered. On Wednesday evening a special service is held, the salvation of the boys being the supreme aim of the friends who conduct it; and on Sundays the following plan is adopted: In the morning one detachment is sent to the Tabernacle, another to Wynne Road Baptist Chapel, and a special service is held at home for the remainder. In the afternoon a Sunday-school is held, the boys being taught in classes by friends interested in the institution. In the evening a separate service is arranged for the elder boys, the younger ones spending the time with their matrons in their respective houses. During the week also all the members of the staff "watch for their souls as those who must give an account," and the Bible is a text-book in all the classes of the school. In all these arrangements human instrumentality is consecrated to the work of soul-winning and Christian nurture, and our Heavenly Father is graciously pleased to bless all the means employed, so that "he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together." Of one thing we are fully assured, that however numerous and distinct the agencies, "God giveth the increase." To Him, therefore, be all the glory.

In the latter half of the year 1879 it became evident that Bray would not survive the winter, his lungs betraying deep-seated dis-

case. He was very reluctant to enter the infirmary, and bravely tried, as consumptives usually do, to conceal his worst fears respecting himself. For some time after his admission the buoyancy of a child's hope threw the thought of death into the shade, but at length the conviction gained strength that his end was not far distant. The loving ministry of his constant attendant became more and more welcome, and as his hope of salvation deepened into a settled conviction, and the "peace of God" shed a holy calm over his spirit, he conversed freely of the preciousness of Jesus and the prospect of being "for ever with the Lord." His face soon betrayed the secret of his soul's experience, revealing, as in a mirror, the tranquillity of peace and the ecstasy of joy. He said to one of his playmates, who came to see him on his return from the Christmas holidays: "Do you see any difference in my face?" "Yes," he replied; "it is thinner." "Oh," he replied, "that is not what I mean! Don't you see it looks more shining?" "Beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord," he was being changed into the same image, and he was conscious of the transformation. He often remarked, "I have sunshine to the bottom of my heart." One morning he was singing very softly to himself, and one of the boys remarked: "I know why you feel happy just now; it is because the sun is shining!" Bray replied: "It's not that; it is something inside! Jesus!" On another occasion he said: "I do love to talk about Jesus; it makes me so happy. I did not begin to love Jesus until I came into the infirmary. I have loved Him ever since, but not half so much as I do now. The Lord makes me happy all day and all night. I don't mind the long nights as I did, because Jesus is near me." "I want to sing," he remarked to a loving friend who was visiting him, "but I can't!" She said: "Well, you will raise a loud note when you enter heaven, won't you?" He replied: "Ah, I shall sing there! I sing *now*, inside; but I shall sing *out loud* then, and wait and watch for you to come!"

Much of his time was spent in prayer. Entering the room one morning, the nurse heard him say: "So happy! so happy! Oh, Lord, may this be a glorious day! Let me praise Thee! Bless all the boys! May they love Jesus! Forgive all my sins for



INFIRMARY — STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE.

Thy Son's sake!" Not a day passed, as he heard the boys at play, without a prayer for their conversion, and as he lay awake with pain during the long hours of the night his heart went forth in earnest supplication that God would bless and save his companions. He said to the nurse who was with him: "I do want to do something for Jesus. Oh, I know! I will try to write to my brother. I do want him to love the Lord!" He then wrote the following letter: —

DEAR BROTHER, — I have much pleasure in writing these few lines to tell you how the Lord has made me so happy. I used to think I loved and trusted the Lord enough, but something made me feel I must love Him more. If I was strong, oh, how I would work for Jesus! I hope and trust this letter may be the means of making you happy in the Lord. Tell aunt how very happy I am. Good bye, trusting we both shall meet in heaven.

Your loving brother,

ERNEST BRAY.

Added to his prayerfulness and anxiety for others, his patience in enduring pain was another evidence of his thorough conversion. As he lay, week after week, with declining strength, so that the weight of his bed-clothes became at length a burden, and he was unable to shift his position without assistance, not a murmur escaped his lips. Any little service rendered by his loving attendants evoked a cheerful smile or a grateful "Thank you! God bless you!" How much is true piety seen in these little things! They may not strike the reader, but those who actually see the gracious patience and gratitude know how to appreciate them. He said to Miss A., one of the teachers, a few days before his departure: "I have been so worried this morning; Satan came to me and said: 'What's the use of *you* trusting?' but God gave me the victory over him, and I am happy now." She then quoted the lines, —

"Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again:"

and the thought of his final and complete triumph over sin and Satan cast a flush of victory over his face. "He then thanked me

so gratefully," this friend writes, "and, putting his thin arms round me, kissing me many times, he said: 'Oh, I do love Jesus and you! You are all such kind friends to me, and I feel Mr. Charlesworth is a father to me. But do pray for me that I may go soon.'" He added to the same friend: "I wish I had strength to do something for nurse; she has done so much for me." With what little strength he could command he tried to sing a simple impromptu couplet, after the manner of the Jubilee Singers, —

" Oh, come along with me to Jesus;
Oh, nurse, come along!"

Mrs. C. said to him, as she sat by his bedside: "You will soon be home." Putting his thin hand on her face, he exclaimed: "Oh, Mrs. C., I do hope I shall, — I am ready;" and then he added: "I will give you another smile." Before she left she kissed him, and said: "If we find you gone we shall not sorrow; it will be your gain." He very sweetly replied: "I should be sorry for you to sorrow; I shall be free from pain; safe at home." So certain was his conviction that he would soon be home that he said one day: "I should like a sandwich, and then I don't want anything more on this earth."

There is a charm about the sweet simplicity of faith and hope which makes the religion of childhood a type of piety worthy of imitation. With all the eloquence of pathos Jesus took a little child and said, as He placed him in the midst of the bystanders, who had conceived a very different ideal: "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." When the sterner virtues of manhood are toned by the feminine graces of childhood the perfection of Christian character is attained.

While Mr. Spurgeon was in Mentone, Bray was very anxious to write and tell him how happy he was in Jesus. The following was the letter he sent: —

INFIRMARY, STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE.

DEAR MR. SPURGEON, — As Dr. Wylie said he was going to Mentone, I thought I should like to send you a few lines. The last time you saw me you thought I should soon be in heaven, and you asked the Lord if you could soon be there too, but the

Lord has spared us both; and may the Lord soon bring you back again to serve and praise Him. I can't do much for Jesus, but I am trying to bear patiently all I have to suffer. I am still in bed, and I feel I can't write any more.

From one of your orphan boys,

E. BRAY.

To which Mr. Spurgeon replied:—

MENTONE, February 5.

DEAR BRAY,—I was so pleased with your little note. It was so good of you, with all your pain, to sit up and write to me. I hope when the spring weather comes you will feel better, but if not, you know of the "sweet fields beyond the swelling flood" which "stand dressed in living green." The Lord Jesus will be very near you. He feels for dear suffering children. He will keep you patient and joyful. Oh, how He loves! If there is anything you want, be sure to let me know.

Your loving friend,

C. H. SPURGEON.

On the pastor's return he came to see him, and the visit seemed to yield an equal pleasure to each. The dear boy was full of gratitude to his kind friend and benefactor, and expressed himself with touching simplicity and clearness as to his faith and hope and joy. He talked with all the freedom of a veteran believer whose long experience of the goodness and faithfulness of God had made doubt impossible and faith a natural impulse. Calling the nurse to his side, Bray requested her to give him his purse, and taking out four shillings which he had saved, he asked Mr. Spurgeon to accept it for the Girls' Orphanage. Such an expression of gratitude was very welcome to the pastor's heart, and, we doubt not, the offering was acceptable to "The Father of the fatherless," whose smile has always rested upon the institution. We suggested that a portion of one of the new houses should be built with the money, and be called "Bray's bricks," as an appropriate memorial of "a folded lamb."

In the course of the interview he said to Mr. Spurgeon: "Do you remember I once came to your house with another boy, and you asked us if we could eat a piece of plum-cake?" It is not

surprising the pastor confessed he had forgotten this special instance of kindness, and after admitting the fact, he said to him, "And can you eat a piece of plum-cake now?" We shall not soon forget how the child's eyes brightened as he replied, "Yes; but only *a piece of yours*." It is scarcely necessary to add that a cake was promised, and that the following morning it was duly forwarded, Mr. Spurgeon sending at the same time some crystallized violets and rose-leaves from Mentone. A very touching prayer from the pastor closed the interview, and kissing the little sufferer, he promised to carry a request to the prayer-meeting, and ask the elders to join in prayer for the conversion of all the boys. The message was duly delivered, and the assembly engaged in prayer in response to the expressed wish of the little sufferer. The following Monday he sent a piece of the cake to the elders, with the message: "Tell them I want them all to pray for me to-night, that I may soon go home. Ask Mr. Spurgeon to pray for me too; and ask him to pray for all the other boys in the Orphanage, that they may meet me in heaven." And then he added, "Oh, I do long to go home!" Poor dear boy, the weariness and languor which come from the wasting of disease and long wakefulness intensified his longing for "the rest that remaineth." Nor was it the craving for *rest* merely which directed his soul heavenward; he said to Mr. Bartlett, who visited him on several occasions: "How good of God to bless me, a poor weak boy! Oh, how happy it makes me! I long now to be with Jesus, and I hope He will soon take me, for *I want to see His face!*" The highest aspiration of an advanced saint never reached beyond this — to find the fulness of heaven's bliss in the vision of the face of Jesus. On the eve of his departure his soul went out in the prayer: "Dear Lord, do come soon! Jesus, come quickly! Take me!" With a peculiar emphasis he seemed to read the text: "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up!" During the last night of his sojourn here, the hours wore wearily away, and the twilight of the early morn had scarcely chased the lingering shadows from the landscape, when it became evident that another and a brighter day was dawning, which would never be succeeded by night.

The friend who had watched him during the first part of his illness, and whose loving ministry had been greatly blessed to him, was early at his bedside. The first request he proffered was, "Don't leave, Miss M——! I can't live through the day!" He meant he could not *live here*; he well knew that life in its fulness awaited him in the bright awakening beyond. When his posture was changed to afford him temporary ease, he lay in silence for a few seconds, and then repeated the consoling message which had reached his spirit as by an angel's whisper: "*My lamb, it's nearly over.*" Oh, the infinite tenderness which that message breathes! Jesus was very near, and the mantle of His dear love was thrown around the sufferer, enfolding him as in an armor of triple steel, to ensure immunity from the darts of the enemy. All heaven stood revealed to his enraptured gaze, and the ward of the Orphanage Infirmary proved again the vestibule of the eternal home. "There He is, Miss M——! There's Jesus! and Cockerton! and Dicky!" was his rapturous exclamation as "things seen and temporal" were fading from his vision. "Can't you seem Him, Miss M——? Oh, look, they're all around my bed!" It seemed impossible to him that the eyes of the watchers by his bed could be closed against the glories of such a transfiguration scene. He wanted all about his bed to enjoy the blessedness of the beatific vision, and they, too, shared the same desire. Though the lips did not give it expression, each heart breathed the prayer: "Let my last end be like his." With the sting of death gone, the terror of the grave vanished, heaven open, Jesus near, and angels waiting, no wonder he exclaimed, with almost his last breath: "Happy! happy! happy!" In a few minutes all was over, and another trophy of grace had joined the company of the redeemed in heaven. As the spring sun shone forth just then, cheering with his bright rays the world which during the winter had been enveloped in fog, nature seemed to say to us: Life's winter months are over now, and the everlasting spring has come; the night of weeping is ended, and the morning of joy has dawned. To the vision of our faith the pathway to heaven stood revealed, and in the ecstasy of the moment we could hear the sweet echoes of the greeting in the world beyond, —

“Come in, thou blessed, sit by Me;
 With My own life I ransomed thee;
 Enjoy My perfect favor:
 Come in, thou ransomed spirit, come,
 Thou now must dwell with Me at home;
 Ye blissful mansions, make him room,
 For he must stay forever.”

In his interesting and remarkable book, entitled “Sunlight and Shadow; or, Gleanings from my Lifework,”* Mr. Gough thus describes a day he spent with Mr. Spurgeon: —

I would like to give you one incident to illustrate the man in his greatness and simplicity. He wished me to visit his Boys' Orphanage at Stockwell. I could go only on Saturday, and his note to me was characteristic:

“Beloved friend,—Although I never go out on Saturdays, my horses, being under the law and not under grace, keep the seventh-day Sabbath, yet we will arrange to visit,” etc.

A beautiful day it was, for London, as we rode together, chatting all the way. The history of the Orphanage is intensely interesting. The commencement was a sum of one hundred thousand dollars to Mr. Spurgeon, from a lady, to commence an orphanage for fatherless boys. All the money that has been expended has been raised by voluntary contributions, and the one hundred thousand dollars is invested as an endowment.

When we entered the grounds, the boys set up a shout of joy at the sight of their benefactor.

I asked, “What are the requirements for admission?”

He said, “Utter destitution. Nothing denominational. We have more of the Church of England than of the Baptists. We have Roman Catholics, Presbyterians, Methodists, — all sorts.”

After the boys had gone through their gymnastic exercises and military drill, I spoke a few words to them. Mr. Spurgeon was like a great boy among boys.

He said, “There are two hundred and forty boys, — only think! How many pence are there in a shilling?”

* Hartford: A. D. Worthington & Co.

“Twelve.”

“Right. How many shillings in a pound?”

“Twenty.”

“Right. Twelve times twenty, how many?”

“Two hundred and forty.”

“That’s a penny apiece each boy.”



BOYS' PLAYGROUND,
STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE.

“Here, Mr. Charlesworth,” handing him a sovereign, “give these boys a penny apiece,” when a shrill, hearty hurrah was given as Mr. Spurgeon turned away with a laugh of keen enjoyment.

"Will you go to the infirmary? We have an infirmary and quarantine; for sometimes the poor creatures we take in need a good deal of purifying. We have one boy very ill with consumption; he cannot live, and I wish to see him, for he would be disappointed if he knew I had been here and had not seen him."

We went into the cool and sweet chamber, and there lay the boy. He was very much excited when he saw Mr. Spurgeon. The great preacher sat by his side, and I cannot describe the scene. Holding the boy's hand in his, he said:

"Well, my dear, you have some precious promises in sight all round the room. Now, dear, you are going to die, and you are very tired lying here, and soon will be free from all pain, and you will rest. Nurse, did he rest last night?"

"He coughed very much."

"Ah, my dear boy, it seems very hard for you to lie here all day in pain, and cough at night. Do you love Jesus?"

"Yes."

"Jesus loves you. He bought you with His precious blood, and He knows what is best for you. It seems hard for you to lie here and listen to the shouts of the healthy boys outside at play. But soon Jesus will take you home, and then He will tell you the reason, and you will be so glad."

Then, laying his hand on the boy, without the formality of kneeling, he said: "O Jesus, Master, this dear child is reaching out his thin hand to find Thee. Touch him, dear Saviour, with Thy loving, warm clasp. Lift him as he passes the cold river, that his feet be not chilled by the water of death; take him home in Thine own good time. Comfort and cherish him till that good time comes. Show him Thyself as he lies here, and let him see Thee, and know Thee more and more as his loving Saviour."

After a moment's pause, he said, "Now, dear, is there anything you would like? Would you like a little canary in a cage, to hear him sing in the morning? Nurse, see that he has a canary to-morrow morning. Good-bye, my dear; you will see the Saviour, perhaps before I shall."

I have seen Mr. Spurgeon hold by his power sixty-five hundred persons in a breathless interest; I knew him as a great man uni-

versally esteemed and beloved; but as he sat by the bedside of a dying pauper child, whom his beneficence had rescued, he was to me a greater and grander man than when swaying the mighty multitude at his will.

The Stockwell Orphanage receives fatherless boys and girls between the ages of six and ten. It is supported by voluntary contributions and by the revenue from the capital fund, which yields less than one-fourth of the income required. It is conducted on the Cottage System: each home is presided over by a godly matron. It is unsectarian: children are received, irrespective of their denominational connection, from all parts of the United Kingdom. That the most needy, helpless, and deserving may secure the benefits of the institution, candidates are selected by the committee, and are not elected by the expensive and objectionable process of polling the subscribers. No uniform dress is provided, but the children's garments differ, in order that no peculiar garb may mark the children with the badge of poverty. The children receive a plain but thorough English education and training. The supreme aim of the managers is always kept in view—to "bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

PSALM LXX.

MAKE haste, O God, my soul to bless,
My help and my deliverer Thou!
Make haste! for I'm in deep distress,
My case is urgent,—help me *now!*

Make haste, O God! make haste to save!
For time is short and death is nigh!
Make haste! ere yet I'm in my grave,
And with the lost for ever lie.

Make haste! for I am poor and low,
And Satan mocks my prayers and tears;
O God, in mercy be not slow,
But snatch me from my horrid fears.

Make haste, O God, and hear my cries!
Then with the souls who seek Thy face,
And those who Thy salvation prize,
I'll magnify Thy matchless grace.

C. H. SPURGEON.

XVII.

THE COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.

THE Church is God's hospice, where He distributes bread and wine to refresh the weary, and entertains wayfarers that else had been lost in the storm. The Church is God's hospital, into which He takes the sick, and there He nourishes them till they renew their youth like the eagles. It is God's great Pharos, with its lantern flashing forth a directing ray, so that wanderers far away may be directed to the haven of peace. But mind, it must be God's Church, and not man's. — C. H. SPURGEON.

THE COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.

THE object of this association is the increased circulation of *religious and healthy literature* among all classes, in order to counteract the evil of the vicious publications which abound, and which lead to much immorality, crime, and neglect of religion.

This object is carried out in a twofold manner :

First, by means of Christian colporteurs, who are paid a fixed salary, and devote all their time to the work, visiting every accessible house with Bibles and good books and periodicals for sale, and performing other missionary services such as visitation of the sick and dying, and conducting meetings and open-air services as opportunities occur. This is the most important method, enabling the colporteur to visit every part of the district regularly.

Second, by means of book agents, who canvass for orders for periodicals and supply them month by month; these receive a liberal percentage on the sales to remunerate them for their trouble.

The association is unsectarian in its operations, "doing work for the friends of a full and free gospel anywhere and everywhere."

FOURTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT.

In a recent sermon on "Books," the following striking passage appears: "The printing-press is the mightiest agency on earth for good or evil. The position of a minister of religion standing in his pulpit is a responsible position, but it does not appear so responsible a position as that of the editor and the publisher.

Men die, but the literary influences they project go on for ever. I believe that God has made the printing-press to be a great agent in the world's correction and evangelization, and that the great final battle of the world will be fought, not with guns and swords, but with types and presses, a gossellized and purified literature triumphing over and trampling under foot and crushing out a corrupt literature. God speed the cylinders of an honest, intelligent, aggressive, Christian printing-press!"

To wage this warfare against pernicious literature is the work in which this and kindred associations engage. The printing-press produces the peaceful weapons and ammunition, while the colporteur is the Christian soldier who carries them into the conflict. He fires not at random, but, selecting his ground and opportunity, aims at the enemy now a Bible or Testament, then an attractively illustrated periodical or interesting book, or, failing to find a purchaser, will present a tract with a word in season, accompanied by silent prayer. The accompanying reports speak of many peaceful victories thus won. The circulation of hurtful periodicals and books is immense, but the association thankfully records that during the past year it has put into circulation a total of 396,291 books and periodicals to the gross value of \$37,875, while no less than 630,993 visits to families have been made by the colporteurs, who have also conducted 6,745 religious services, besides frequently praying with the sick and dying.

The colporteurs are frequently told that but for their visits a large number of the people upon whom they call would be entirely neglected by any of the ordinary methods or agencies employed.

Reports from Superintendents, &c., in Districts.

The Rev. D. W. Purdon writes: "The colporteur sticks to his work like a limpet to the rock. Patiently, perseveringly, and I believe very prayerfully, he goes on, increasingly acceptable among those among whom he labors, and in every way satisfactorily to those whose eyes are interestedly on him and his work.

"I see that during the past eleven months he has sold Bibles, 94; Testaments, 140; books, 4,947; magazines, 2,721; packets,

cards, &c., 320: total, 8,222. And he has visited 773 families, held 78 services, and distributed 4,620 tracts.

“Now, considering the character of his sphere, and the times we have been passing through, I consider this a good eleven months’ work, which speaks for itself. I cannot say more.”

R. W. S. Griffith, who has had some years’ practical experience of the working of colportage, writes: “I can only say that we have a very active and earnest colporteur; he works hard and finds a great pleasure in his work, carrying a smiling face to all houses he visits, and finding almost without exception a cordial welcome everywhere. He has a very simple but impressive manner of stating gospel truths, and his visits are, I am sure, calculated to awaken a desire for holy things in many hearts; it has been so in several cases that I have heard of, leading, through divine grace, to a decided conversion. He is doing a good work, and we all like him.

“I am more than ever convinced of the immense practical usefulness of the colportage work, and if I could advise any one looking out for some branch of work for the Lord which he would aid, I would unhesitatingly say: ‘Choose a district as yet unoccupied, and send your subscription to the association, so that a colporteur might be sent to work there.’ Mr. Bellamy, the colporteur, visits seven or eight hundred families every month, and takes two or three cottage services every week, and while I am writing he has gone in his donkey cart about seven miles to take a service this evening; he will hardly get back till ten or eleven o’clock. Hoping this year may prove, by God’s blessing, a very encouraging one to all your men.”

J. S. Hanson writes: “I hope the association is going on prosperously; if all were as satisfied about the usefulness of the work as we are, they would soon find the means to increase the number, till the land was filled with colporteurs.”

A colporteur writes: “In the chapel the Word preached was much blessed. The first summer I was here, the place was crowded; soon, however, the screw was put on, and the second summer the attendance fell off wonderfully. This past summer there was a fair attendance, and lately it has been better, the

average being twenty-four or twenty-six, sometimes over thirty adults in the evening, but the afternoon service is poorly attended. The seals to my ministry are some who have been born again, some quickened in the divine life, and others awakened to a sense of their need of a Saviour. And now for those upon whom the screw was put: these I visit in their own homes in my rounds; here is where the work of a colporteur lies, according to my idea, for with my pack on my back, or in my hand, I have an excuse (if one is needed in the nineteenth century) to call at all the houses in the villages; and here, I may say, eternity alone can reveal the good done by the tract given, read, and blessed! God only knows of the Scriptures read to the sick, of prayers offered at the bedside of the afflicted and those appointed to death, of the Word spoken to the relations or attendants, of words of cheer and comfort spoken to the brethren and sisters in Christ who are cast down, phases of whose life none but the colporteur can see! If you ask me, Have you been blessed in this work? Have the results justified the outlay? I say Yes, yes, yes! But there is what is called the untabulated results, opposite which we will put the Well done, good and faithful servant, and the heavenly reward."

Another testimony: "Sunday newspapers have been given up in some cases, and publications such as 'Sunday at Home,' 'Weekly Welcome,' and the 'Boys' Own Paper' purchased instead. With respect to the sale of Bibles, it may be mentioned as an interesting fact that since his residence in this district the colporteur has supplied one hundred and fifty volumes of 'Cas-sell's Family Bible.' He has conducted 139 services on the Lord's day, and he himself says that he has never seen so much good resulting from his work as he has seen this year; it has been the year of his greatest encouragement."

Another colporteur says: "My sales in Bibles and Testaments for the last quarter exceed the sales at the two depots of the Bible Society here for the whole of the last year. I think this comparison shows conclusively that the right way to sell the books is to take them to the homes of the people.

"During the past twelve months I have sold 239 Bibles and

1,229 Testaments. Thank God for past success, but I shall not be satisfied until I can see a portion of the Word of God in every house in my district.

“I have found out three houses entirely without the Word of God, but I did not let them remain so. One of the women said she could not afford the money for a Testament; but after I talked to her the little daughter said: ‘Mother, I shall open my little bank and pay for it,’ so she took it when the little child paid for it. She had been married seven years, and never had God’s Word in her possession all that time.”

Prevalence of Evil Literature and its Cure.—“Was told of a young female (a governess) who sat in bed reading by candle-light some of the most filthy, low, vulgar, pernicious papers, so bad, indeed, that the woman was ashamed to tell me what they were; succeeded in supplying her with a good magazine.

“My work is still progressing favorably. Several boys at a boarding-school, who used to read bad papers, now take ‘Young England’ and ‘Excelsior’ from me. The teacher told me that she was very glad these papers had come out, as her boys used to be so fond of bad ones before.

“In one village which I visit there are several infidel books, and several persons have turned infidels through reading them. One is a very intelligent, quiet young man, and two were Methodist local preachers. Packets of infidel tracts are being sent into the villages; this makes me feel more than ever the pressing need of colportage to counteract this evil work.

“I am glad to report that through a customer I have succeeded in getting a young woman to take the ‘Girl’s Own Paper,’ instead of a trashy paper. She was so delighted with it that she lent it to another young woman, and I expect more orders.”

Conversions through Books.—The number of conversions reported by the colporteurs through the books sold is too large to print the cases in detail; the following, however, are a fair sample of others:—

“Saving Faith.”—“Two persons have been led to the Saviour through reading this book,—a mother and daughter. I sold the book to a Christian woman, she read it, and lent it to one

of her neighbors who was ill. Through reading it she was led to trust in Jesus as her Saviour, as was her daughter, who had left service to nurse her mother. The book was then sent on to another daughter, hoping that by its perusal she may share the same blessing. The same colporteur speaks of a third case of conversion from reading the same book."

"The Home Beyond." — "A farmer to whom I had previously sold 'The Home Beyond,' when I called again, said: 'What a beautiful book that "Home Beyond" is! I read it, and sent it to a relation of mine, who was very ill, fast wasting away in consumption, and without having a hope in Christ. She read the book I had sent, and it was the means of leading her to the Saviour of the lost, and by being able to die a peaceful and happy death she testified that she had truly embraced the Saviour.' "

Gratuitous Tract Distribution and its Results. — Many thousands of evangelical tracts are given away by the association, and most of the colporteurs report that people receive them readily, and that numerous cases of conversion have resulted from their distribution. Two cases are appended: —

"I was showing my books to a gentleman one day; he had a little tract in his hand entitled 'Taken by Surprise.' I offered this to a lady who was passing by, and she accepted it. Bless the Lord! it was the means of awakening her to a sense of danger, insomuch that she could not find rest until she found it in Jesus. She is now believing and rejoicing in His great salvation."

The Pipe Light. — "Some time ago I held an open-air meeting at one of our villages during the dinner hour of the workmen, as I was not permitted to enter the mill. After speaking some time, I sold several small books, and gave away about two hundred tracts. One of the men screwed the tract up and threw it away, but picked it up again and put it into his pocket, thinking it might come in to light his pipe. At tea-time, however, having nothing else to read, he resorted to the despised tract. It was headed, 'Stop the Clock.' Before he had finished reading it, he trembled from head to foot, and pleaded with God for the forgiveness of his sins; from that moment, he tells me, he has felt a changed man."

Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons. — As usual, many of the colporteurs have met with instances of the great usefulness of these sermons, both in the comfort and instruction of believers and in the salvation of sinners. A few reports are given: —

“About twelve months ago a friend of mine leaving for America took a good supply of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons. I also kept up correspondence, sending other sermons. Having now returned, he speaks of the blessings the sermons were to him and others while there, where the preaching is quite perfection in the flesh. One of these sermons sent was the means of the conversion of one woman, and of stirring up others to find perfection only in Christ Jesus.”

“In soliciting orders, one woman asked me if I carried any of Mr. Spurgeon's works, and when told that I did, seemed pleased, bought several of his writings, telling me that although she had been a member of a Christian church for years, she never saw the gospel in its true light until she read one of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons. It was not until then that she saw Jesus to be her only Saviour, and could rejoice in Him as such.”

Speaking of a young woman who had been in much darkness and perplexity about spiritual things, and seemed to despair of mercy, a colporteur writes: “But when I was there in January I sold her Mr. Spurgeon's ‘Loving Advice for Anxious Seekers’; when I called next month I could see by her countenance that there was a change for the better. She then told me that God in His mercy had blessed that sermon to her; that it seemed as though Mr. Spurgeon must have known of one exactly like her, for every word suited her case.”

Prayer under the Hedge. — “The old man was standing in the sunny side of the hedge on the roadside. I went to him; and on offering a tract he said: ‘I cannot read;’ I then spoke to him of sin and death, of salvation and the Lord Jesus. I appealed to him as to a dying man, beseeching him to prepare to meet the good God whom he had been living without these upwards of eighty years; he trembled as one shivering on the brink of eternity and fearing to launch away, which, according to the nature of things, I assured him he must soon expect to do. Down aside

the hedge we both got on our knees, and with liberty of soul earnestly besought that the converting grace and power of the Holy Ghost may be poured upon him that he may be enlightened and saved. Knowing now where he lives, I shall hope, if God spares him and me, ere long to see him again and to see him saved of the Lord."

Preaching the Gospel from House to House. — "I have much encouragement in the Colportage work. I find some of the people very willing to hear the Word of God. Some days I have had what I should term a cottage meeting. Where I have found four and five people in one house I have read, prayed, and sung for about a half-hour. Passing on to another house, where I have found another group, I spent another half-hour. I have had five, some days six, little meetings with the people; at such times the Master has been with us, and much good has been done."

Addressing the Colliers, October 2d. — "Gave a short address to a company of colliers; was received with welcome and delight. Spoke to them about the leper going to Jesus. Told them that we had hearts diseased by sin and wicked works, and they needed cleansing. That we could not do anything to merit our salvation, but we could plead the merits of Jesus Christ; and that He was as willing to cleanse them as when He cleansed the leper, if they opened their hearts to receive Him. They expressed gratitude for speaking to them, and thanked me very much; said I had done them good. Since then two of them have joined the Salvation Army. I believe I have been instrumental in God's hands of their salvation; they thanked me for going."

The Colporteur's Sabbath. — "Visited about fifty homes with tracts, and spoke a few words where I could. Sunday-school, 2.30; gave an address to teachers and scholars. Preached at a lodging house at 5.30, and at Gospel Hall 6.30, and again in the Market at 8.35; then visited some sick people.

"On Sundays I always endeavor to get among the groups of men at the corners, and wait on them at closing time, coming out of the public-houses, to present them with a tract, and persuade them to observe the Sabbath; not only have I been successful with individuals, but in two cases of which I have heard whole



COLPORTEUR AND BIBLE CARRIAGE.

families have been induced to attend regularly the means of grace on the Sabbath day. To God be the glory."

Preaching Services by the Colporteurs. — According to their ability and opportunity many of the colporteurs are regularly engaged preaching the gospel both in the open air and as "supplies" for various denominations. Much blessing rests upon this, which may be called the extra work of a colporteur. A few reports are given of this department of service: —

Conversion Work. — "The preaching of the Word has been much blessed this last few months. One poor woman told me in a meeting that the Lord had made her so unhappy about her soul that she could not work. She then went down on her knees and prayed as best she could, and the Lord had showed her the difference between believing about Christ and believing in Christ, which I had been talking about the last Sunday. She said: 'I have been trying to get Christ and heaven by doings, but now I see it is a done work, and I can say I am in Christ and Christ in me.' Two others have just been brought to know the Lord, and several drunkards have become sober men, who a little time ago would curse the name of such a man as myself.

"There are many things to encourage me. My speaking at the chapel and Sunday-school, and other places, is very acceptable. The congregations have increased, and a greater earnestness is manifested by those who love the Lord, and it has been our joy to hear the cry of the penitent sinner for mercy. One man, in good circumstances, came to me at the close of a Sabbath evening service and asked to be remembered in prayer. I visited him the next day and talked and prayed with him, and I believe he is now a saved man. He is very regular at the week-night service, and it is good to hear him pray. We have three stand proposed for membership, and another was crying for mercy last Thursday night in the meeting, and I believe the Spirit of God is working upon the hearts of several others."

The Colporteur and Temperance. — "I am pleased to inform you that the book 'John Ploughman's Pictures' has been the means of leading one man to give up the drink, and since that has joined the Congregationalists, and he wishes me to tell Mr. Spur-

geon that he owes his conversion to God through reading that book.

“On entering a public-house I found several men drinking. I began to talk to them of the necessity of being decided for Christ. The landlady came and sat down with the men; I then tried to show them what the Saviour had done for them and how He loved them. The landlady wept like a child. It seems as if they can stand as many oaths and curses as can be put upon them, but, thank God! they cannot stand to be told of the love of Jesus without feeling uncomfortable, especially the baser sort of people. I find that the name of Jesus has a power when everything else has failed: angels and men before Him fall, and devils fear and fly.

“Another very interesting case was one day in going to a village. Just as I got to the village there came a dreadful storm of thunder and lightning and rain, and the first house I came to was a public-house. I ran into this house for shelter, and found it full of men drinking and gambling, with much swearing. I had not been in many minutes before one asked me what I had to sell; I at once put my pack on the table and showed what I had. They soon gave over swearing, and I spoke to them and tried to sell them a book each. I sold one ‘John Ploughman’s Talk,’ and another at a shilling, and a few little books, and a number left the house before I did, and went home in the rain; when the rain gave over a bit I started for home without calling at any more houses. I came home with a light heart, though wet through with water.”

During the year 1880 there were seventy-nine colporteurs in the field. They sold 105,114 books and 272,698 magazines, besides distributing gratuitously 794,044 tracts, and making 630,993 visits. Who can tell with what results? Surely here is work enough for one man to superintend, yet it is only a branch of the great tree which Pastor Spurgeon has planted.

XVIII.

LETTERS.

THE object of the gospel is not to make men anxious, but to calm their anxieties ; not to fill them with endless controversy, but to lead them into all truth. The gospel gives rest of conscience by the complete forgiveness of sin through the atoning blood of Christ ; rest of heart by supplying an object for the affections worthy of their love ; and rest of intellect by teaching it certainties which can be accepted without question. Our message does not consist of things guessed at by wit, nor evolved out of man's inner consciousness by study, nor developed by argument through human reason ; but it treats of revealed certainties, absolutely and infallibly true, upon which the understanding may rest itself as thoroughly as a building rests upon a foundation of rock. — C. H. SPURGEON.

LETTERS.

MR. SPURGEON'S correspondence is simply voluminous. We were present on one occasion when his mail-bag arrived, and soon hundreds of letters lay piled on his table. Naturally, while human nature is what it is, he is questioned on every subject in heaven, and earth, and under the earth. Thousands of letters in the year must reach the waste-basket, but no letter of importance escapes his notice, and he is occupied for hours each Saturday answering correspondents. Many letters reach him, extracts of which find their way to the pages of his magazine. The preacher who receives them must feel deeply thankful that he is so highly honored of God in the ministry of the gospel. Many of them possess peculiar interest, and to gratify our readers we subjoin specimen copies. Their publication is not designed to glorify the preacher, but to magnify the grace of God in him and benefit each reader by their perusal.

A friend in Sydney writes as follows:—

“DEAR MR. SPURGEON, — It seems natural when help is given to acknowledge it, and I hope, therefore, you will not think that I am taking a liberty in writing to thank you for the great assistance you have been to me personally through the medium of two of your published sermons.

“The two sermons I refer to were entitled ‘Prayer Perfumed with Praise’ (No. 1469), and ‘Mistrust of God Deplored and Denounced’ (No. 1498). By reading these I have been led to exercise faith in a way never thought of before, and as a result have experienced a confidence sufficient to secure a long-desired

blessing of a very practical kind; and though the responsibility attaching to such new circumstances is great, the assurance given that I shall be upheld according to His Word, and not be ashamed of my hope, is far greater.

“Allow me then, to thank you on my own behalf, and also on the part of another, for the blessing your sermons have been.

From Victoria: —

“MY DEAR SIR, — I have often felt inclined to write you these last twelve years. At that time I lost a darling boy; everything seemed dark, and nothing brought me any comfort. The Word of God, that had been my stay through many similar trials, was all darkness to me. A friend brought me one of your sermons, and asked me to allow her to read it. At first I refused, but at last consented. I forget the title, but it was that everything was ordered by God — no chance. I felt all the time my friend was reading afraid to breathe. I could only say, ‘Go on, go on.’ When she had finished it I leaped from my couch and said, ‘All is right, thank God, my dark mind is all light again.’ I have had similar trials since, and many other trials, but I could say from my heart, ‘Thy will be done, it is all right.’ At this time my husband ordered your sermons monthly, and we still continue to do so. Every Sunday evening we read one of them aloud for all to hear, and afterwards I send them into ‘the bush.’ My dear sir, go on and preach what you feel. It has often been a great comfort to us that you seemed to feel just as we felt.”

“The son of red Kaffirs or raw Kaffirs” sends the following note from Port Elizabeth, South Africa: —

“DEAR SIR, — I don’t know how to describe my joy and my feelings in this present moment. We never did see each other face to face, but still there is something between you and me which guided me to make these few lines for you. One day as I was going to my daily work I met a friend of mine in the street. We spoke about the Word of God, and he asked me whether I had ever seen one of Mr. Spurgeon’s books. I said, ‘What Mr. Spurgeon is that? One of the Independent ministers in London?’ and I said, ‘No, I never saw such a book in my life.’ He said he bought it from the bookseller. I asked the name of the book,

and he said it was the 'Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit,' and I went straight to the shop and bought one. I have read a good bit of it. On my reading it I arrived on a place where Job said: 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.' I am sure I can't tell how to describe the goodness you have done to us, we black people of South Africa. We are not black only outside, even inside; I wouldn't mind to be a black man only in color. It is a terrible thing to be a black man from the soul to the skin; but still I am very glad to say your sermons have done something good to me. May the Lord bless your efforts and prosper your work! May it please Him to gain many sons into His glory through you as His instrument, not only in London, but also in Africa!"

From Denmark: "Through twelve of your sermons, which are translated into Danish, I and my household have this winter been acquainted with your Christian announcement, and we thank you for every clearing and edifying word. We seceded from the Established Church a year ago, because we have so evidently seen the tragical consequences of the connection between the Church and the State, and we could not possibly act contrary to the conviction forced upon us by the reading of the New Testament, viz., the incorrectness of the infant baptism."

Two missionaries in one of the isles of Greece write: "We read every Sunday a sermon; many times it is one of your sermons. Last Sunday the one we read was 'The Good Samaritan' (No. 1360). It made a deep impression on our minds. Your sermons are to us like rain upon a dry land. We have no church to attend, and no friends to associate with."

A Baptist minister in North America writes: "Mr. Spurgeon's writings have done more for me than the writings of any other uninspired man. Indeed, his influence is felt the wide world over. In the backwoods of this island a dying man the other week confessed that his soul had been impressed and enlightened by a sermon published in the 'Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit;' while Baptists out here speak of 'praying for Mr. Spurgeon' as a special duty. I have also discovered that preachers of other denominations are using these sermons, from introduction to conclusion,

and after the service it is somewhat amusing to find the volume under the seat of the sleigh."

The following touching epistle comes from Florida: —

"MY DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST, — Once upon a time a wealthy man, who owned many gardens, sent one of his gardeners to water the plants. The gardener went and adjusted the hose, turned the tap, and watered them far and near. Many of them were near him, but far away in a corner of the garden, farthest from the gardener, was a frail flower that had long been pining for the refreshing showers. The gardener, not knowing its need, nevertheless turned the hose in that direction, and the drooping plant revived and bloomed afresh, to delight all who chanced to come near it, and it loved the master *and the instrument*, though the latter was unknown.

"Several weeks ago I lay ill, far away from London, in the wilds of Florida. Weak and faint-hearted, I lay pondering on the strange providence of the Master, when one of your sermons was placed in my hands. The refreshing shower revived me and gave me fresh hope and courage, and I rose from my sick couch to strive still more earnestly to gain access to the hearts of those by whom I am surrounded, and to-day, in a small class that I have formed out here in the wilderness, the Lord made His presence felt, and blessed us with an awakening that I have never seen here before, and tears of repentance were shed by many. I was so full of joy and gratitude to God that I felt, indeed I longed, to let you know that your influence as an instrument had even reached this place."

From Michigan: "I have read your sermons many years, they are marrow and fatness to my soul. Toil on, O servant of Jesus! You gave me a pretty good lesson in your sermon entitled 'The Dromedaries' (No. 1504). I enclose you twenty-five dollars to buy 'straw' for your dromedaries; I leave the word 'barley' for such persons as the lady who gave £20,000. I have just been reading 'John Ploughman's Talk.' I think you are pretty tough on us slow folks; but if we all could keep up with you, don't you think the world would run off her track in less than twenty-four hours?"

From Quebec: —

“MY DEAR SIR, — Since reading a sermon delivered by you a long time ago on the text, ‘Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved’ (No. 293), and in which you set forth the great sin of unbelief, I have felt a strong desire to write to you and strengthen your hands by letting you know that your labor is not in vain, as I, for one, can testify to the great good derived from that and other sermons of yours. My father, before we left Scotland, seven years ago, always got your sermons, as well as your ‘Sword and Trowel,’ and having derived great benefit from them, he carefully put them away. About a year ago my brother sent me a few of those old sermons, which I read, and, glory be to God! opened my eyes while reading that sermon, and since then I have found peace in believing.”

One of Mr. Spurgeon’s elders sent him the following letter: —

“MY DEAR SIR, — At a meeting last night I heard the following statement, which I think you will be pleased with: A member of one of our London churches said that, being an engineer, he had to reside for some little time in a foreign town, the name of which I did not catch, where he was entirely surrounded by Portuguese. He said it was very sweet to meet an Englishman anywhere under such circumstances to converse in his native tongue. He heard that there was an Englishman confined for life in the prison, and he determined to call on him and speak to him respecting the love of God to sinners. He got permission to see him, and having entered the prison, commenced at once speaking to him through the iron grating. The poor convict then told him that, a few years before that, a young Englishman called upon him in a similar manner and left behind some English novels, but between the leaves of one of the novels there was a sermon which had been preached in Exeter Hall, in 1856, by C. H. Spurgeon. The convict read it. It was upon ‘Salvation to the Uttermost’ (No. 84), and it referred to the murderer Palmer, then under sentence of death. The words entered into his heart, and he immediately knelt down in his cell and cried for pardon, and he received a sense of forgiveness on the spot, and he was still rejoicing in the assurance that God for Christ’s sake had forgiven him. He told

Mr. B. that he had no hope of liberty in this life, but he was nevertheless rejoicing in the glorious hope set before him in the gospel."

The following letter refers to the fifteen-hundredth published sermon, "Number 1500; or, Lifting up the Brazen Serpent," preached in October, 1881:—

"DEAR SIR,—Yesterday morning my brother passed from us at daybreak. Though unknown to you, I think you will like to hear something he said. On Tuesday evening I asked him, 'What can I do to be as happy as you?' He answered with difficulty, 'It's all in "Instant Salvation" and Number 1500.' Many times he has talked of Number 1500, and has directed me to send one to his brother. A member of your congregation sent me Number 1500 in a letter to him, a sort of sly way, perhaps, of giving it to him. A passer-by on St. Leonard's Parade gave him 'Instant Salvation.' Sir, my brother's words were, 'Only Jesus, nothing but Jesus; Jesus! Jesus!' and he passed away without suffering, perfectly easy, pleasant, contented, joyous, and triumphant, and fully conscious up to five minutes from his death, so gently that I, a medical man, cannot say when he died—not the slightest struggle, only a gradually increasing stillness. Sir, if this letter be like a 'well done' from the Lord through the voice of my brother to you, I am glad, as it will give you pleasure. Don't trouble to answer, I am not a Baptist, but a Church of England man."

The following cheering note comes from the United States: "It will refresh your heart to learn that a beloved pastor in this country (whose teaching and preaching are a striking contrast to the vapid utterances of the humanitarians and sentimentalists who abound in all our cities) received through your ministry some years ago a very great blessing. He visited England, and planned to hear all the men of note in London. On his arrival he happened to learn that you were to speak one afternoon in the neighborhood of his hotel. That sermon did him so much good that he followed you around, and during his six weeks in London heard no other preacher. Your vindication of God's grace and advocacy of His sovereignty in salvation, and your clear presenta-

tion of faith and assurance so filled him and confirmed his own views of divine truth, that he returned to his own country strong in the Lord and in the power of His might. He often speaks of that visit, and I have heard him frequently thank God for your ministry. He is truly a witness to the sufficiency of the Atonement, and a noble opposer of that science, falsely so called, which belittles the word of revelation."

A minister in St. Petersburg, Russia, sends the following: "By your sermons, etc., you are having a part in the great work of spreading Christ's kingdom both in St. Petersburg and in the interior. You are well known among the priests, who seem glad to get hold of your translated sermons, and, strange to say, I know cases in which the censor has readily given consent for your works to be translated when he has been reluctant respecting many."

Mr. Spurgeon adds: "Another friend in the same city, who distributes our sermons, says that he gave one recently to an old Russian pope, or priest, who called upon him one Sunday while engaged at family prayer, and tried to sell him some pork. He says that he will get all the other sermons that are translated, and give them to as many popes as he can find access to."

A Christian sister in India writes: "I enclose you a note which I received from a Mussulman to whom I had lent a book of your sermons, and I request your prayers on his behalf, that he may have grace given him to profess Christ openly, and to come out from Mahometanism." Here is the note: "My dear Miss ——. Your sermon-book has, indeed, converted me to Christianity. I do believe in Christ our Lord, and so long as my belief in Him is firmly rooted, I do not care what I may be called in the outer world. Mr. Spurgeon appears to be an extraordinary man."

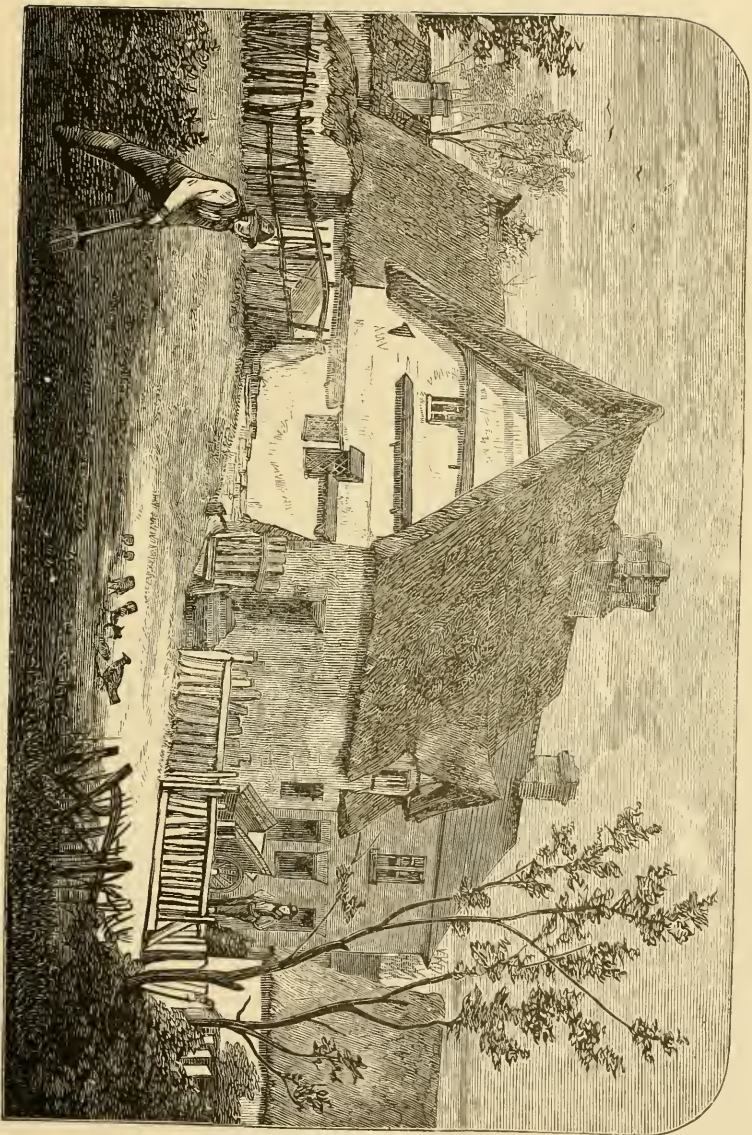
From Germany comes the following unsolicited testimony to the value of "The Treasury of David:" "I mailed one volume of 'The Treasury' to Dr. Zoekler, and requested him to give me his opinion of it. Dr. Zoekler is considered (even among German pastors) a great bookworm, and I was a little curious to see what he would say. He declared the Commentary to be 'a museum of spiritual treasures,' and thought the publication of it would be to

most German theologians like the discovery of ancient Troy by Schliemann. My Lutheran neighbors beg me to have the work done, if not for money, still for the good it would do, and they beg for the whole work. . . . There is nothing which might benefit Germany more than the publication of this work."

Pastor Spurgeon adds: "A friend informs us that in Toulon, the great seaport and naval arsenal in the southeast of France, where there are many artisans and multitudes of sailors, a work similar to that of Mr. McAll in Paris has been commenced by M. Massis, a Protestant pastor, assisted by his wife and a missionary. Several rooms have been opened for preaching, and converts gathered for worship and work. Recently, when both M. Massis and his helper were compulsorily absent from the service, one of the converts undertook to lead the singing and prayer, but, being unable to preach, he read the French translation of our sermon, 'Remember Lot's Wife' (No. 1491), and this was the means of the conversion of a whole family."

"Another friend, who conducts services in a Hampshire village where a new chapel is being built, tells us that every Sunday evening for the last four years he has preached there, but being engaged in business all the week he cannot give much time to study. He says that he has, therefore, taken our sermons regularly, got all the marrow he could out of them, copied out the leading thoughts, lived in the subject all the week, and then given out to the people the honey he has gathered. He adds that God has blessed this system of working to the salvation of souls and the edification of believers, and that this way of proclaiming the truth has also interested the congregation."

A fisherman in Scotland sends the following pleasing account of his conversion: "I remember a colporteur coming to my mother's house, and he asked me if I would buy a book. 'Yes,' says I, 'if you have got any ballads,' that is, Scotch songs. So he says to me: 'If you give me a piece of fish I will give you something that will do you more good than ballads.' I saw he desired my good, so I gave him half a codfish, and he gave me one of your sermons. The text was: 'Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else'



THE COTTAGE IN WHICH MR. SPURGEON PREACHED HIS FIRST SERMON.

(‘Sovereignty and Salvation,’ No. 60). While reading that sermon the blessed Spirit of God enlightened my understanding, and I saw Jesus set before me as my Saviour. Blessed hour! Happy day! Jesus washed my sins away.”

The secretary of the China Inland Mission writes: “This morning I received from one of our missionaries in China a letter, from which the following is an extract: ‘I just want to tell you one thing, which is the principal object I had in writing you this time. In “China’s Millions,” of December, I think it is, you mentioned at one of the farewell meetings held on behalf of Messrs. Cooper, Protheroe, and Thompson, that besides Cooper there was another in China (Hunnex, I presume) who had been led to offer himself for the work through Mr. Spurgeon’s sermon, “The Divine Call for Missionaries” (No. 1351). It was that “call” that led me to offer myself to the C. I. M.; previous to that I had thought (D.V.) of applying to the London Missionary Society; but that call gave me no rest nor peace of mind till I had applied to the C. I. M., till I had read the “Millions” sent down for my perusal, till I had again applied, filled up the form, and gone to London. So there are three working in connection with the C. I. M. who were led to give themselves for work in China through Mr. Spurgeon’s sermon.’”

A minister from Tennessee recently bore the following personal testimony: “Nine years ago I was a wild young man, but I was converted through reading one of Mr. Spurgeon’s sermons, and I am now the minister of a large and influential church. The Lord’s name be magnified!”

One of the students recently received an application for baptism from a young Swiss lady, who gave this testimony: “My parents were members of the Protestant Established Church in Switzerland; but though I attended the ordinances and observed the ceremonies, I always felt that I was a hypocrite, for I never believed in them, but desired something which I could not get in the church. When I came to England I read a sermon by Mr. Spurgeon, which did me good. ‘John Ploughman’s Talk,’ though funny, was made a great blessing to me. I then bought his sermons, and read them, and I am now happy to say that I am

trusting in Jesus. When I return home I shall distribute these sermons which have been so blessed to me."

Mr. F. H. Newton, of the German Baptist Mission, writes: "I have just returned from a visit to several of our German churches, and especially of those in Russia. I feel sure you will be interested to learn that your printed words (in German) have always free admission into Russia, which is saying a great deal, the only exception being in the case of your sermon on 'Baptismal Regeneration' (No. 573), which one of our brethren translated into Russian and submitted to the censor of the press, who, however, refused to sanction it, as he considered it an attack upon the Greek Church. The brother still hopes to be permitted to print it."

From the State of Virginia comes the following pleasing testimony: "Some years ago, when in the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity, without God and without hope in the world, I was persuaded by a friend to read a volume of your sermons, and now, my dear sir, let me tell you that if ever I felt the love of God shed abroad in my heart, or knew the truth as it is in Jesus, I owe it to the perusal of your sermons, and I am sure you were the means and instrument in the hands of God of my conversion."

"In recent numbers of 'The Sword and the Trowel' several instances have been given of the good effects of Spurgeon's sermons; will you allow the writer to add one more? In one of our resorts for invalids in the Midland Counties is a man of almost world-wide distinction, but who was better known thirty or forty years ago than he is to-day. His history is brimful of interesting incidents, and, when written, will be one of the most remarkable in modern times. He has seen eighty-eight summers, and though his natural force is abated and his eyes somewhat dimmed, he can, with the aid of a lens, see to read the daily papers, and is conversant with all the current events in national and social life. He is as sensitive as a barometer to any change in the diplomacy of the courts of Europe, and especially is this the case with anything connected with the tribes of Israel and their restoration to their own land. He has crossed the desert to visit Palestine, and on his first visit was accompanied by Dr. Black (who spoke nine-

teen languages), McCheyne, and Bonar. He has been the contemporary of some of the most distinguished divines, physicians, and writers that Scotland has ever known. He is now confined to his bed, from which he knows he will never be lifted until he is carried to the place of sepulchre. Not a murmur, however, escapes his lips. He has the piety of a saint and the simplicity of a child; but you can see the old fire burn when the foundation truths are assailed by men of modern thought. His chief joy on the Sabbath, dear Mr. Editor, is to hear one of your sermons. The reader is a little maid; and he avows that he has the *best preacher* and hears the *best sermon* in the town. Need I say that our aged friend is Dr. Alexander Keith, the author of 'The Evidence of Prophecy' and other valuable works. I am not commissioned by the seer to send you the above, but I am commissioned to give you his grateful thanks for the rich feast you give him. He, moreover, wished me to say that, while spending the winter at the Bridge of Allan, two or three years ago, your sermons were read by invalids in five separate rooms of the same establishment every Sunday. Many prayers go up daily to heaven for the continuance of your health and life, but not the least fervent come from the lips of this dear old man."

A brother minister, who signs himself "A Daily Petitioner at the Throne of Grace on your behalf," sends the following note: "About September, 1869, I attended the Tabernacle in company with my wife on a Thursday evening. Your text was: 'And Lot . . . pitched his tent toward Sodom.' As I listened to your earnest appeals, especially to Christians, my soul was stirred to its depths, and I could not but bedew the seat in the gallery with my tears. I felt a new baptism of love for souls, and returning home we both dedicated ourselves afresh to God, to spend and to be spent for those who know not the Saviour. I can truthfully say I have a measure of that power with me up to the present time, and since that memorable occasion I trust I have been enabled, both in the open air and in chapels, to win many souls for my Master, some of whom are gone home, and others are on the journey. To Him be all the praise!"

A friend in Jersey, in sending a donation for the Girls' Orphan-

age, writes: "I have been a reader of your sermons these seventeen years or more, having had sent to me monthly the Australian papers in which they appear weekly. God has been graciously pleased to bless them to the salvation of my soul. I had almost begun to think my Saviour had forgotten me. I knew I had long ignored Him. I have lately found out the way to procure them in any number, and have gladly availed myself of it. I think I have now near six hundred of them. I lend them out in books of fifty. I prize them above every other means of grace save *the* Book. As you so frequently want money for the good works in which you are always engaged, I thought you would not despise my trifle. I wish it were fifty times as much. . . . Receive my sincere and heartfelt thanks for the unspeakable good your sermons have afforded and still afford me."

A friend in Glasgow, who signs himself "Your Loving Son in Jesus," gives the following particulars of blessing received from one of the sermons: "About two years ago a sermon of yours entitled 'The Search Warrant' appeared in the 'Christian Herald.' I had been anxious long before, but the Wednesday evening that this sermon came I went away into the country to read it. Oh, I was in earnest that night! When I was sure I was alone I stood and cried to God in prayer. In this prayer I was led to ask but one thing, — namely, that Spurgeon's sermon might be the means of saving my soul that night. I opened the paper and read it with great attention. The Spirit was with me, and when I got half-way through brought home to me the words, 'the very simplicity of faith makes the difficulty.' I had always been searching for some dark, mysterious, hidden thing. Back I went to the beginning, with a firm resolve to read it simply. Then I saw how one thing after another was cast down, and Faith herself was made a standing-ground on which to place the only thing that I could see left in the whole sermon, — the beautiful, glorious, 'altogether lovely' form of our wounded Emmanuel. Christ was everywhere, and even myself had vanished, for I was a new creature. . . . Thank God for a Spurgeon to preach 'The Search Warrant!'"

A friend writes from Manchester to tell us that her father, who has been a great drunkard for many years, has become a believer

in the Lord Jesus, and has recently joined a Christian church. She says: "It is all through reading your 'Seven Wonders of Grace.'"

The following is an extract from a letter of one of the missionaries of the China Inland Mission: "We stayed over the Sabbath at Tsông-kô-bu. . . . In the evening, after reading Mr. Spurgeon's sermon on 'The Hiding of Moses by Faith' (No. 1421), I gave the substance of it in Chinese to our native pastor and the preacher at the above place, and then with deep-felt earnestness I prayed God to spare dear Mr. Spurgeon to the Church of Christ and to the world for many years to come. The Chinese cannot pronounce 'Spurgeon' correctly, so we call Mr. Spurgeon in this quarter 'Sze Pah-jing,'—that is, 'The Successor or Continuator of a Hundred Virtues.' The word 'hundred,' in Chinese, stands for an indefinite number."

From Natal comes a cheering letter, which contains the following references to Mr. Spurgeon's sermons: "In 1860 I emigrated to South Africa, and on board the ship 'John Masterman' I received the first of your sermons I ever saw, and during our voyage they were read every Sabbath for divine service for the Presbyterian part of the passengers. I so loved your sermons that if I only got a spare leaf of one I treasured it and put it away. . . . I have a wife and eight children. I live on a small farm twelve miles away from my place of worship, and I have established a school on the farm, and with my own family, the schoolmaster, and some of the children, we muster a small band of from fifteen to twenty-two on the Lord's-day evening to read one of your loved and highly appreciated sermons; and we seem to be as familiar with your name as if we met every Sabbath at the Tabernacle. I write this to let you know that even in this far-away place you have hearers that you knew not of. At the same time I take the opportunity of sending you the small sum of five pounds, which you can appropriate wherever it is most needed."

The following pleasing note comes from Russia: "I came to this country about twenty-four years ago, and have been about in various parts of the interior ever since. Beyond having one volume of your sermons, I have not been much acquainted with the extent of your progress until the past year, during which I have

taken in 'The Sword and Trowel.' Through it I have watched you with great interest and earnest prayer, and the first thing I fly to now on receiving a new number is your Personal Notes. . . . I have a wife and eight children. A few weeks ago I explained to them the meaning of the Orphanage, and appealed to their feelings; the result was that I was authorized to go to their savings' bank and take out three roubles forty kopecks as the children's contribution. We have now made up the sum to fifty-five roubles, which will be forwarded to you from St. Petersburg by a cheque. The amount should not be less than five pounds: please accept it. I am so deeply interested in all your noble institutions that I scarcely know how to divide it, but I think if you will give one pound to Mrs. Spurgeon for the Poor Ministers' Clothing Fund, one pound to the Colportage Fund, and the balance to the Orphanage, we cannot do better."

A Methodist minister in Ireland writes: "Many a time these few years I have wondered whether you know that you are preaching in unnumbered pulpits every Lord's day, in many cases word for word as reported in your volumes. You are aware, I suppose, that the weekly sermon is read by two thirds of the Protestants in Ulster. In some cases ten families join in taking it, and lend it from one to another."

The deacons of a church in South Australia, in sending a donation for the Girls' Orphanage, say: "We have for years past received substantial help from your printed sermons. Christians have been helped on their way, and others have through their instrumentality been introduced into the light and liberty of the gospel."

A sailor friend, who distributes Mr. Spurgeon's sermons and other works wherever his ship goes, writes from Jamaica: "We have given away nearly all the books and sermons that we had. We are saving a few for the poor negroes at the other ports to which we are going. They were so thankful for them at the Falkland Islands, and enjoyed reading them so much. In one house I went in, I saw 'Morning by Morning' and 'Evening by Evening'; they looked quite homely to me, as we use them every morning and evening on board ship."

Another writes: "Though it may be known to you already, I venture to mention one incident which was brought to my notice. The little island of Bryher (one of the Scilly Isles), though it only has one hundred and twenty inhabitants, contains a church and a chapel. Service is held at the church occasionally, and then the chapel is closed. On other Sundays the service is held at the chapel, and the sexton, who is also clerk at the church, reads one of your sermons, and they sing Wesley's hymns."

We subjoin the following letter, written to Mr. Spurgeon in his editorial capacity, as another illustration of the marvellous influence he is wielding over all classes of men. He is always happy in preaching to sailors, and his prayers often ascend on behalf of the sons of the sea: —

DEAR MR. EDITOR, — You have often been called a many-sided man: I shall therefore address your editorial personality, and consider for the moment that you are not the preacher I heard on Thursday evening last. I venture to think the Metropolitan Tabernacle had more sailors and sailor workers to this service than ever before. The good manager of the Sailors' Home sent up two wagon-loads, while Miss Macpherson's lady friends marched at the head of a splendid column of hardy, well-dressed sailors. Very few ports of the world were unrepresented, while captains, officers, and missionaries helped to fill the first gallery. Much prayer had been offered and enthusiasm awakened by Mr. Spurgeon having promised to preach a sailors' sermon. At seven he came down to his quarter-deck looking careworn and overworked, as though he had been watching a week in the Channel. But as he looked at his crew on the starboard and port sides inspiration came, and the buoyancy of his spirit returned.

The intercessory prayer for those at sea and those on shore waiting for missing ships, led many hearts to the throne of grace. As to the sermon, having graduated in God's university, the sea, with wind and wave, rock and sand, sun and star for my professors, I would, as a qualified judge, pronounce it A 1 at Lloyds'. It was simply first-rate, and worthy of the great preacher and his glorious theme, "The sea is His, and He made it." I want, believing that it is calculated to bless the sailor and his cause and to

glorify the God of the sea, to send it out as a tidal wave of blessing to the ends of the earth. Give me fifty thousand, and I can supply every lighthouse and lightship on our coast, every lifeboat and coastguard station, every British consulate and sailors' mission in the world, and the great British mercantile marine. Give me a hundred thousand, and her Majesty's ships and the American navy shall be supplied as well. But *fifty thousand copies* I must have, and I solemnly ask: Who is going to do this for Jesus, the Lord High Admiral of the seas? Some \$1,000 would cover the entire cost, and I would undertake with our staff of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, and associate societies, a proper distribution. Your readers are not aware that in January of this year the effective tonnage of the mercantile navies of the British Empire was 16,000,000, while the rest of the world only had some 11,500,000. This means that under one flag, and that flag the British, there is now fifty-eight per cent of the shipping of the whole world. Storms that hurled the Tay Bridge into the sea have played havoc with our shipping, both sail and steam. In the past year (1879), not counting the exceptionally disastrous months of this year, no less than 1,688 vessels were *reported* to have been wrecked, with an estimated value, including cargoes, of \$127,500,000!

But what became of those on board? About *five thousand* perished! People have no conception of our ocean empire. Why, there are fifty thousand fishing-boats around the coasts of Britain alone!

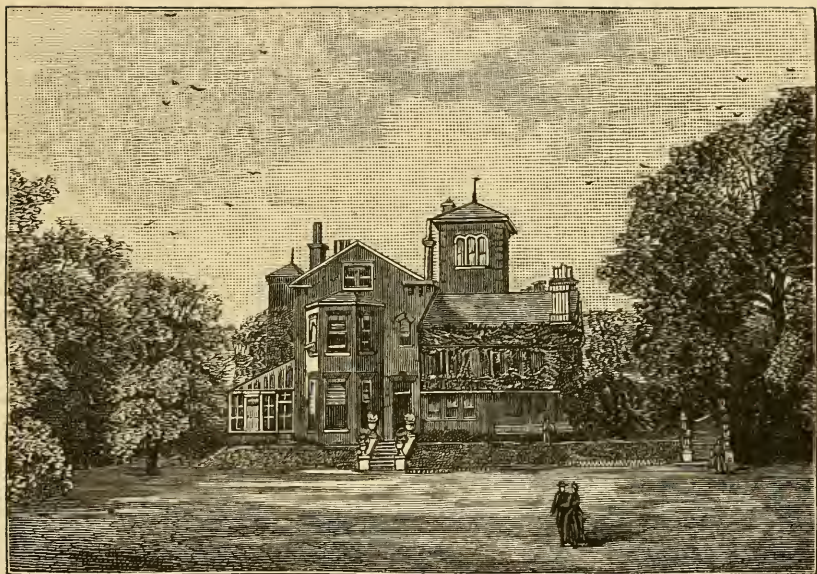
Is it, then, too much to ask for a hundred thousand copies of this special sermon? The sailors are absent, they cannot plead for themselves. This is why they are too often forgotten. It will cheer Mr. Spurgeon if we could thus serve the sailor. Who dare estimate the outcome of this effort for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom? Who will thus help to make the sailors the unpaid evangelists of Christ to all the nations? All hands lay hold of this rope and give us a pull; but you, Mr. Editor, must give the command, or few will obey. Yours faithfully,

EDWARD W. MATTHEWS,
Secretary, British and Foreign Sailors' Society, Shadwell, London.

XIX.

PERSONAL NOTES.

SOMETIMES our experience is for the good of others, and sometimes it is for our own good. You cannot see the beauty of certain gems unless you place them on black velvet. When you have something black behind, then you see their lustre. So there are promises of God in which you never will discover their very brightest meaning except they are set against some dark soul-trouble. Much of faith's education may be called black-letter learning. Very black the letters are, too, and very ugly looking, but they must be spelt over. You cannot see the stars in the daytime; you must wait till the sun has gone down.—C. H. SPURGEON.



PRESENT HOME OF PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

PERSONAL NOTES.

THE monthly "Notes" from Mr. Spurgeon's pen are not the least interesting feature of "The Sword and the Trowel." These brief "Notes" speak volumes. They reveal the pastor's heart and the preacher's faith. They declare how fully identified is the workman with his work, how ceaselessly he watches over every department of labor originated by him. Mr. Spurgeon's friends read the "Notes" with prayerful, grateful hearts; his more distant acquaintances with ever-growing admiration for the man; strangers with awakened interest and amazement. The "Notes" possess a peculiar freshness when first published; but as items of work done, of labors directed, and of energies expended, they are worthy of a more permanent place than the pages of a monthly journal.

The death of President Garfield creates among Christian people a feeling far deeper than that which arises from the decease of an ordinary ruler. He was a member of a section of the Baptist church, and the representative of that party in the United States which is the friend of the freedman. His fall is a serious blow to those in the States whose principles are on the side of righteousness. We believe that it will be overruled for the highest ends, but as it stands his murder is a great calamity. May his widow find a measure of consolation in the sympathy of all civilized nations, and comfort without measure in the tender mercy of her husband's God! England and America have been drawn together as by a common grief; may a feeling of concord thus sown in tears be reaped in joy! Some hundreds of Americans

are to be found at the Tabernacle all through the summer, and thus the pastor is drawn into close fellowship with believers on the other side of the ocean.

We have lately felt more than ever the burden of souls, and a strong desire for a special visitation of grace to our churches. Our heart wanted vent. Hence we begged those of our friends who could spare the time to come together an hour before the week-night services to pray for a blessing. Before the lecture on Thursday we have had some of the most real and intense prayer that we have ever known. Perhaps some brother minister may take the hint, and see whether his people would not assemble with much enthusiasm to pray for a blessing upon their pastor and the service about to be held. Where regular prayer-meetings flag, it is well to hold others at different hours. Better get the people together at dead of night, than let them fall into a dead condition.

In answer to many inquiries, we are glad to speak of improved health. No summer holiday will be taken, for the many Sundays spent in the sick-room forbid any further absence from home. Neither can we travel far afield, for home work is so pressing. What with managing everything, preparing the weekly sermon, editing the magazine, and writing books, we are not doing badly when we fill up our weeks as we do. Here is a specimen week in which we did no more than ordinarily, but a little more than usual was visible to the common observer. Five sermons, three prayer-meetings, chair at two public meetings, speech at a third, one communion, one College afternoon of two hours' lecturing. Some of these occupied far more time in preparation than in the actual doing of them. We are thankful to be able to work. Oh, that we could accomplish far more! We need the prayers of all loving friends that God would give us more of His divine blessing. What is all that we can do without His Spirit?

We rejoice to hear that our sermon on "The Divine Call for Missionaries" (No. 1351) has been the means of leading another young man, besides the one mentioned in our "Notes" for June, to consecrate himself to the work of foreign missions. Mr. Broomhall, of the China Inland Mission, sends us the following extract from the papers of an accepted candidate: "What is your motive

for wishing to become a missionary?" "The glory of God in the salvation of the heathen." "What has led you to think of doing so?" "A sermon by Mr. Spurgeon on 'The Divine Call for Missionaries.'" "

One of the bandsmen of the Seventy-third Regiment writes from India to say that he receives our sermon every week by post, and that on a Sunday evening the soldiers will read "Spurgeon's Sermons" when they will read nothing else of a religious character. He states that after a sermon has gone the round of fifty or sixty men it is returned to him all black and fringed through the wear and tear.

Dr. Carson, of Coleraine, says concerning the sermons: "In my professional calling I have had abundant opportunity of knowing the good they do. Space would not allow me to dwell on this point, but I mention the instance of one of my own servants several years since. When he was waiting for me every day at the hospital gate I observed that he sat down on the step of the carriage and began to read. I asked him what he was reading, and he said it was a tract his mistress gave him, and that it was the nicest thing he ever read, as he could understand every word of it, and he wished that every minister would preach like that. I looked at it and found it was one of Spurgeon's sermons."

Mr. Wilhelm Haupt, missionary to the Edinburgh Ladies' Auxiliary to the German Baptist Mission, in his last quarterly report, writes as follows: "My own son Willy, now seventeen years of age, came from Barmen, where he is at school, to spend his Easter holidays with us. Shortly before, I had received some of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons from Dr. B., amongst which was one entitled 'The Seven Sneezes' (No. 1461), from the text, 2 Kings iv. 35, 'And the child sneezed seven times.' Having read this sermon, and believing that it was well suited to his case, I asked my boy to translate it into German for me. During the work of translation I could plainly see that what I had hoped was taking place,—the Lord was touching his heart and showing him his position. When he had finished the translation I asked him whether he too felt any signs of life, and he acknowledged he desired from his whole heart to become a Christian. He has not yet full assurance of faith, but

the Lord has begun His work of grace, and I have every reason to believe He will complete it. I am very grateful for the gift of these splendid sermons, from which I have derived much blessing."

A Scotch friend, in sending us a contribution for one of our works, explains that it is a thank-offering for the enjoyment and profit derived by him and his late wife from reading our sermons. He tells us that he is so deaf that he cannot hear his own minister's voice in the service of the sanctuary, and his wife was too ill to go to church for two years before she died, so they were both very grateful to get every Saturday the sermon which supplied them with spiritual food for the Lord's day. The writer further says: "Since my wife's death I have, after reading your sermon, given it to a friend, whose wife is also in very weak health, and has not been able to go to church for nearly two years. They enjoy the sermon very much, and after reading it pass it on to a neighbor, who also enjoys it. I think you might take occasion to drop the hint that each reader might seek out some invalid person who is not able to go to church and make a present of the sermon, instead of allowing it to lie idle on the shelf. The sick friend above mentioned was visited by the late Rev. James Robertson a few days before his decease. She told him that her own minister called to see her so seldom that she might now say that she had no church connection; but she greatly enjoyed the reading of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons. 'Oh, then,' replied Mr. Robertson, 'you will just consider you are one of Mr. Spurgeon's people.'"

One of our church-members, in thanking us for our recent sermon on Psalm lvii. 4, "My soul is among lions," writes: "You may be sure when I had the beer-house in — that my soul was among lions. You may not remember that your preaching was the means of my closing that house on the Sunday in spite of great opposition, persecution, and personal loss. I kept it closed on the Sunday with one exception, when the devil tempted me to open it, but Christ gained the victory, and enabled me to close ever afterwards on the Sunday. I closed on the same Sunday as you opened the Tabernacle. If every minister could be the means of closing one public-house on the Sunday the victory would be

won. The sermon on Zechariah xiv. 20 ('A Peal of Bells,' No. 399) decided me to join the church."

A brother Baptist minister, in sending us a contribution for the Girls' Orphanage, says: "During nearly twenty years' ministry I have been often helped and encouraged by your sermons, which I regularly read and lend to others. May the Lord long spare you to His Church!"

We were amused when we were informed of a notice that recently appeared in a shop window in Newcastle. Underneath a lithographic likeness, or what professed to be such, was the announcement, "Spurgeon reduced to Sixpence!" The kind friend who sent us the intelligence expressed the hope that we were not quite so poor as the notice implied.

In the first spare corner of the magazine let it stand recorded as my experience that the Lord is exceeding tender in His dealings with His afflicted. During the last six months He has tried me with sharp pains, but during that period He has kindly removed all cause for serious care as to the financial needs of my many institutions. Everything has been healthily sustained, and there have been no pitiful appeals by striking advertisement or otherwise. I intend no censure of the plans of others, but I cannot help admiring the considerate providence of our gracious Lord that He has kept off the trial of straitened supplies from His suffering servant. "He stayeth His rough wind in the day of the east wind."

Friends have come forth from the most unexpected quarters in the time of need, — nay before the need had actually come. Every fund, except that which supplies the College, is in better condition than before my illness, and even that is hardly an exception, for the outgoing in that direction will no doubt be made good at the annual supper. Prayerful trust is a way which the Lord will assuredly honor. I do but feebly trust and pray, but God most richly answers; and when in hours of crushing agony both supplication and confidence seem to need an effort beyond the strength of the tortured mind, the Lord deals with me after His own gracious fashion, "exceeding abundantly above all that we ask, or even think."

On Monday, September 29, we expect to say good-bye to our son Thomas and the two ministers who are going with him to Australia, Mr. R. McCulloch, from the College, and Mr. J. S. Harrison, who left the College a few months ago and settled at Blackburn. Mr. Gibson, a generous Christian gentleman of Tasmania, pays the passage of these two brethren, that they may labor in that island. It is a severe trial thus to be separated from a loving and beloved son, but the will of the Lord be done. We commend our son again to the loving care of those Australian friends who so generously received him on his first visit. He will need rest, but after a while we trust he will resume his preaching, go through the Australian colonies, visit New Zealand, and then settle down somewhere in the southern world. Such is the programme which our imagination has mapped out; but how little we know of the future! His parents surrender him to the Lord's work abroad, hoping one day again to see him in the flesh, and firmly believing that he will do good service for the Lord in the colonies. Beloved by the church at the Tabernacle and by all at home, we fondly hoped that our son would have had a useful career in England; but Infinite Wisdom cannot err.

Mr. Broomhall, who is conducting the home affairs of Mr. Hudson Taylor's mission, brought us the other day a copy of our sermon on "The Divine Call for Missionaries," No. 1351. It was scored and underlined, and had been carried about in his pocket by a brother who is now a missionary; the sermon having constrained him to devote himself to that work for the Lord. We prized the discourse more than if the princes of the land had covered it with jewels. To God be all the glory!

A nobleman of Alsace visited us at Mentone, and gave us copies of two of our sermons, which he has translated into French, and lithographed in running hand, to be read in congregations. We found our friend almost as well acquainted with our work as if he had attended the Tabernacle all his life. He came a long way for a short interview, bringing his wife and his son, and by this visit he greatly refreshed our spirit.

A minister, living at Wisbech, authenticates the following singular case of conversion through our sermon on "The Portion

of the Ungodly," No. 444. The writer says in a recent letter to us: "Seventeen years ago it pleased the Lord to permit me to dream that the end of the world was come, and in my dream I saw the saints rising with the Lord Jesus to glory. I was left, and near me, upon a large quantity of stubble, stood an acquaintance, who addressed me thus: 'They used to say in the other world that we should be in fire, but it is not so.' In a moment flames burst out, and in my fright I awoke. A few days after my dream my friend and I heard you preach at the Tabernacle. Judge how great was our surprise when you announced for your text, Isaiah xlvii. 14, 'Behold, they shall be as stubble; the fire shall burn them; they shall not deliver themselves from the power of the flame: there shall not be a coal to warm at, nor fire to sit before it.'" In August, 1876, a severe affliction, the dream, and our sermon resulted in our friend's conversion.

One of our students writes to tell us about the conversion of one whom he has recently baptized, who thus refers to the channel through which the blessing reached her: "Before I was brought to Christ I had a desire to hear Mr. Spurgeon; accordingly, I went to Exeter Hall, and afterwards to the Tabernacle, but still remained in my state of unregeneracy. One day I was entering the drawing-room, and, looking upon the table, my eye fell at once upon a printed sermon. Taking it into my hand, I read the text, Psalm li. 4. I read a little of the sermon, was interested, and read on until I was not only interested in it, but in Christ: this was the means of my conversion." It was our sermon, No. 86, on "Unimpeachable Justice."

A Christian sea-captain writes to tell us about the joyful reception of our sermons at St. Kitts, one of the West Indian islands. He says, "All my sermons that I had in the monthly parts I separated, for the people were so eager for them they came from every quarter to ask for them. We gave some to the master of a little vessel that trades to different islands, and we saw several of the laboring men gather round him as he read the sermons to them. The natives seemed to drink their contents down with as much pleasure as a thirsty ox does water on a summer's day." The mate of our friend's vessel went down among the very poor

who do not go anywhere, and had two meetings among them, which the people very much enjoyed. They wanted another visit, but before the next Sabbath the vessel had sailed.

In "The Preachers' Annual" of 1877, page 544, in an article by the Rev. G. T. Dowling on "Candidating," we chanced to read as follows: "Charles Spurgeon was not even seriously thought of as a prospective pastor the first time he preached in London. Months passed by before he was again invited to spend a Sabbath, and when even a call was extended it was by no means unanimous. Some families even left the church because 'that boy' was called."

This is given as a proof that successful preachers frequently produce a poor impression as candidates. This may be a general fact, but it was a pity to fabricate an instance. The truth is exactly the contrary. The moment after our first sermon was preached we were invited by the principal deacon to supply for six months, for he felt sure that at a church meeting, which would at once be held, such a resolution would be passed. We declined his offer, for we thought it too hasty, but promised to preach alternate Sabbaths during the next month; and this was done, and followed up immediately by a further invitation. No one person left the church to our knowledge, and the resolution inviting us was as nearly unanimous as possible, one man and four women voting to the contrary, all of these becoming in after time most friendly to us. We only mention the incident as a specimen of the manner in which advocates of a theory too often manufacture their instances, and as a warning to our friends to be slow in believing anything which they may hear or read about public persons.

Dr. Blaikie, in a recent letter to us, says of Dr. Livingstone: "I had in my hands the other day one of your sermons, *very yellow*: it lay embedded in one of his journals—had probably been all over Africa—and had in Livingstone's neat hand the simple words, '*Very good.*' Would you like it?" Our reply, as the reader will guess, was an urgent request that we might have the yellow relic.

The Religious Tract Society kindly favors us with the following extract from a letter from a member of the Servian Government, in reference to our sermon, "Come and Welcome," which has



REV. JOHN SPURGEON, FATHER OF C. H. SPURGEON,
82 YEARS OLD, 1892.

been published in Servia: "Mr. Spurgeon's sermon, 'Come and Welcome,' continues to be much read and appreciated. The Dean of Thabatz writes to thank me that I have procured for Servian Christians such most valuable reading; and also adds that he has never read anything more edifying and more 'filling the soul.' A copy found its way to the State Prison of Posharevatz, and I am informed has been there read with much enjoyment, even by some men who have been pronounced infidels. An old gentleman belonging to the highest rank of our society took the opportunity of an evening party in his house to read the whole sermon to the ladies and gentlemen present. I am mentioning to you all these details, believing them to be hopeful signs of coming harvest, and feeling myself happy and thankful to our merciful Father that the first seed, which by the instrumentality of your committee has been thrown in the earth of Servia, seems to bear with it God's blessing."

Mr. Spurgeon preached at Portsmouth, October 26. He writes: One of the papers seems to wonder that Mr. Spurgeon was nervous! Who could avoid it amid that dense throng, in a frail building, with constant interruptions? The horror of great darkness which passed over the preacher's soul, few can understand but those who have once seen a multitude flying in panic, and people trodden to death in the crush. We should be able to preach abroad far oftener if we could secure moderate audiences, in places full to safety, but not crowded to murder-point. However, the occasion ended well; and to God be praise! The efforts of all friends at Portsmouth to entertain the Baptist Union were most praiseworthy.

For an opportunity of preaching, Southampton, on October 27, bears the palm; for there we had order and quiet throughout, and we trust the Divine Presence was there. It was a singular sight to see at these services men of all grades and creeds, and even more remarkable to observe with what kindness they received the preacher of the Word. Surely there is some softening process at work, some coming together of divergent creeds, some candor towards long-despised truth. In the house of Canon Wilberforce, in concert with Lord Radstock and other friends, we had much

friendly discussion, but far more spiritual communion both in conversation and prayer. The life of God in the souls of believers triumphs over even important differences of ceremonial and doctrine. In honestly dealing with each other in the spirit of love to Christ we shall, by the Holy Ghost's guidance, find the way to mutual edification and enlightenment, and so to real unity. If congresses, and conferences, and meetings, by bringing Christians together, shall continue to increase their knowledge of each other, and their common regard for one another, they will do more towards the unity of Christendom than all the plans and societies which have this for their design, but know not how to compass it.

Altogether, Southampton friends deserve the highest commendation. We were delighted to find three of our College men at Southampton and two at Portsmouth, all favored with the divine blessing, and heartily working together to give entertainment to the denomination which met in such force in the two towns. Others of our own men were to the front, holding their own among the best of their brethren. We are greatly rejoiced when we see a man raised up in the ranks of the Church to serve the Lord valiantly, and there is just a drop of special zest to our joy when it happens to be one of the sons of the Pastors' College.

On Friday evening, October 21, the eleventh annual meeting of the Green Walk Mission, conducted by Mr. William Olney, Jr., was held in the Tabernacle Lecture Hall, when there was a large attendance of the workers and friends of the mission. Pastor C. H. Spurgeon presided. Mr. Bennett read the report, which commenced with a grateful reference to the spirit of prayer which had prevailed among the workers, and a recognition of the Lord's loving care of them at the time when the tempest blew down the tent in August last. It then proceeded to specify the various special and ordinary means which had been used for the purpose of bringing the people of Bermondsey to the feet of Jesus. These include Sunday and Thursday-evening services; five prayer-meetings during the week; magic-lantern lectures illustrating the Scriptures; five open-air services weekly; a tract society, for the distribution of the pastor's sermons by twenty-one friends, who



THE LATE MRS. JOHN SPURGEON,
MOTHER OF C. H. SPURGEON.

go from house to house on Sunday afternoons; a Sunday-school, with an average attendance in the afternoon of 386 scholars and twenty-five teachers, more of whom, especially for the girls' classes, are greatly needed; an infant class of about 150 children; a mothers' meeting, on Wednesday afternoons; a Dorcas society; song-services; missionary meetings, and other agencies which could not be mentioned in the "short report." The spiritual results seen since the last annual meeting have been most cheering, over fifty persons having testified to Mr. Olney that they have been led to the Saviour, and many of them having united with the churches at the Tabernacle, Greenwich, Pentonville, and Rye Lane.

It was a good meeting, and greatly cheered the pastor's heart as he saw with what vigor the various branches of Tabernacle work are being carried on. Here was a work large enough for a separate church, and yet only one of many boughs of the old tree.

Orphanage. Christmas Festivities. — The best thanks of the orphans and of the president of the Orphanage are due, and are hereby heartily tendered, to all those who by their generous help made Christmas at the Orphanage to be a time of great enjoyment.

Our son Charles, who took our place on Christmas day, sent us the following lively account of the day's proceedings: —

DEAR FATHER, —

"Christmas day has vanished fleeting,
Gone its merry hours of meeting;
Hearty fun and hearty eating,
Gone like Christmas days of yore," —

so I write to tell you how happy all were at the Stockwell Orphanage. To commence with, the morning service at Newman Hall's was very good. The fog was dense, so a large congregation could not be expected, but all were gratified to see so many there. The collection will realize £50 (two hundred and fifty dollars). A fine Christmas-box indeed! The walk, no doubt, gave the lads a keen appetite for the beef. Before they set to I read your kind letter, amid perfect silence (for a pin might have dropped, as Tom used to say) until I had finished the first sentence, "I wish you all a merry Christmas." Then they burst out, "The same to you, sir," and Mr. Charlesworth observed that it

was no fault of yours if you did not hear it. There was not one heart that did not fervently desire joy for you while absent from the Orphanage. The boys did the cheering well for everybody named in the note, but none exceeded the hurrahs given for the eleven little girls when, with Miss Moore leading the foremost, they walked down the hall to dinner. Dear little mites, they stood on the form for the boys to look at them, and then listened to your loving words. As per usual, ample justice was done to the dinner. Then the grandees had their dinner. A vacant chair again occupied the centre position at the table; I could not fill it, and regretted that my dear father was not there to do so, although I am truly glad you are away from these awful fogs. None forgot the president when they spoke, but all mourned his absence. It fell to my lot to receive a present from the "old boys," consisting of a case of cutlery, — a very handsome gift indeed, and one that will be useful, too, by and by. In the evening we heartily enjoyed ourselves. May the time come round when you will be there to rejoice with those who do rejoice!

The following is the letter which we sent to the Orphanage: —

MENTONE, December 20.

DEAR BOYS, — I wish you all a merry Christmas. My son, Mr. Charles Spurgeon, will tell you that it is a great trouble to me to be away from you all at Christmas, but I hope you will all enjoy yourselves none the less, and be as happy as kittens. I am very pleased to hear that as a rule you are a good lot of fellows, obedient, teachable, and true; therefore you have a right to be happy, and I hope you are. I always wish everything to be done to make you love the Orphanage and feel it to be your home, and in this all the trustees join, and so does Mr. Charlesworth. We want you to be very jolly while you are with us, and then to grow up and go out into business, and to turn out first-rate men and true Christians.

Boys, give three cheers for the trustees, who are your best friends, and then the same for Mr. Charlesworth, the matrons, and the masters. Don't forget the gentlemen who send the shillings and the figs. Hip, hip, hurrah!

Where are the girls?

Dear Children, — I hope you will be happy too, with Miss Moore and the other kind folks. You cannot make quite so much noise as those uproarious boys, but your voices are very sweet, and I shall be glad one day to hear them when I get well and come home. Enjoy yourselves all you can, and try to make everybody happy in your new home. I hope my first little girls will be specially good ones. Ought not the first to be the best?

Your friend always,

C. H. SPURGEON.

Any old boys about? God bless the young men, and make them our strength and honor.

Among the many expressions of brotherly kindness and sympathy which have reached us during our sojourn abroad, one calls for special mention. Just as we were retiring to rest one night, a soft pillow for our head and heart arrived by telegraph from the other side of the Atlantic. This was the form in which the sweet love-token came to hand: "To C. H. Spurgeon, Mentone, France. From New York Baptist Ministers' Conference: Prayers. Sympathy. 2 Corinthians i. 2, 7. Potter, Secretary." The full text of the message is as follows: "Grace be to you and peace from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ. . . . And our hope of you is stedfast, knowing, that as ye are partakers of the sufferings, so shall ye be also of the consolation."

May the ever-blessed Giver of peace and Lover of concord return to these brethren ten thousand-fold this their deed of love towards their afflicted fellow-servant. Such costly acts of spontaneous sympathy go far to prove that, degenerate as the age may be, there is life and love in the old Church yet.

This telegram was followed on January 15 by the following most touching letter, for which we feel the utmost gratitude: —

REV. CHARLES H. SPURGEON:

BELOVED BROTHER, — The sorrowful tidings reach us that you are entirely prostrated, not being able even to address your weekly epistle of love to your own church. Your sufferings touch the hearts of your American brethren most tenderly, and the New

York Conference of Baptist ministers, numbering more than one hundred, has appointed the undersigned a committee to express their deep sympathy with you in your present trial.

Be assured, precious brother, that this expression is most heartfelt and real: you live in our hearts so truly that your affliction is ours, on the divine principle that if one member suffers all the members suffer therewith. In health, you have sent thrilling words of cheer to the afflicted disciples of the Lamb all round the globe. And now, in the hour of your darkness, their affections cling closer to you than ever. Your pain meets with little mitigation through the livelong day and night while the sun makes his rounds over all lands, and we believe that in most of the nations that see his light the prayers of your brethren are rising to the God of all consolation as from a common altar, that divine succor may be vouchsafed to you every hour.

Truly, Infinite Grace has chosen you in the furnace of affliction. How far your terrible pains in the past have contributed as a holy discipline to the creation of that noble Christian manhood which has marked your life and labors so long, can be known only to our Heavenly Father. But we believe that as our Captain was made perfect through sufferings, He will so sanctify yours, that even a more mellow and gentle ministry will mark your coming years than those which are past. Should our hopes be thus gratified, the sorrowing people of God will draw strength once more from your weakness, and sweetness out of your bitter cup.

Dearly beloved one, we commend to you now those broad and bright promises of our Lord which you have so forcibly applied to the souls of His people in their distresses. Let your Christian fortitude bind you indissolubly to the fidelity of your covenant-keeping Saviour, till a holy courage can humbly say, "Though Thou slay me, yet will I trust Thee." We shall not cease to pray that our sympathetic Redeemer will be at your right hand, that He will fill your room with heavenly light, and your heart with sacred joy. "Be of good cheer," lift up thine eyes, and see thy Lord coming to thy help on the wave, and in the darkest watch of the night. Can he not say to the crazy, creaking vessel, that years are added to its days? This He has said in similar stress heretofore.

And we confidently hope that your valuable life will be still spared to do a glorious work for that General Church of Christ which claims you as its pastor, in common with the brethren at the Tabernacle. The Conference tenders its Christian condolence to your beloved household, in these days when with them hope and fear are struggling so hard for the mastery. May Jehovah keep and bless you all.

Yours affectionately,

THOS. ARMITAGE,
CHRISTOPHER RHODES, } Committee.
JESSE B. THOMAS,

PSALM CXII.

BLESSED is the man that feareth
And delighteth in the Lord !
Wealth, the wealth which truly cheereth,
God shall give him for reward ;
And his children
Shall be blest around his board.

He shall not be moved for ever,
Though with evil tidings tried ;
Nought from God his faith shall sever,
Fixed his heart shall still abide ;
For believers
Are secured on every side.

To the upright light arises,
Darkness soon gives place to day ;
While the man who truth despises,
And refuses to obey,
In a moment,
Cursed of God, shall melt away.

Therefore let us praise Jehovah,
Sound His glorious name on high,
Sing His praises, and moreover
By our actions magnify
Our Redeemer,
Who by blood has brought us nigh.

C. H. SPURGEON.



Lucia Spurgeoni

XX.

MRS. SPURGEON'S WORK.

COME in, O strong and deep love of Jesus, like the sea at flood-tide ; cover all my powers, drown all my sins, sweep away all my cares, lift up my earth-bound soul, and float it right up to my Lord's feet, and there let me lie, a poor broken shell, washed up by His love, having no virtue or value, and only venturing to whisper to Him that, if He will put His ear to me, He will hear within faint echoes of the vast waves of His own love which have brought me where it is my delight to lie, even at His feet for ever. — C. H. SPURGEON.

MRS. SPURGEON'S WORK.

WE have always recoiled from pronouncing fulsome eulogies upon any worthy persons engaged in serving the Church of Jesus Christ; and every right-minded man and woman shrinks from that form of adulation which is akin to flattery. Mr. Spurgeon has had his share of praise and blame, but has been graciously kept independent of both. Happy is the man who takes no heed to the "flatterer," and is alike impervious to the shafts of venom shot by a jealous hand.

Mrs. Spurgeon, like her noble husband, would fain have the crown of praise placed on the brow of Jesus, and glory be given to Him for the work she has been permitted to do. Like the model virtuous woman sketched by the wise man, "she stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. . . . She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." The work which this amiable lady has so successfully originated and maintained is worthy of emulation on the part of Christian women, whose employment, alas, too often, is that of "killing time."

Mrs. Spurgeon has been a constant sufferer, unable to participate in the great schemes of benevolence connected with her husband's labors, yet from her quiet chamber she has personally procured and directed tens of thousands of books to needy pastors, whose libraries were in great need of her generous donations. Besides, she supervises a private and humble mission, which sends clothing to their poorly clad children and suffering wives. Dorcas-

like, she labors for the poor, and her work is wisely planned, managed with economy, and precious in its results. The life of this dear afflicted lady is fragrant with benevolence; many homes are made glad as the results of her toil.

Her peculiar ministry has the hearty commendation of her husband, and his most prayerful sympathy; in him she finds a wise counsellor, and a true friend to the poor pastors whose need and trials become the objects of her sympathy and solace. Through him she has received much material help, and every encouragement in the prosecution of her self-imposed task. Thus he writes:—

“How deep is our own interest in Mrs. Spurgeon's most useful and needful work we need scarcely tell; we trust that our readers will feel a measure of the same sympathy, and exhibit it in tangible form. A famine of books to a teacher of others is almost as distressing as want of bread. Want of good books has, we doubt not, tended greatly to impoverish the ministries of many preachers. How could they fill the minds of others when they had no food for their own?”

From one of Mrs. Spurgeon's yearly reports we cull the following:—

The Book Fund makes grants to poor pastors of every evangelical denomination who are in actual charge, wholly devoted to the ministry, and whose income from all sources does not exceed \$750 per annum.

These grants consist of seven or eight volumes, and usually comprise the “Treasury of David,” or some of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons,—not to the exclusion of other books, but chiefly because they are the works most sought after by applicants to the fund; and I am not afraid or ashamed to say it, because I know I could not, with the slender means at my command, give any more precious or more helpful. There are several special books for ministers which I would at once add to my list if friends who wish for their circulation would supply me with the means.

Poor ministers are the rule, not the exception: they are not restricted to the Baptist denomination or to our own land, but

abound in every connection and in all climes; their needs are very urgent, their prospects seldom brighten, and their ranks never seem to thin. My work for them is as great a necessity now as it was at its commencement,—nay, I think its importance has increased with its extension, the latent thirst for knowledge has been developed by its gifts, and a keener appetite for mental food has been produced by the provision it has furnished. I need not enlarge on the absolute necessity which exists for a minister to possess books, if he would be an efficient teacher and preacher: the mind which is itself not fed cannot very long feed others: but I would point out the impossibility of procuring these essential helps and appliances when a man has to provide for himself and a wife and family on a pittance of \$300, \$400, or \$500 per annum.

To such weary “workers with a slender apparatus” my Book Fund stretches forth a helping hand: it fills the empty basket with tools, gives a key to a well-stocked storehouse, replenishes an exhausted brain, supplies ammunition for the combat with evil, makes sunshine in shady places, and by God’s own blessing does a vast amount of good wherever its gifts are scattered.

It is the joy of my life thus to serve the servants of my Master, and the daily blessings and tender providences which surround my work are more precious to me than words can express. Some of the subjects of my thankfulness may seem small and inconsiderable to others, but to me they are of constant interest and importance. My retired life shuts out the usual pleasures of social intercourse, but opens wide a world of glad delight in thus “ministering to the necessities of the saints.” I have scores of friends with whose circumstances I am intimately acquainted, yet whose faces I have never looked upon. I hope to know and greet them on the “other shore;” and meanwhile their love and prayers are a sweet reward for such pleasant service as the Lord enables me to render to them. In these pages will be found some of the expressive outpourings of grateful hearts, and though the letters here given form but a small portion of the great mass of affectionate correspondence connected with the fund, they will serve to reveal some of the daily comfort and encouragement I receive through this channel. Ah, if by His grace we can but win from

our Master the approving words, "Ye did it unto me," the joy of service is then only "a little lower" than the supreme felicity of heaven! . . .

The following tenderly kind little note contains such a testimony to the value of the Book Fund that I am tempted to give it, even though I have to include its unmerited commendation of my own small service: —

"MY DEAR MRS. SPURGEON, — Please accept the enclosed mite toward the Book Fund. If it please God, may you long be spared to carry on this great and blessed work, which has been sanctified to the good of so many of the Lord's servants, and through them to so many of His people. Surely this must redound to the praise and glory of the Lord Jesus, whose we are and whom we serve. I believe, dear Mrs. Spurgeon, that every day there is praise ascending to Almighty God for the blessings many have received through the books you have been enabled to send, and also through the encouraging little notes you write. I have to thank God for two or three of those little notes, and oh, how precious they are! I shall ever treasure them, for they have been made a means of great blessing to my soul. May God's richest blessing continue to rest upon you; may you be sustained by grace divine when called upon to suffer and endure; if it be in accordance with God's will, may you be relieved from pain altogether. Perhaps this may never be on this side Jordan. How precious you must have found those words, "My grace is sufficient for thee." Good Matthew Henry says that if God is pleased to lay a heavy burden upon us at any time, and yet fits the shoulder to the burden, we certainly can have no reason to complain, however heavy the cross may be. Is not this true? I pray that all the strength and grace you need may be given from on high, supplied by a loving Father out of His riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

To ministers who are not quite so necessitous as those for whom the Book Fund was specially founded, yet who can ill spare the published price of the "Treasury of David," or the sermons, I offer these books at a somewhat reduced rate, and I have much satisfaction in knowing that the privilege is warmly appreciated.

The following letters are fair samples of the spirit in which the favor is sought, and the warm gratitude evoked by its accordance:

“MY DEAR MRS. SPURGEON, — In the libraries of my friends I have very frequently perused that most choice and savory work of your husband, ‘The Treasury of David;’ and if I have not actually incurred the guilt of breaking the tenth commandment, I fear I have come near to doing so, and from time to time I have been looking how I could contrive to purchase it, but have found as often that my income has been forestalled by family and other claims. I have long known that you have been doing a most valuable work for the Master by helping poor pastors to some good books, but hitherto I have not ventured to write, lest I should be standing in the way of some brother more necessitous even than myself. This week, however, I was in the library of one of my brethren, and again looking over some parts of the ‘Treasury,’ the desire to possess it for myself returned with such strength that I felt somewhat as I suppose a hungry ox would feel tethered outside, but just in sight of, a luxuriant field of clover. After ruminating over the matter again and again, I came to the conclusion that I could manage part of the price, so I have determined to say to you that I should esteem it a great favor indeed to receive a copy from your hands, if I shall not stand too much in the way of some other poor brother.”

It was, indeed, a great joy to open the gate of the clover field. May the good brother “go in and out and find pasture.”

On the same subject a pastor in one of our great Midland towns writes: —

“I note in your little report that when an applicant is able to purchase, books are sent on the most advantageous terms. Now I hope from time to time to be able to purchase a volume of the sermons, whose true gospel ring is indeed music to one’s soul. Will you kindly jot down on enclosed post-card the price at which I might get the sermons through your hands, so that I may know what to lay by from time to time, in order to add to my store? I am almost ashamed to trouble you so soon after receiving so much from you, but I am hungry for books, and cannot help it.”

There is also a goodly number of workers for the Lord, — evan-

gelists, local preachers, and others, — who, having no pastorate, are ineligible for the free gift of the “Treasury,” yet covet earnestly this precious aid in their work. Many of these save up a little money, and sending it to me by degrees, have in time the joy of receiving the longed-for treasure, which, doubtless, they value none the less for the self-denial which has procured it. I often regret that I cannot give books to all Christian workers; but a strict boundary line is absolutely necessary in a work carried on, not by a society, but by one pair of hands, and those not over strong or capable.

To-day \$1000 is mine from the great Testimonial Fund raised last Christmas; \$500 is allotted to the Book Fund, and \$500 to the Pastors' Aid Society. My dear husband's kindness secures this splendid help to my work, and I bless God both for him and his delightful gift.” If John Ploughman's wife might say here what she thinks of John in this and all other matters, it would be an easy task to fill these pages with his praises; but since such a wifely eulogy might be deemed out of place, Mrs. J. P. may at least record in her little book her hearty and appreciative thanks to the hundreds of true friends who have lately done honor to the “Prince of her life,”¹ and furnished him with the means of more abundantly blessing all the poor and needy ones who look to him as their best earthly friend and comforter. If I knew any one who doubted the truth of that Scripture, “There is that scattereth and yet increaseth,” I could bring no more unanswerable proof of its veracity than is found in the unselfish life and loving deeds of the God-honored man I reverence as my head and husband. I find a graceful appropriateness in the gift of part of this money to Baptist pastors, seeing that to one of themselves the whole magnificent sum is offered as a tribute of devoted admiration and love. What a joy it will be to use this consecrated gold in their service! What heavy burdens it will lift! What aching hearts will be consoled! What praise to God will be given by joyful lips! When I think of all it will do, I wish it were ten times as much! I get greedy for their sakes, — my poor, weary, toiling brethren, — but that only lasts a moment, for indeed I am most fully “satisfied with favor” on their behalf, both from the Lord and from man.

¹ Name for Mr. Spurgeon suggested by a Welshman.



CHARLES SPURGEON,
SON OF PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

I have been very pleased during this year to see my work extend among the poorly paid curates of the Church of England, and I trust a great blessing will follow the introduction into their libraries of such books as the "Treasury," the sermons, and "Lectures to my Students." These gifts are sought with avidity and welcomed with eager joy, and of all the pleasant letters which I receive none are more courteous in spirit or graceful in language than those penned by clergymen of the Established Church.

"Two years ago," writes one, "you presented me with the 'Treasury of David,' expressing a wish that it might prove a 'treasure' indeed. Your wish has been more than gratified, and now I have an acute appetite for the *whole* of your respected husband's works. I have the privilege of preaching the gospel five times every week, and if this is to continue to be a pleasure to me, I must keep my soul and mind well fed. Being still 'a poor curate,' I have to supply my wants on the lowest terms, so I write to ask whether, in gratifying my ardent desire, any assistance may be obtained from that source of benevolence which formerly supplied the 'Treasury of David.'"

My readers will be rejoiced to learn that, with some little help from the Book Fund, this clergyman has now on his shelves a complete set of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit, in addition to the "Treasury of David" and some smaller works of Mr. Spurgeon's.

October 4. — Truly this has been a "red-letter day" in Book-Fund experience. "My mouth has been filled with laughter, and my tongue with singing." My heart praises and extols the goodness of the Lord, and my hand shall at once record the mercy which, like a blessed rain on a thirsty land, has so sweetly refreshed my spirit. This afternoon a constant and generous friend brought \$500 for the Book Fund. This was cause for devout thankfulness and great joy, for lately an unusually large number of books has been going out week by week, though funds have flowed in less freely. But it was not till a few hours after receiving this noble donation that I saw fully the Lord's tender care and pitying love in sending me this help just when He knew I should most sorely need it. By the late post that night came my quarterly account

for books, and so heavy was it, that in fear and haste I turned to my ledger to see the available balance, and with an emotion I shall not easily forget I found that but for the gift of \$500 a few hours previously I should have been \$300 in debt.

Did not the Father's care thus keep the sparrow from falling to the ground? A sleepless night and much distress of spirit would have resulted from my discovery of so serious a deficit in my funds, but the Lord's watchful love prevented this. "Before I called He answered," and though trouble was not very distant, He had said, "It shall not come nigh thee." O my soul, bless thou the Lord, and forget not this His loving "benefit"! A tumult of joy and delight arose within me as I saw in this incident, not a mere chance, or a happy combination of circumstances, but the guiding and sustaining hand of the loving Lord, who had most certainly arranged and ordered for me this pleasant way of comfort and relief. "I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me." A fresh revelation of His wonderful love seemed to be vouchsafed to my soul by this opportune blessing, and a cheque became "an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace." I hastened to my dear husband, that he might share my joy, and I found in him a willing listener to the sweet "old story" of his Master's grace and power. Then, after a word or two of fervent praise to God on my behalf, he wrote the following letter to the friend by whose liberal hand our gracious God had sent this notable deliverance: —

"DEAR FRIEND, — I should like you to know why you were sent here this afternoon, and what an angel of mercy you were to my dear wife, and so to me. The Lord bless you. Soon after you were gone, my wife's quarter's bill for books came in for \$1,700, and she had only \$1,400 apart from your cheque. Poor soul, she has never spent more than her income before, and if you had not come, I fear it would have crushed her to be \$300 in debt. How good of the Lord to send you in the nick of time! We joined our praises together, and we do also very gratefully join our prayers for you. God bless you, and make up to you your generous gifts above all your own desires. I could not refrain

from telling you this: it is one of the sparkling facts which will make happy memories to help to stay our faith in future trials if they come. Again, God bless you. Yours heartily,

C. H. SPURGEON.

As part of the proceeds of his last lecture in London, I have the pleasure of receiving to-day \$125 as the generous and graceful gift of Mr. John B. Gough to the Book Fund. Such a gift from such a man is precious and noteworthy, but not unusual, as I believe it is the constant habit of Mr. Gough to bestow blessings as well as to recommend them. Long as his name has been honored in our household, and his special work admired and appreciated, it was not till his recent visit to England that we had the happiness of his personal acquaintance. Now he has been twice to see us (once accompanied by his excellent wife), and a friendship has been contracted between us which, though interrupted by absence from each other on earth, will find its true fruition and best enjoyment in heaven. The hours we spent in his company have left fragrant memories not only of pleasant mirth at the droll tales so inimitably told, but also of sacred joy in sweet and goodly words which "ministered grace unto the hearers." Cannot my friends imagine that it was a rare treat to listen to the converse of John Ploughman and John Gough?

No "pen of a ready writer" was there to record the good things they said, or to immortalize the brilliant "table talk" which graced each repast; but the sweet communion which knit our hearts together will never be forgotten by us, and so deep a flood of enjoyment came in upon my usually quiet life that day, that it will for ever ripple pleasantly upon the shores of memory. To our very dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Gough, in their far-away home in the West, I send loving greeting; and for this \$125, which means so much joy and comfort for the Lord's poor servants, I give the warmest thanks of a grateful heart. . . .

Two dear ladies brought me \$250 to use in the Lord's work as I please. What bountiful kindness, its preciousness enhanced by my necessity! I divided it between the Book Fund and the Pastors' Aid, for in these times of universal pressure I can scarcely

confine my gifts to *books* in those cases where I know that, though the daily bread is sure, it is often unaccompanied by more substantial nourishment. It was only the other day I heard of a minister whose last Christmas dinner was to have consisted of a loaf and steak, because he could not afford better fare; and I know many whose most creditable fear of debt compels them not only to keep their bookshelves empty, but the cupboard very bare. One ceases to wonder at the oft-recurring sickness of many ministers' wives, and the extreme delicacy of their children, when one remembers their many privations, their lack of nourishing food, and their need of suitable clothing. "My income barely enables me to find plain food and scanty clothing for my wife and three children," writes a country Independent pastor. "Frequently I have saved a few shillings with the view of purchasing a volume of the 'Treasury,' but a pair of shoes or a little dress put the book aside." In this last matter of clothing for pastors' families there is very much now being done by kind friends for their relief. I have elsewhere mentioned the many presents I receive for them, and to-day (mercies never come singly) a large chest arrived from Scotland containing the wardrobes of two deceased gentlemen, sent by the desolate wife and mother. It has been a somewhat sad work to allot this valuable gift to seven needy pastors, but their joy in receiving the good warm clothes will not be damped by any sorrowful remembrances of departed friends, and I rejoice beforehand in their joy. . . .

Coming now to the conclusion of these sadly irregular chronicles, I should like to promise — if the Lord spare my life and prosper the Book Fund — to do better next year. The "happy thought," if it be a *happy* one, of reporting this little service in "diary-fashion," ought to be more satisfactorily carried out, and I hope to gather more discreetly and carefully the material to be used at the close of the year 1880. Experience has taught me that there is sure to be a fulness of goodness and mercy to supply the record; but the same teacher sadly proves to me that the "recorder" fails and is at fault in not keeping her "book of remembrance" well posted up. But what memory can keep pace with God's mercies? or what uninspired pen can tell the thou-

sandth part of His loving-kindnesses? "If I should count them they are more in number than the sand." Could I cull the choicest flowers of language, and bind them in one delightful bundle of thankfulness, it might be an acceptable offering of gratitude to the dear friends who have helped me; but how can I worthily praise and extol the bounty of my gracious, loving God? "Thou hast dealt well with Thy servant, O Lord, according to Thy Word." Blessed be Thy name, Thou hast daily loaded me with benefits, Thy hand has supplied all my need, Thy strength has been made perfect in my weakness. Thy loving care has watched over my work, and "there hath not failed one word of all Thy good promise" "upon which Thou hast caused me to hope." And what can I say more unto Thee? "Is this the manner of man, O Lord God?" Oh, poor dumb lips, that cannot speak His praise aright! Oh, faltering tongue, that as yet cannot "frame to pronounce" the syllables of heaven's own language!

"How shall I praise Him? Seraphs, when they bring
The homage of their lyre,
Veil their bright face beneath their wing,
And tremble and retire.

"Lost in thy love, yet full of humble trust,
I close the worthless lay,
Bow down my reverent forehead in the dust,
And in meek silence pray."

Truly there are times when silence is more eloquent than speech, and we are constrained to worship "afar off" from very awe of His goodness. Such a season comes to me now as I sit pondering over all the Lord's marvellous loving-kindness; and looking back on the great and manifold mercies of the fast-closing year, my spirit is overwhelmed within me, the weight of blessing seems almost too much for me, and I lay aside my poor useless pen to bow the knee before Him in silent adoration and thanksgiving. "I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth which Thou hast showed unto Thy servant."

The following pathetic lines from Mr. Spurgeon show how these devoted servants of Christ toil on even when compassed with many infirmities:—

Should there be errors in the notes, or in acknowledgment of goods, or in aught besides, it is hoped and believed that the editor's ill-health will be a sufficient apology. We have done our best; but with a pained and wearied brain, which is the root of our malady, we cannot but fail in many ways.

Mrs. Spurgeon has been passing through a very grievous time of pain and weakness, and therefore has felt quite unequal to writing a report. Gladly would we have undertaken it for her, but we have been laid aside also. The Book Fund is beginning to be four years old, and is entering, we hope, upon a still more useful existence. Its need, its urgent need, among poor ministers appears more sadly every day. It is true that pastors ought to be sufficiently paid to be able to buy books for themselves, but so long as they are not it is a good and needful work to find them brain food. A blessing has rested upon Mrs. Spurgeon's distribution of books, for the recipients have written again and again to acknowledge the invigoration and the reviving received through the volumes. The hearts of others have also been stirred up to think upon the great evil of ministerial poverty, and books have been spontaneously given which otherwise would not have filled the pastors' shelves. More money was received last year, and more given, and the poor suffering worker had yet strength sufficient, as she hopes to have for another year. It would grieve her much if friends supposed that the work might slacken on account of her illness. She asks for continued remembrance in their prayers. . . .

Mrs. Spurgeon has for some time been largely occupied with supplying books to clergymen of the Church of England whose stipends are too small to allow them to purchase them. The amount of kindly feeling which has been expressed is very pleasing, and we regard this opportunity of spreading evangelical truth as a peculiarly valuable one, which should be largely used. Keeping watch at home all alone, our beloved finds great solace in the kindly words of friends who send her help for her chosen life-work. Its present interesting phase should command the prayers and sympathies of all our friends. . . .

Our dear wife's Report has sold so well that it has been need-



THOMAS SPURGEON,
SON OF PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

ful to print a second edition. Many have written to say that its perusal has been a means of grace to them; they could not have said anything more cheering. The little book can still be had of our publishers for sixpence.

Her work in helping poor ministers is specially needful at this time, for the depression in the agricultural interest has rendered it very difficult for village churches to support their ministers. Small salaries have to be cut down, and many men of God are left with incomes below starvation point. Let all be doubly generous in this hour of need. . . .

The needful work of supplying ministers with books proceeds with great regularity, and considerable numbers of curates and poor ministers in the Church of England, together with pastors of all denominations, apply for "The Treasury of David," and other works. Could our readers see the letters of thanks, they would know how sharp is the book-hunger which gnaws the soul of many a preacher of the Word. We have said very little of late about this work which is carried on by our beloved. Only a few friends have thought of the Fund of late, and yet hitherto there has been no lack; the Fund personified might almost say, "I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me." Note the following fact, and let the Lord be glorified by the rehearsal of it. A friend of ours, who is always a princely giver, told us on the night of Mr. Gough's lecture that he should call at Nightingale Lane next day. Knowing his great business and our own, we half declined the offer, though we are always glad to see him; but he said he should come, and come he did. His errand was to give \$500 to the Book Fund. Now, reader, mark this. Mrs. Spurgeon's quarter's bill for books came in on that very Saturday evening, and had not that friend insisted on coming down and bringing his \$500, our dear one would have been \$300 in debt. She would have been almost heart-broken had this been the case, for she had prayed for help and expected it. The Lord would not let her have the trial, but sent His steward at the very hour, though he knew nothing of the need. We were both filled with adoring thankfulness for this memorable interposition. It was not the first time in which we have together

adored the Lord in an amazement of gratitude, nor will it be the last. Thus by one and another the Lord has filled up the reservoir which supplies so many of His poor ministers with refreshment; and He will fill it yet again. . . .

Mrs. Spurgeon wrote the following note to her subscribers. During the year she has distributed more than seven thousand valuable works to poor ministers:—

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—The past year has been crowned with the goodness of God to me and to my beloved work, and, therefore, I all the more deeply regret that through weakness and affliction I have not as yet been able to prepare a detailed account of the blessings the Book Fund has received and bestowed. This lack of service on my part will, I trust, be soon supplied by a kind friend, and a full report of my work shall then be laid before you. Meanwhile, I send forth this little messenger to testify to the unfailing faithfulness and goodness of the Lord in strengthening me for the service which His love has allotted me.

Sore need have I had for His tender, pitiful care, and He has never failed me; but, in spite of almost constant ill-health, He has enabled me to accomplish even an increased amount of work, and has extended the benefits of the Book Fund far and wide. To His name be the praises of my heart.

From all parts of the world I have abundant testimony to the reviving and refreshment of spirit God's ministers receive through the quiet agency of this book-giving, and the loving letters of grateful hearts are no slight comfort and reward for service often done in weariness and pain.

"Mr. Spurgeon's works are crammed full of the good old corn of Canaan:" so writes a pastor laboring in Queensland; and I count it a high honor that the "Lord of the harvest" has given me charge of so glorious a granary, from whose precious stores I can scatter so widely both "seed for the sower and bread for the eater." My accounts show that 18,693 volumes have been distributed during three years of the Fund's existence. This is a brief, bare statement of facts, and does not reveal the joy and blessing which lie beneath it; but, thanks be to God, I can truly say that

“the administration of this service not only supplieth the want of the saints, but is abundant also by many thanksgivings unto God.”

My most heartfelt thanks are tendered to you, dear friends, for your constant remembrance of my work, the loving interest you have taken in its welfare, and the generous help you have given to its funds.

Your gifts are received as “from the Lord,” often coming as special answers to prayer, and always as tokens of His favor and approval of the work; and when they have thus enriched my soul, they carry to the weary, toiling servants of the Master substantial blessings, divine luxuries, the worth of which only a poor “bookless” pastor can rightly appreciate.

With a heart full of gratitude to the Lord and to you, believe me, dear friends,

Your deeply obliged servant,

SUSIE SPURGEON.

Though barely six years of age, Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund shows all the symptoms of vigorous, healthy life, and among the class whom it seeks to benefit, the little institution has naturally become one of the most popular in the country. The complete catholicity of the superintendent will also command our respect; for all evangelical ministers of the Word, whether in the Establishment or out of it, are eligible for grants, provided only that their average incomes are under \$750 a year. Upwards of seven thousand volumes have been sent out in the year, besides 6,262 single sermons; and while each of the Nonconformist bodies is well represented, no less than one hundred and thirty Church of England clergymen were among the recipients. The revelations of ministerial indigence are sufficiently saddening; but we are glad to find that Mrs. Spurgeon also sends money and clothes to relieve not a few urgent cases of a more pressing kind. The “Report,” to the Christian mind, will be found to be of absorbing interest; the style is terse, and every page is pervaded by that fine sympathy which is characteristic of the writer.

A clergyman of the Church of England, writing to Mrs. Spur-

geon for a grant of books, says: "Your husband has, by the publication of a most useful book, 'Commenting and Commentaries,' done more than a little in forming my taste and adding to my desire for books. This book was my consulting guide while at college, and has been of great service to me since in using the libraries of friends and in making purchases."

Mrs. Spurgeon's Report of her "Book Fund and its Work" for 1881 is a record of practical Christianity. The good service that she has rendered to the Christian Church, by providing poor pastors with good and helpful books, is in itself incalculable. During the six years of its existence the Fund has enabled her to distribute 41,630 volumes. The Pastors' Aid Fund is another admirable branch of this invalid lady's beneficence, and though for good reasons little is said about it, we can very well understand the good that it accomplishes in a quiet and delicate way. Not least among the many recommendations of this noble enterprise is the catholicity of its scope. In days when sectarian rancor often runs high, and there is much division in the Christian camp, we cannot be too thankful for any agency that obliterates these dividing lines by the overflowing tide of sympathy and help.

When we state that Mrs. Spurgeon is the president of the Missionary Working Society, our readers will readily understand how a great deal of information about poor pastors is obtained. Her Book Fund has made her name a household word wherever needy ministers are to be found, but that sweet ministry of love was only the natural supplement of this other equally necessary work which has been quietly carried on for the last twelve years. It was but meet that she who had been so long at the head of a movement for supplying the much-needed 'cloak' that should keep out the cold, or give the pastor that respectable appearance which his office demanded, should in due time seek to furnish the 'books' which are as indispensable to those who would 'give attendance to reading' as the desired addition to his little library in his prison at Rome was to the Apostle Paul. Her long and trying affliction has of course prevented the president from actively superintending the preparation and distribution of the different parcels, but many an applicant could tell that a well-directed hint from her

first revealed to him a channel through which the wants of himself and his family might be supplied. Here is an extract from one of the most recent letters before us: 'Mrs. Spurgeon wrote to me and said you would kindly and efficiently help me and the children.' It is scarcely necessary to say that the request for help received in such a form as this obtained a ready response. Others write as follows: 'We are very thankful to dear Mrs. Spurgeon for mentioning our names to you.' 'We are unfeignedly grateful to the utmost degree to our dear friend, Mrs. Spurgeon, for mentioning our names.' 'I feel truly grateful to Mrs. Spurgeon for the kind sympathy she has shown towards me and my family in recommending our case to your very valuable society.'

"Any one who goes to the ladies' room at the Tabernacle on the Wednesday following the third and fourth Sundays in each month can see how heartily our energetic sisters devote their time and energies to the holy enterprise of ministering to the wants of the Lord's poor servants. We have already stated that their main object is to help the families of needy ministers in England by sending them suitable parcels of clothing; but their Annual Report, issued in May last, informs us that they had also assisted a few of the agents of the Tabernacle Colportage Association who have been ill. The gratitude with which their gifts were received, and the facts that came to light about the straits in which these godly men are often placed, induced the committee to determine to let them continue to share in the bounty they had to dispense, always provided, as our legal friends would say, that the claims of poor pastors were satisfied first. This is what they say: 'Those who are best acquainted with the colporteurs and their work know that it is a work which involves much self-sacrifice, and which certainly is not overpaid. While we wish to help the colporteurs, we do not intend to forget poor ministers. Our labors for them we shall not in the least abate. What we ask is that our friends will help us in this new development of our society; for without this help is given it will be impossible for us to render assistance to those hard-working and useful servants of our Master, the colporteurs. We are ready for increased labor; our hands are willing, our hearts are willing. Let our friends come forward and help us,

and thus share with us the joy of pouring gladness into hearts which otherwise might have been downcast and sad.' ”

The accompanying extracts from letters received by the society reveal what a precious work it is quietly carrying on. A pastor writes: —

“ My income is \$6 per week, with a wife and four children. Being placed in such an isolated spot, we find the necessaries of life very dear, clothing particularly so, although new garments do not come often in our way, for things have to be turned and altered, and it is often a puzzle to me how my dear wife contrives as she does. My best coat was purchased eight years since, so that you will think I am not wasteful.”

On receipt of the parcel which was sent to him, he wrote: “ The great difficulty now is to know how to thank you and your helpers. The fact is you ought to have been here, for no words of mine can adequately express the joy and gladness that were expressed on my wife's face at the sight of the things you had so kindly sent us. We both join heartily to thank you and your co-workers for the new-year's gift just received; and if you have at all felt the force of the truth that it is more blessed to give than to receive, then I must say that you are blessed indeed.”

Another pastor writes: “ I cannot tell you how thankful we both are to you and to the Ladies' Mission for the very valuable parcel you have sent us. Its contents both surprised and delighted us; it seemed as though you had overheard my dear wife as she had talked with me concerning the many things she absolutely needed, but saw no prospect of obtaining. We can scarcely realize that our needs have been supplied. Truly our Heavenly Father's hand is in the matter, for He knew our needs.”

Another: “ On behalf of my dear wife and myself I write to say that we received your large and valuable parcel this evening. It would have done you and the kind friends good to have seen the joy of our children as, one after another, the articles were unfolded and displayed. Everything, to use my wife's words, was exactly what was wanted, and the things you sent for her have filled her with joy and thankfulness. The Master will record one more act done to His servants for His sake. We can only thank

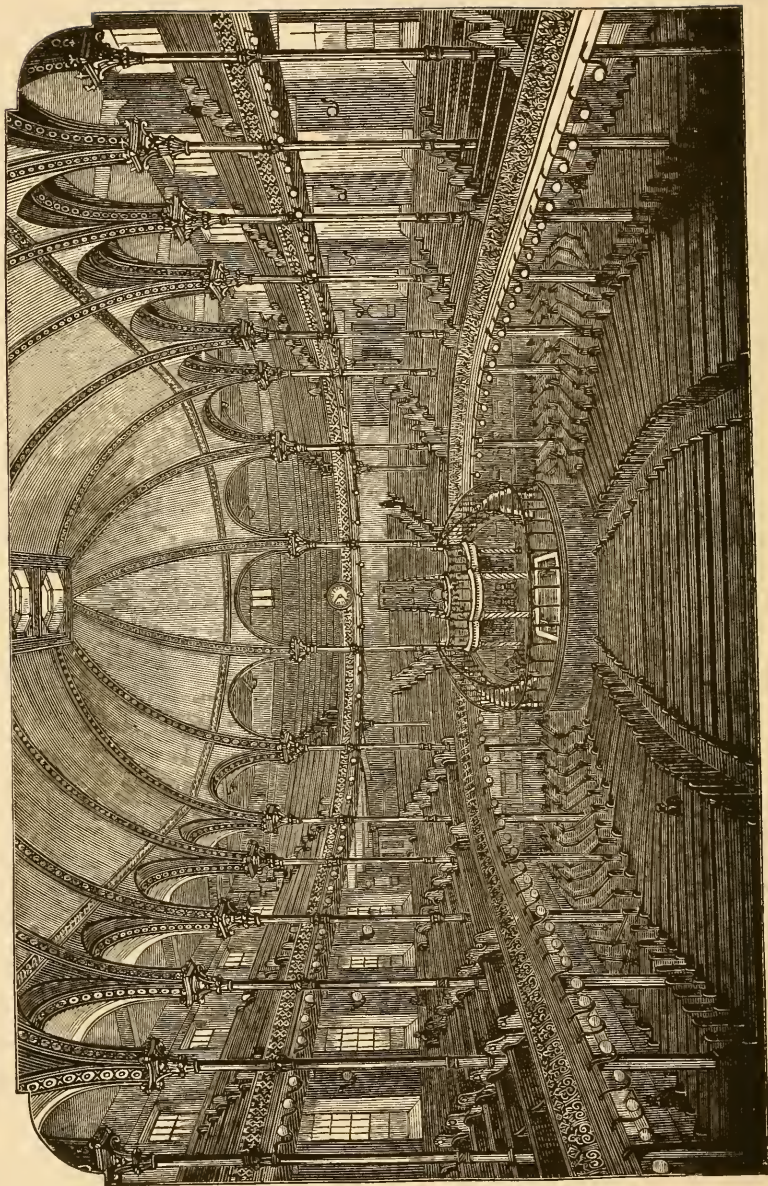
you; He will commend and reward you for that which sprang from love to Him."

The following touching incident is from the pen of Mrs. Spurgeon. May "the afflicted, tost with tempest, and not comforted" reader find relief and rest while reading this sweet story of imprisoned music: —

A curious little incident happened lately during a time of prolonged sickness. At the close of a very dark and gloomy day, I lay resting on my couch as the deeper night drew on, and though all was bright within my cosy little room, some of the external darkness seemed to have entered into my soul and obscured its spiritual vision. Vainly I tried to see the Hand which I knew held mine, and guided my fog-enveloped feet along a steep and slippery path of suffering. In sorrow of heart I asked, "Why does my Lord thus deal with His child? Why does He so often send sharp and bitter pain to visit me? Why does He permit lingering weakness to hinder the sweet service I long to render to His poor servants?" These fretful questions were quickly answered, and though in a strange language, no interpreter was needed save the conscious whisper of my own heart. For a while silence reigned in the little room, broken only by the crackling of the oak-log burning on the hearth. Suddenly I heard a sweet, soft sound, a little clear, musical note, like the tender trill of a robin beneath my window. "What *can* that be?" I said to my companion, who was dozing in the firelight; "surely no bird can be singing out there at this time of the year and night." We listened, and again heard the faint, plaintive notes, so sweet, so melodious, yet mysterious enough to provoke for a moment our undisguised wonder. Presently my friend exclaimed, "It comes from the log on the fire!" and we soon ascertained that her surprised assertion was correct. *The fire was letting loose the imprisoned music from the old oak's inmost heart!* Perchance he had garnered up this song in the days when all went well with him, when birds twittered merrily on his branches, and the soft sunlight flecked his tender leaves with gold. But he had grown old since then, and hardened; ring after ring of knotty growth had sealed

up the long-forgotten melody, until the fierce tongues of the flames came to consume his callousness, and the vehement heat of the fire wrung from him at once a song and a sacrifice. Ah, thought I, when the fire of affliction draws songs of praise from us, then indeed are we purified, and our God is glorified! Perhaps some of us are like this old oak log, cold, hard, and insensible; we should give forth no melodious sounds, were it not for the fire which kindles round us, and releases tender notes of trust in Him, and cheerful compliance with His will. "As I mused the fire burned," and my soul found sweet comfort in the parable so strangely set forth before me. Singing in the fire. Yes. God helping us, if that is the only way to get harmony out of these hard, apathetic hearts, let the furnace be heated seven times hotter than before.

Alas, dear soul, she has had a furnace experience beyond many. But He who led her beloved through the shadow of death is ever by her side, and with Jesus near, the hottest fire has a cool breath about it. Nobly has Mrs. Spurgeon borne her afflictions hitherto, and lovingly does she continue her ministry of comfort to others. Nor need she falter while the promise holds good, "Fear not, for I am with thee."



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

XXI.

PITHY SAYINGS.

A GREAT part of our labor lies in seeking out attractive illustrations, parables, and choice sayings, by which we may coax men to attend to their own interests; and even then we fail unless a higher power intervenes. We would be content to preach didactic truth with unvarying solemnity if the multitude would but hear us, but they will not. What then? If the healing medicine is nauseous to the child, we must sweeten the draught or gild the pill. If our words will not run by themselves, we must put them on wheels and so set them in motion. Our object is, "if by any means we may save some:" and since men will not believe without hearing, and will not hear unless we make the word pleasant and attractive to them, we dare not do otherwise than indulge them in this respect, and woo them to instruction as children are enticed to learning by stories and pictures.—C. H. SPURGEON.

PITHY SAYINGS.

A CERTAIN American divine, of *culture* and unbounded liberalism, went to hear Mr. Spurgeon. Immediately he placed the doughty preacher in his crucible, reduced him to a given quantity, carefully analyzed his parts, and announced the result to the world. Here it is: "Spurgeon is a man of more bowels than brains." Thus the clever assayer, with a condescending wave of the hand, dismissed the ignorant London pastor, with his boorish flock, to the dark shades of oblivion.

Yet here we are, with daring temerity, placing the dissected pastor on a pedestal, to be viewed again by the public eye. A strange phenomenon, this — that, after so patent a proof of incapacity and incapability, he continues to this day, "witnessing both to small and great," apparently undisturbed by the philosopher's discovery. Nor has he even noticed our friend's experiment, — if indeed, he ever heard of him.

Like Father Taylor, Mr. Spurgeon never loads his musket to shoot a mosquito. A certain Dean, of nobler proportions than our high-art critic, did once decry Spurgeon, and deplored "that so much notice has been taken of his railings." He pitied him because of "his entire want of acquaintance with theological literature," and ignored him with the plea that "to hold a controversy with him upon the subject would be to as little purpose as to attempt to hold a logically constructed argument with a child unacquainted with logical terms."

The doctrines preached by Mr. Spurgeon called for a vindication, and the man minus brains replied: "Admitting the witness of the venerable Dean to be correct, and that the young minister

is inexpert in logic, I am not therefore ashamed, — far otherwise; 'I will glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me', for 'when I am weak, then am I strong.' Take, O ye great ones of the earth, every profit that can be made out of your belief in my utter, total ignorance, and your own profound and extensive learning, and then go your ways and learn what this meaneth: 'Thy wisdom and thy knowledge, it hath perverted thee; and thou hast said in thine heart, I am, and none else beside me. Therefore shall evil come upon thee; thou shalt not know from whence it riseth.'"

However, this was in days gone-by; and perhaps since then, like Topsy, Mr. Spurgeon has "growed."

But we recur to the remark that the London pastor has *bowels*. That is the expression of sympathy, and this power of sympathy was recognized by Paul: "Put on, holy and beloved, *bowels of mercies*." We read of our Lord having compassion on the multitudes. They ever followed Him and testified, "Never man spake like this man." No doubt Spurgeon possesses his Master's spirit, and practises his Master's work. He has compassion on the multitude, and gives them heavenly bread to eat.

It is a little curious to observe, that the charge of ignorance has been generally made by men who do not like the positive truth he preaches. As for *brains*, somehow he has a way of showing that there are plums in his pudding. The woven cloth bespeaks a loom; and he who has been spinning wise and witty sayings during a whole generation must have something beside sawdust under his scalp.

If compliments were worthy of notice, Pastor Spurgeon can find them as thick as blackberries. Here is a specimen.

Nos. 268, 269, and 270 of "The New Park Street Pulpit" are filled with an account of "the ceremony of laying the first stone of the new Tabernacle," which ceremony was performed by Sir S. M. Peto. "In the bottle which is to be placed under the stone we have put no money," remarked the pastor; "for one good reason—we have none to spare. We have not put newspapers; because, albeit we admire and love the liberty of the press, yet that is not so immediately concerned in this edifice. The articles placed

under the stone are simply these: the Bible, the Word of God; we put that as the foundation of the Church. Upon this rock doth Christ build the ministration of His truth. We know of nothing else as our standard. Together with this we have put the old Baptist Confession of Faith, which was signed in the olden times by Benjamin Keach, whose name is in this book. We put also the Declaration of the Deacons which you have just heard read, printed on parchment. There is also an edition of Dr. Rippon's Hymn-book, printed just before he died; and then, in the last place, there is a programme of this day's proceedings."

One of the speakers present at the evening meeting was Judge Payne, who, as a matter of course, composed a tail-piece, besides indulging in some sensible wit. "Now what does C. H. S. mean?" he asked, glancing at one of the decorations. "Why, it means, first, Charles Haddon Spurgeon; but I do not mean that. C. H. S. means a Clear-Headed Speaker, who is Clever at Handling Subjects in a Cheerful-Hearted Style. He is a Captain of the Hosts of Surrey; he is a Cold-Hating Spirit; he has Chapel-Heating Skill; he is a Catholic Humbug-Smasher; he is a Care-Hushing Soother; he is a Child-Helping Strengthened; he is a Christ-Honoring Soldier; and he is a Christ-Honored Servant."

To which we may add that in disposition he is Cheerful, Hopeful, Sanguine; is a Careful, Humble Shepherd; a Conscientious, Honest Scripturist; and a Capital Heresy-Squelcher.

It is not unusual for young men in their sophomore experience to speak disparagingly of their superiors, and like chattering monkeys be proclaiming themselves. Even college parrots have prated about Mr. Spurgeon's lack of mental equipment.

On a particular occasion, when Dr. Binney was visiting one of the Independent colleges for the purpose of giving a lecture, he happened to overhear some silly remarks concerning Mr. Spurgeon from certain of the students. The lecturer asked them to be quiet, to listen to what he himself had to say on the matter, and addressed them in some such words as these: "I myself have enjoyed some amount of popularity; I have always been able to draw together a congregation; but in the person of Mr. Spurgeon we see a young man—be he who he may, and come whence he will—who, at

twenty-four hours' notice, can command a congregation of twenty thousand people. Now, I have never been able to do that, and I never knew of any one else who could do it." Mr. Spurgeon could do greater things than all the efforts of the students combined, and on that account there was wisdom in remaining quiet, and withholding railing words.

What Mr. Spurgeon reads he assimilates, and reproduces with consummate skill, a sure proof of great mental ability.

"One by one he has taken up various sciences,—astronomy, chemistry, zoölogy, ornithology, and others,—not merely with a desire for information, but to supply his mind with new images. The movements of the planets and their disturbing influences, the mysteries of chemical affinity, the structure of animals and birds, with reference to the conditions of their existence, habits, and idiosyncrasies, have all delighted Mr. Spurgeon by turns, and have all helped to enrich his fund of illustration. . . . He is a strong believer in the theory of ventilating the mind,—of pouring a stream of new ideas constantly through it,—to preserve its freshness, and prevent the stagnation not unfrequently brought about in a strong intellect engrossed in one pursuit."

But know, O Reader, he cares little for the sneering critic, and human praise weighs light with him. This is very odd, and like that other characteristic of his, which allows all abuse and attack to sail by unchallenged. "Not even the statement in print that he had poisoned his own mother would provoke the shadow of a reply." Only indeed when the claims of the Gospel demanded it, or the good of the Church could be advanced thereby, has he troubled himself about any reference to his personal character. Blessed is every one who knoweth the secret that "all things work together for good to them that love God." And thrice-blessed they who refrain their lips from evil-speaking, and give no offence by a tongue "set on fire of hell," or a "pen dipped in gall."

Mr. Spurgeon's printed "Sermons" at the close of the year (1883) will number 1800; his books on the Psalms cover 2,744 pages, while "The Sword and the Trowel" has reached Vol. xx. All this, besides a host of books, pamphlets, tracts, essays, and prefaces, issued by this man of infinitesimal brain, who is on the morning side of fifty.

That Mr. Spurgeon is alive to what is going on around him cannot be questioned. He comments as he pleases, yet his silent contempt of learned fools reveals his penetration and wisdom. He has little time and few words for certain philosophies and their advocates. A discriminating remark, like the following, and such subjects are peremptorily dismissed. "To our feeble apprehension, modern philosophy is just now in the primitive stage of protoplasm, a mass of jelly; and its loose ideas will probably take as many æons to develop into solid facts as the interval they compute between chaos and cosmos." On reviewing a pamphlet against the American champion of free thought, he remarks: "We neither care for Ingersoll, nor the answer to him. There is enough to do in England with cutting up our own brambles; nine out of ten of our people know nothing of this American brier, and there is no need they should."

Hear him on vivisection; how repugnant to his compassionate heart is this cruel science. "Our heart bleeds, and our soul writhes in horror, as we read descriptions of the unutterable cruelties practised upon animals, not by the old-fashioned demons of the olden times, but by educated mortals in black coats. And now to think that all this hideous business should be proved to be useless! All this cutting and torturing to go for nothing! O Lord, how long! We shall have a round of letters from doctors, but we cannot help it. If ever we go mad it will assuredly be through reading such papers as come from the pens of certain M.D.'s, who dare to watch the agonies of rabbits, dogs, and other animals. Can it be? Is it not all a dream? Did men who had mothers and wives perpetrate those accursed deeds?"

Here comes something of another sort. It is not by simple silence or guesses at random that his views on sin's awful penalty are known. On this important question he is outspoken and emphatic.

Mr. Edward White, the earnest and able advocate of the doctrine of Conditional Immortality, says: "No one yields to me in hearty admiration and affection for the Rev. Charles Spurgeon; but his refusal to listen to the doctrine of Life in Christ has formed a more serious obstacle to its popular diffusion than that of any other living man during the last twenty years."

To which Mr. Spurgeon replies : —

“We are fully prepared to take all the responsibility of the conduct ascribed to us, and only trust that we may have power to be a more serious obstacle still. With the most profound regard for Mr. White, and something more tender than regard, we cannot help mingling our regret that he should be teaching such mischievous doctrine, and that so many should follow him in it.”

He has been handled severely by certain ecclesiastics for refusing the prefix “Rev.” Having received a letter addressed “To the Very Rev. C. H. Spurgeon,” he replied:

“I very much demur to the commencement, ‘To the Very Reverend C. H. Spurgeon,’ for no reverence is due to me. Romaine used to say that it was very astonishing to observe how many Reverend, Right Reverend, and Very Reverend sinners there were upon the face of the earth. Assuredly *reverend* and *sinner* make a curious combination, and as I know that I am the second, I repudiate the first. To me it is surprising that such a flattering title should have been invented, and more amazing still that good men should be found who are angry if this title be not duly given to them,”

Our American fondness for titles readily confers degrees on him. But thus he dashes the D.D.’s behind him : —

“Many times we meet in American newspapers with our own name adorned or disfigured with a doctor’s degree. In a periodical we see month after month an extract from

THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, D.D.

“We like the *prefix* quite as well as the *affix*; that is to say, we detest them equally. Robert Robinson wrote in his journal: ‘Wondered how any man could be so silly as to call me Reverend.’ Shall we not all wonder, in some more rational condition of our brains, at a great many things which we now admire?”

In cutting irony and bold outspokenness he declaims against falsity in the ministry : —

“Mrs. Partington uttered more of the truth than she thought when she said: ‘Dear me, nothing don’t do me so much good as to go to church Sunday morning, and hear a precious minister

dispense with the gospel!' Yes, dear soul, that is exactly what some of them do; they give us anything and everything but the glad tidings of salvation, and then they wonder that their chapels become empty. Yet it does not do to say as much, or you will have a hornet's nest about your ears. Of course they preach gospel, that is to say *a* gospel if not *the* gospel. What is the difference? Only the indefinite for the definite article, only sand instead of rock, only opinion in the place of truth.

"The worst of it is that hearers now-a-days put up with it. There seems to be little left in the land of the discriminating spirit. Men tolerate error in their ministers, grumbling at first and consenting to it afterwards. Many do not know chalk from cheese in these times; and so long as the language is musical and the ideas are pretty, their preacher may teach anything short of atheism, and they will drink it in. What a clapping a man gets at a public meeting if he will only harp on the string of liberality, and say that we are all alike, and that our views are only different aspects of the same truth; black is a shade of white, and white a milder tone of black! In times gone-by, a few sermons without the gospel in them would have brought down a storm about his reverence's head; but now he is admired as a man of fresh thought, and takes leave to make up his theology as he goes along. No one challenges him; or if a bold brother does so, he is called a bigot, and snuffed out.

"Surely this state of things cannot last. Some one will bear his protest and create a stir, or else the whole thing will rot into contempt. If there be a gospel let us have it, and nothing else. There are not two gospels; which is the genuine article? This we demand. This we would have not now and then, but always, as the standing dish, the daily provision of the House of the Lord. If any man shall withhold the truth, or give us the counterfeit of it, he shall answer for it to his God; for by trifling in this matter the souls of men are placed in jeopardy, and the Kingdom of Christ is hindered.

"Blessed is he who dispenses the gospel, but cursed is he that dispenses with it."

Professional ministers, who care little for their flocks, having their

eye on "Number one," and who make the hearts of the King's children sad, are often reprimanded by this London Pastor. Surely such as are described in this extract merit the honest indignation of every true man: —

"Here is an account of a pretty little fix for a cargo of passengers by a mail-coach. The anecdote may be found in Anthony Trollope's Editor's Notes, in the chapter devoted to the literary adventure of Mrs. Brumby: — 'There is, however, nothing more difficult to achieve than the expulsion of a woman who is unwilling to quit the place she occupies. We remember to have seen a lady take possession of a seat in a mail-coach to which she was not entitled, and which had been booked and paid for by another person. The agent for the coaching-business desired her with many threats to descend, but she simply replied that the journey to her was a matter of such moment that she felt herself called upon to keep her place. The agent sent the coachman to pull her out. The coachman threatened with his hands as well as with his words, and then set the guard at her. The guard attacked her with inflamed visage, and fearful words about Her Majesty's mails, and then he set the ostlers at her. We thought the ostlers were going to handle her roughly; but it ended by their scratching their heads, and by a declaration on the part of one of them that she was "the rummest go he'd ever seen." She was a woman, and they could n't touch her. A policeman was called upon for assistance, who offered to lock her up, but he could only do so if allowed to lock up the whole coach as well. It was ended by the production of another coach, by the exchange of the luggage and passengers, by a delay of two hours, and an embarrassing possession of the original vehicle by the lady.' We give the above because it has its parallel in certain ministers who cannot be induced to move, although everybody is eager to see them gone. One by one, deacons, subscribers, and friends withdraw; but the ministerial old ladies stick to the empty coach, as if it were part and parcel of themselves, as much as its shell is an integral portion of the snail. Hence the new chapel which springs up, and makes two churches where one would have been quite enough, if it had not been for the adhesiveness of an individual. It is a great sorrow that churches

should be ruined because worthy men cannot see that the time is come for a change. But what is the use of our writing this? We shall only put removing into the head of some brother who ought to stay where he is, while those whom it behooves to move will stick like limpets."

Every editor has his share of worry from Poetic Effusionists. It is not reasonable that the editor of "The Sword and the Trowel" should escape. But he seems equal to the occasion, and mercifully waves his red flag of warning:—

"The late James T. Fields, while an active partner in the firm of Ticknor and Fields, was waited upon by a young sugar-merchant who had poetic aspirations. The mercantile man complained that his manuscript poems had been rejected by the firm, and he wanted to know the reason why, inasmuch as all of his friends had heard the verses read, and unanimously declared them to be accessions to American literature. 'Our reader decides that,' said Mr. Fields, in his blandest tones. 'Then I would like to see the reader.' Always the personification of amiability himself, the publisher took the merchant upstairs to the reader. That mighty personage sat at a desk heaped high with manuscripts; he carefully read a few pages of each package, then dropped it into a basket at his side. Occasionally he became more than ordinarily interested; in that case he placed the package inside his desk. 'Why, he goes through 'em just as I sample sugar!' exclaimed the would-be poet in amazement. 'That's because he's familiar with literary wares as you are with sugar,' rejoined Mr. Fields. 'I'm satisfied, let us go,' said the merchant. They went; and the disappointed bard gave up verse-making, but he made a large fortune in sugar.

"We cut this from the 'Chicago Standard.' It is a revelation of the horrors of our own editorial chamber; our waste-paper basket is always in full use, and it has a singular tendency to devour rhymes which writers call *stanzas*. Poetical effusions are for the most part prosy delusions. Good poetry charms us, but limping verses worry us, *and we are often worried*. Let true poets sing all day and all night, but let pretenders hush. How glad we should be if this paragraph would wean some minor poet from rhyming, and inspire him with love to his drapery,

grocery, carpentry, or bakery! The retail trade is far more useful than wholesale poetizing. Guessing at the dates of prophecy, and making poor verses, are two of those unprofitable devices which we rank with getting blood out of gate-posts and extracting sugar from bitter aloes. We mean this scrap to act as a warning. TRESPASSERS BEWARE! A WASTE-BASKET IS KEPT ON THESE PREMISES."

The rain of poesy evidently continues to fall, and the good man fears the shower. With bellows pointed towards the clouds he again discourses:—

"Our table groans with Cowpers and Tennysons in an embryonic condition.

"A San Francisco paper, having been driven desperate by voluntary poetical contributors, sounds this note of warning: 'We don't know exactly how newspapers were conducted at that distant period, but during some recent excavations in Assyria a poem on the Silver Moon was dug up. It was engraved on a tile, and close beside it were lying a large battered club and part of a human skull. You may draw your own conclusions.'

"We are led to quote this as a warning to the many small poets who send books of verses for review. Happily in our case no club is kept on the premises, and we are most gentle in temper; but, really, we are tried up to the boiling-point by the poetic coals which are heaped upon us. Still, Job is our patron saint, and we are resolved to endure unto the end. If any verse-maker does not find his poem, or her poem, mentioned in these notices, it is because we do not like to cause pain by saying what we think about the precious compositions. Please do not write to say that your poetry must have been overlooked; for the fact is we have looked it over, and think it the wisest course to be silent. Perhaps the work is too sublime, too elevated in thought, too superb in diction, for our grovelling taste. Pray think so, or think anything else, so long as you are happy.

"For the most part these minor poets are our affliction; and if they would be so good as to take offence, and never send us another specimen of their wares, we would bless them in our heart of hearts. Dear good souls that they are, we cannot bear to

criticise their productions according to justice; and yet we must do so if we speak upon them at all, for we never wittingly entice our readers into the purchase of a book which is not worth buying."

On Mr. Spurgeon's trials we cannot here enlarge, only to add that, in common with other public men, he shares in the vexations of curious visitors, and appeals from various sources for a speech, a lecture, a sermon, or a subscription. In order to shield himself he mildly rejoins: —

"It is probably a waste of effort to ask again that we may be spared the pain of refusing applications for sermons, addresses, lectures, &c., which it is quite out of our power to grant; but we will repeat the substance of what we said in the magazine not many months ago. Our own legitimate work has grown so enormously that it is as much as we can possibly accomplish without being laid aside; and we have lately proved once more that it is the extra, outside services that bring about such sad breakdowns as the one we have recently experienced. If, therefore, there are chapels or bazaars to be opened, anniversaries to be celebrated, debts to be removed, tea-meetings to be held, schools to be built, or blue-ribbon missions to be inaugurated, and the question is put, Shall we ask Mr. Spurgeon to come? we beg beforehand to furnish the answer — Don't! Most gladly would we serve all our brethren to the utmost, if health permitted; but repeated warnings convince us that the wisest course for us is to use the strength given to us for the work which rightly claims our first attention, and leave all other efforts to those who have been entrusted by God with greater physical force. It is a great sorrow to be shut up to this, but what else can we do?"

We do not wonder that he seeks to ward off inane curiosity-seekers, and troublesome querists who have sent many good men to a premature grave. Hear his bugle-blast: —

"Turner, the artist, said to one who interrupted him with a question, 'There! you have made me lose fifty guineas!' Sir Walter Scott says in his diary: 'Various visitors began to drop in. I was sick of these interruptions. God send me more leisure, and fewer friends to peck it away by teaspoonfuls.' Others besides Sir Walter have had to breathe this prayer. People call on a well-

known minister out of the idlest curiosity, and invent the most perverse excuses for dragging him away from his work. One would think we were wild beasts, to be stared at. Just as a sermon is shaping itself, in comes a pasteboard from an old lady who has nothing on earth to do but to call round on everybody she knows, and rob them of their time, — wretched thief that she is. We have seen her; and lo! another knock. No message can be sent in, the party must see the minister himself, as his business is strictly private; that means begging. Here's another, whose pretended errand is to ask if we knew the Rev. Mr. Jones, of Llwwffi, for he was her mother's uncle's cousin by marriage. Why should we be thus at every mortal's beck and call, and have neither space for meditation, nor time for devotion? People do not call on doctors or lawyers at this rate, and our time is quite as precious as theirs. We cannot protect ourselves by fees, and yet if we do not see every one, there will be such an outcry. All we can say is — they must cry, for we cannot neglect our Master's business to play lackey to everybody who is moved by the powers of darkness to call us away from the Word of God and prayer."

In handling gospel themes, and discoursing on the Bible and Christian experience, we find Mr. Spurgeon most at home. He is a born preacher, in whom is found a pastor's heart. The brilliant thought, the polished sentence, the silver speech, the tongue of fire, do not make the preacher. Bowels of compassion, love of souls, faith in the message taken from the Book, an humble yet assured confidence in the Spirit of God kindling all other natural and acquired gifts, are the great essentials. Spurgeon's splendid gifts are forgotten in his faculty of comforting human souls. He discourses on the sublime with personal exultation, and others learn to rejoice in his joy. Divine things are his chiefest study, Bible doctrines his great delight. His trite and homely sayings are swallowed up in deeper depths, and he is known, loved, and honored as a preacher of righteousness. The reality of Christ to his soul, as his Saviour and Lord, is the impelling motive of his life; therefore to him all sciences, all philosophies, all laws, are subservient to Christ. And that theory which leads not to Christ and submits not to Him who is Lord of all, is a pirate in the eyes of Charles Spurgeon.

The Bible view of the Lord Jesus is his view; and for the glory of the Son of God will he battle to his dying day. For his royal Master he bears many a cross, and shrinks not from the shame. His Words for Jesus have the ring of current coin, with heaven's stamp upon them. They are words of life, and leap out of a loyal heart. We heartily commend the following Sermonettes from his eloquent lips: —

On Cross-Bearing.

WHAT an honorable position was that of Simon the Cyrenian, to be cross-bearer to Jesus Christ! We could almost weep that we were not there that we might have had the honor of carrying Christ's cross for Him. But we need not weep, for we shall have His cross to carry if we are His people. There are no crown-wearers in heaven who were not cross-bearers here below. There shall be none among the throng of the glorified who had not their cross on earth. Hast thou a cross, believer? Shoulder it manfully! Up with it! Go along thy journey with unshrinking footsteps and a rejoicing heart, knowing that since it is *Christ's* cross it must be an honor to carry it; and that while you are bearing it you are in blessed company, for you are *following Him*.

Christ "Altogether Lovely."

IN calling the Lord Jesus "altogether lovely," the Church asserts that she sees nothing in Him which she does not admire. The world may rail at His cross and call it shameful; to her it is the very centre and soul of glory. A proud and scornful nation might reject their King because of His manger-cradle and peasant-garb, but to her eye the Prince is glorious in this poor apparel. He is never without beauty to her; never is His visage marred, or His glory stained. She presses His pierced feet to her bosom, and looks upon their wounds as jewels. Fools stand by His cross and find full many a theme for jest and scorn: she discovers nothing but solemn reason for reverent adoration and unbounded love. Viewing Him in every office, position, and relationship, she cannot discover a flaw; in fact, the thought of imperfection is banished far away. She knows too well His perfect Godhead and His

spotless manhood, to offer a moment's shelter to the thought of a blemish in His immaculate person; she abominates every teaching that debases Him; she spurns the most gorgeous drapery that would obscure His beauteous features; yea, so jealous is she of His honor that she will hear no spirit which doth not witness to His praise. A hint against His undefiled conception or His unsullied purity would stir her soul to holy wrath, and speedy would be her execration, and relentless her execution of the heresy. Nothing has ever aroused the ire of the Church so fully as a word against her Head. To all true believers this is high treason, and an offence which cannot be treated lightly. Jesus is without a single blot or blemish, "altogether lovely."

Untiring Delight.

WHO ever called the sea monotonous? Even to the mariner, travelling over it as he does, sometimes by the year together, there is always a freshness in the undulation of the waves, the whiteness of the foam of the breaker, the curl of the crested billow, and the frolicsome pursuit of every wave by its long train of brothers. Which of us has ever complained that the sun gave us but little variety? What though at morn he yoke the same steeds, and flash from his car the same golden glory, climb with dull uniformity the summit of the skies, then drive his chariot downward, and bid his flaming coursers steep their burning fetlocks in the western deep? Or who among us would complain loathingly of the bread which we eat, that it palls upon the sense of taste? We eat it to-day, to-morrow, the next day; we have eaten it for years which are passed; still the one unvarying food is served upon the table, and bread remains the staff of life. Translate these earthly experiences into heavenly mysteries. If Christ is your food and your spiritual bread; if Christ is your sun, your heavenly light; if Christ is the sea of love in which your passions swim, and all your joys are found, it is not possible that you, as Christian men, should complain of monotony in Him. "He is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever;" and yet He has the "dew of His youth." He is like the manna in the golden pot, which was always the same; but He is also like the manna which came down from heaven,

every_morning new. He is as the rod of Moses, which was dry, and changed not its shape; but He is also to us as the rod of Aaron, which buds and blossoms, and brings forth almonds.

The Fulness of Christ.

AT our very best we are strangers to much of the incomparable sweetness of Christ. We shall never exhaust His goodness by our praise; for He is ever so fresh, and has so much of the dew of His youth, that every day He has a new song to sing. We shall find Him a new Christ every day of our lives, and yet He is ever the same; His surpassing excellence and unexhausted fulness thus constantly renew our love. O Jesus! none can guess how great is the least of Thine attributes, or how rich the poorest of Thy gifts.

Ferns and Roses.

SOME saints are constitutionally depressed and sad; they are like certain lovely ferns, which grow best under a constant drip. Well, well, the Lord will gather these beautiful ferns of the shade as well as the roses of the sun; they shall share His notice as much as the blazing sunflowers, and the saddest shall rejoice with the gladdest. You that sigh more than you sing, you that would but cannot, you that have a great heart for holiness, but feel beaten back in your struggles, the Lord shall give you His love, His grace, His favor, as surely as He gives it to those who can do great things in His name. Certain of you have but a scant experience of the higher joys and deeper insights of the Kingdom; and yet, if true to your Lord, your infirmities shall not be reckoned as iniquities. If lawfully detained from the field of active labor this statute stands fast forever, for you as well as for others, "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff; they shall part alike."

THE HOLY GHOST IS HERE.

THE Holy Ghost is here,
Where saints in prayer agree ;
As Jesu's parting gift, He 's near
Each pleading company.

Not far away is He,
To be by prayer brought nigh,
But here in present majesty,
As in His courts on high.

He dwells within our soul,
An ever-welcome Guest ;
He reigns with absolute control
As Monarch in the breast.

Our bodies are His shrine,
And He th' indwelling Lord.
All hail, thou Comforter divine,
Be evermore adored !

Obedient to Thy will,
We wait to feel Thy power !
O Lord of life, our hopes fulfil,
And bless this hallowed hour !

C. H. SPURGEON.

XXII.

INCREASING USEFULNESS.

THE Christian's sympathy should ever be of the widest character, because he serves a God of infinite love. When the precious stone of love is thrown by grace into the crystal pool of a renewed heart, it stirs the transparent life-floods into ever-widening circles of sympathy: the first ring has no very wide circumference — we love our household; “for he who careth not for his own household is worse than a heathen man.” But mark the next concentric ring — we love the household of faith: “We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.” Look once more, for the ever-widening ring has reached the very limit of the lake, and included all in its area, for “supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks are to be made for all men.” A follower of Jesus means a friend of man. A Christian is a philanthropist by profession, and generous by force of grace; wide as the reign of sorrow is the stretch of his love, and where he cannot help he pities still. — C. H. SPURGEON.

INCREASING USEFULNESS.

THE multifarious work under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon is ever widening; the cloud like a man's hand spreads everywhere and pours its refreshing rain on all lands. During a recent visit to the Tabernacle, the College, and the Orphanage we were again eye-witnesses of the working of these famous institutions. Nor were we less interested in Mrs. Spurgeon's special ministry of love,¹ who kindly explained to us her manner of book-keeping, which also revealed her spirit of *book-giving*.

Personal interviews with these great souls, and visits to their hospitable home, enable us to speak of that we do know, and testify of that we have seen. Mr. Spurgeon is still foremost in every good work, the true friend of all real reform.

The Earl of Shaftesbury, identified with so many benevolent enterprises for many years, regretting his enforced absence from one of Mr. Spurgeon's annual school-meetings, in his apologetic letter refers to Mr. Spurgeon and his work in the most unqualified approval. This is the warm word from this truly noble-man.

24 GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.

October 13.

DEAR KIRK,—If you have an opportunity, pray read this letter to the meeting to be held at Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle on Monday, 16th. I am much grieved that I am unable to be present. My attendance at the Quarter Sessions for the County of Dorset is required on the following day; and it is an official duty that I cannot well set aside. I am grieved; because there is no man in the country whose opinion and support in such matters I prize

more highly than those of my friend, Mr. Spurgeon. It would give me singular pleasure, after nearly forty years of work in the Ragged-school cause, to have the testimony and counsel of so valuable a man. Few men have preached so much, and so well; and few ever have combined so practically their words and their actions. I deeply admire and love him, because I do not believe that there lives anywhere a more sincere and simple servant of our blessed Lord. Great talents have been rightly used: and, under God's grace, have led to great issues.

Yours truly,

SHAFTESBURY.

While theorizers of reform are airing their nothings, and students of philosophy are chasing shadows, this great, generous, Christian man preaches the gospel of certainties, feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, shelters the orphan, comforts the widow, educates the ignorant, encourages the ministry, and stimulates colporteurs, evangelists, missionaries, and churches, by voice and pen and godly example.

The church, over whom the Holy Ghost hath made him overseer, flourishes like the green palm-tree. Monthly additions swell its membership. The hand of the Lord is upon His servant, and many are led from sin to holiness. Thousands still hang breathlessly on his lips, and the skilful voice uttereth no uncertain sound.

The weekly *printed sermons* migrate to many lands. Translations of them into foreign tongues become more numerous. Reports of their usefulness come from distant fields. Re-printed, re-read, and re-preached, they carry the light of life to the ends of the earth.

A Baptist minister writes to him as follows: "You ought to be a happy man. When in Scotland, some time ago, I got lost in a Glen-something. The folk there had never heard of the late lamented Beaconsfield; 'happy is the people that is in such a case!' They had no notion of Gladstone; but you should have seen them wake up when I mentioned your name. They had a sort of knowledge of that name, for they read your sermons, and fetched

a lot out to show me that they did so. I assure you, I never saw any man's works with such signs of use upon them. There was no kirk in the glen, so on Sundays they got together and had a service, the scholar of the place reading the sermon. One very old man said he 'wad shoost gang on his twa honds and knees a' the way to Glasgoh to get a sight o' ye.' I doubt if he could have done half a mile any way, but there was a look in his eye that you would have been comforted to see."

In his magazine Mr. Spurgeon writes: "A Christian man, who used to attend our services at the Surrey Music Hall, recently felt moved to read the sermons on the green of the village where he lives, and in the adjoining town. With the help of a few friends he has conducted a full service at each place on Sunday afternoons and evenings. In the village he has gathered from 200 to 300 people together, and in the town his congregations have ranged from 400 or 500 up to 900 or 1,000. He says that the people have been very attentive, and that from the many encouraging expressions he has received, he is sure God is blessing the work. His great regret is that he did not commence the effort before. When the weather gets too cold for open-air services he hopes to secure a large building in which to continue the reading of the sermons through the winter. Are there not many other places where those who have been blessed by the reading of the sermons might with great advantage to many people carry on similar services?"

Another illustration of the usefulness of his printed sermons is from his own pen.

"A friend in Dorset, who reads our sermons at the village services which he conducts, writes that recently the Lord was pleased to bless the word to a young man, who is now rejoicing in his Saviour. The sermon read on that occasion was, 'Vanities and Verities' (No. 1,379). He also adds: 'Last Sunday evening I was in another village, and two of God's children came to me, after the service, to say how much the Word was blessed to their souls. One old saint especially remarked that she did not know when she had been so lifted up. The subject was, 'For Whom is the Gospel Meant?' (No. 1,345). So you see, my dear sir, that God is

pleased to bless the Word, not only as it falls from your lips, but years after, when it is read by other people.' ”

He who has sown with liberal hand the true grain is gathering now from divers countries many golden sheaves.

The College progresses favorably. New students are being sent forth throughout Europe, to Asia, to Africa, to America, infused with the spirit of the president, — nay rather, with the Spirit of the Lord, — achieving conquests in the gospel everywhere.

We subjoin a letter to Mr. Spurgeon, which speaks loudly for him and the college now so thoroughly established.

DEAR BROTHER,— A friend having put into my hands the May number of your excellent magazine, the “Remarks by the Rev. George Rogers,” on your college, caught my eye, and I read the page with intense interest. It somewhat lifted off a burden which had been weighing heavily on my heart and conscience for some little time, as it testified that one college in London, at least, intended to teach faithfully the foundation-truths of the gospel of God; and “not to introduce any modification of its course of studies, to suit what are called the *demands of the age*.”

A fortnight or three weeks ago one of our foremost religious journals sounded a flourish of trumpets, because there had been afforded “a happy indication that the days of bigotry were drawing to an end.” This referred to a meeting for discussion, held in one of our metropolitan denominational colleges, and presided over by the leading and most prominent minister of the *Unitarian body in London* — a man of splendid talents, most fascinating eloquence, great learning, and the highest social character. His writings are considered, from an intellectual and literary standpoint, as of the greatest excellence. Had he been an obscure, ignorant, uninfluential person, the danger would not be so imminent. Mr. Rogers says of your college “that it adheres to the Puritanic in distinction from Germanic theology;” this is, in the estimation of many, its honor and glory; but the students in the college referred to are led to *fraternize* with the most influential teacher of Unitarianism, and recommended to read his books! What is this but leading our future ministers into temptation? It is teach-

ing them to break down the barriers which now separate the believers in Christ's Godhead from those who esteem him as *only a man*, — true, the *ideal* man, the holiest, wisest, highest man among men, but still a *man*, — thereby making us, who worship him as "God over all" idolaters.

The Unitarian also denies that fundamental doctrine of the cross, "He was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification" — the atonement offered for our sins by the God-man. Are our students for the ministry to be taught that these two foundation-truths of God's Word are of so little importance that those who persistently oppose them may be bidden God-speed? Through evil report and through good report, I would a thousand times say "*No!*"

Had I a thousand pounds at my command, I would cheerfully, notwithstanding my different view from yours of baptism, hand it over to the treasurer of your college, for in the words of patriarch Rogers, "Its work is not done, but rather only begun."

Yours in gospel bonds,

A CONGREGATIONAL MINISTER.

The Orphanage, and other institutions originated and directed by Mr. Spurgeon's brain and heart, are also flourishing.

The Book Fund and its work, with the *Pastor's Aid Society*, are the channels through which Mrs. Spurgeon's good-will carries blessing to body and mind. Nor can this work be over-estimated.

The books furnish poor preachers with brain-food, check the tendency towards *ungospel* theology, and encourage evangelical religion throughout the land.

Though a hard-working, constantly employed man, in the walks of literature of the most important kind, Mr. Spurgeon neither frets nor fumes like the late Carlyle. The crowing of the cock or baying of the hound calls forth no anathemas from his lips. Poor Carlyle! he saw the wrong side of things, with "a jaundiced eye;" and the "man of genius" kept his suffering wife in constant mental torture with his unhappy and uncertain temper. How different with this other man of genius, into whose heart has come

the sweet peace of Christ through an intelligent faith, and whose soul is kept calm amid many a storm. The furnace of suffering has refined him, and long acquaintance with pain makes him tender and patient toward others. And Mrs. Spurgeon, brave lady, writes as one who also knows the secret of quiet confidence, having her dwelling-place under the shadow of the Almighty. We have wished that the tried wife of the Chelsea Sage had given us to know that she too heard the hush of the great Christ upon her ruffled spirit. Surely then her letters would betray less of poignant grief and bitter disappointment. Herein doth lie the peace of the worthy inmates of Westwood, that they know the Lord, and are known of Him.

An extract from Mrs. Spurgeon's pen will have its influence for good upon our readers: —

“Yesterday deserves to be noted as a *diec non*; for that good gift of God, of which Solomon says, ‘Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun,’ was blotted out and obscured by an almost Egyptian darkness which fell upon us for long and wearisome hours. At 3.30 P. M. midnight had taken the place of ‘the perfect day,’ and spread her sable wings over the reluctant earth prematurely. From the high tower at Westwood, nothing could be seen all around but black, lowering masses of dense darkness, which hung like funeral palls from the sky, and now and again lifted their fearful folds only to reveal a deeper and denser gloom beyond. Here and there the glimmer of a near gaslight could be discerned; but not a ray of Heaven's sweet beams pierced through the dreadful overshadowing, and a stillness more awesome than that of a real night hushed all familiar sounds. As hour after hour passed by, no enlightenment was vouchsafed us, nor could we tell when true night came to dispossess the rival darkness of the sceptre it had so strangely usurped.

“Into all this dismal murkiness came two letters from Mentone, telling of a placid sea, warm breezes, and clear, bright skies, —

‘Curtains of azure, and crystal wall,
And dome of sunshine high over all’ —

letters so full of joy, and good spirits, and glad delight, that for a moment the unbidden tears would gather, from the sheer longing I had to be in the sunshine too! But when the shutters were closed, the curtains drawn, and the dreary scene without excluded, I found I was in the land of Goshen still, and had 'light in my dwelling;' for, like a star—better seen from the depths of a well than from higher ground—shone the conspicuous mercy that my beloved was spared this doleful experience. I knew the fearful darkness was not likely to stretch its hideous arms so far as the fair shores of the Riviera, and I blessed God for the comfortable certainty that over there the beauty and the splendor of an unclouded heaven were doing their sweet restful work on a tired heart and brain. So my gloom was dispelled by the light of my husband's happiness; for from the South land the sunbeams, imprisoned in his precious letters, travelled a thousand miles to cheer me, and by their gladsome message turned my night into day.

"I wonder whether this is a faint picture of the comfort wherewith God sometimes consoles his bereaved children, by enabling them to realize the unspeakable blessedness of those who have gone before. Temporary separations by distance are but the foreshadowings of a sterner parting, which, sooner or later, must divide us from those whose love seems to be our very life. Happy they who can look beyond the grim darkness of such a sorrow, to the unsullied light and bliss which the hope of eternal reunion affords."

As a matter of historical interest, Mr. Spurgeon's description of the family reunion is worthy of record. We hope it will incite the prayer that joy, prosperity, and usefulness may be the portion of each member of this interesting and benevolent household.

"It may not be thought unworthy of mention here that on Monday, May 14, our honored FATHER and MOTHER were spared to celebrate their Golden Wedding-day with us at Westwood. All their children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren were present, with the exception of our beloved son Thomas, and the company consisted of thirty-two persons in all. Of this household seven are preachers of the gospel. Very gracious has the Lord been to us as a family, for from a remote ancestry the fear of God

has ruled the house, and a blessing has rested upon it because of the Ark of the Lord. The past was reviewed with praise, the present enjoyed in happy unity of love, and the future expected with hope. Our own dear departed grandfather, so long an honored winner of souls, used to rejoice in five of us as ministers of Christ; but now 'we are seven,' and there are others among us who occasionally bear witness for the truth in public. May all our friends have a like blessing; and may young people commencing life be wise enough to perceive that family piety and domestic happiness must go together: let them not expect the first without the second."

XXIII.

ASLEEP IN JESUS.

Now, beloved friends, if any of you are in great difficulty and trouble, tempted to do wrong, nay, pressed to do it, and if you do what is right it looks as if you will be great losers and great sufferers, believe this : God can deliver you. He can prevent your having to suffer what you suppose you may ; and if He does not prevent that, He can help you to bear it, and in a short time He can turn all your losses into gains, all your sufferings into happiness. He can make the worst thing that can happen to you to be the very best thing that ever did happen to you. If you are serving God, you are serving an Omnipotent Being ; and that Omnipotent Being will not leave you in time of difficulty, but He will come to your rescue. The Lord has helped us in the past, He is helping us in the present, and we believe He will help us all the way through. —
C. H. SPURGEON.

ASLEEP IN JESUS.

CHARLES SPURGEON'S ministry on earth has ended, but its results continue. The streams of influence he set in motion move onward in their ceaseless flow. While time shall last, the echo of his voice will be heard. How fittingly the ancient couplet applies to the late Pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle :

"So prompt to teach and preach and pray and praise,
His labor had no end but with his days."

If we measure the years of Charles Spurgeon by the work he accomplished, he lived, twice over, a centenarian. He preached sermons to millions of people, for they were printed in many languages ; he wrote books which came teeming from the press with amazing rapidity ; he founded and maintained institutions which were world-wide in their influence, and he gave direction to numberless movements of moral and spiritual worth. Nor do we hesitate to record that there are few preachers of our day who preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ in its simplicity, which is a chief charm of the Divine message, who have not directly or indirectly been happily influenced by the great life which has ended its earthly ministry. He was the first of his age to bring the Gospel out of mysticism and dulness and burdensome technicalities until it took on new meaning. And steadily he pursued the noble object of giving to the masses and the classes the doctrines of Scripture in their purity and utility. Other pulpits caught the knack ; theological seminaries recognized its power ; evangelists sprang up on every hand, and a revival of Gospel preaching with primitive simplicity swept around the world. From start to finish, Spurgeon

ran his course well. He lived for others. His last moments, under great weakness of body, were employed in writing to orphans, in planning a day for universal prayer concerning the prevailing sickness and its accompanying sorrow, and in other labors for the good of mankind. The world has lost a useful man; the church universal will miss a willing helper; the London Tabernacle laments a faithful pastor, a sympathizing brother, a genuine friend. The loss to his own immediate family is too sacred a theme for public remark. The sympathy of thousands are with them in this hour of their deep sorrow. They are encompassed by a circle of world-wide prayer.

Pastor Charles Spurgeon lived an exceedingly busy life. When he entered the service of the Lord he girded on the habit of a husbandman with the armor of a soldier. He sowed gospel seed with liberal hand, while wielding the sword with an energy born of a zealous spirit to defend the truth of God. As a man of peace, he preferred building to battling, yet he never shrank from attacking evils which threatened the spiritual prosperity of the church, nor ceased to fight against every false religion which subverted the Gospel of Christ.

He was a true Sir Knight of the Cross. From the first he was thrust into prominence, nor did he shrink from the solemn responsibilities of his office. While yet young in years, he sought to arouse a slumbering nation, to guard the doctrines of Scripture from wicked mutilation, to shield the Bible from adverse criticism, and befriend the church universal, while rebuking her worldliness and laxity. While yet in early years of manhood he started his great work of Christian philanthropy. He sheltered the widow, he befriended the orphan, he comforted the desolate; and foreseeing the on-coming flood of apostasy, he provided college facilities for the equipment of godly men who would signalize themselves as advocates of evangelical orthodoxy. That he succeeded in founding and maintaining a variety of noble institutions, which have become an enduring monument to his loyalty and love, has

become an unchallenged fact of history. Mr. Spurgeon knew himself to be Christ's ambassador. To him was committed the gospel of reconciliation. He accepted the sacred trust bestowed, and never proved unworthy of it. He could have escaped abuse, scorn, ridicule, opposition; he could have glided along through life easily, lazily; he could have glossed over the heresies of the day, and leave unnoticed the hypocrites who played false to their Lord; but he had a conscience toward God, a heart for the church, love for the race, and a character of sterling integrity which can be nothing if not unflinchingly loyal to the Master. The noble man was neither tolerant of evil nor traitorous to Christ. The sin of Judas he abhorred even as he loathed falsity to the faith. Hear his own outspoken indignation against this sin of sins.

“The Son of man shall be betrayed. Stop there; ‘be betrayed.’ It is as though I heard the deep boom of a death-knell. Betrayed! Betrayed! Still is Jesus *betrayed!* If the Gospel dies in England, write on its tomb ‘Betrayed.’ If our churches lose their holy influence among men, write on them ‘*Betrayed.*’ What care we for infidels? What care we for those who curse and blaspheme? They cannot hurt the Christ. His wounds are those which He receives in the house of His friends. ‘Betrayed!’ O Saviour, some of us have been betrayed; but ours was a small sorrow compared with Thine; for Thou wast betrayed into the hands of sinners by one who claimed to be Thy friend, by one who was bound by every tie to have been faithful. *Betrayed!* I cannot bear the word. It falls like a flash of fire into my bosom, and burns into my inmost soul. And such a friend as He! So full of love, and yet *betrayed.*”

Mr. Spurgeon had persistently battled against indifference, unbelief, personal and national sins, with other foes of spiritual religion, when the hour had come for conflict with Anglican Ritualism. Protestant England was opening her bosom to Jesuitical leeches. Her life-blood was being drained. Spurgeon carefully noted the chief causes of Romish ascendancy in his beloved

Britain. Turning his guns on the head and front of the ecclesiastical octopus, shot after shot went straight to the mark. His great sermon on "Baptismal Regeneration" preceded others of like import. Printed copies were sold by hundreds of thousands. The battle raged hotly; replies were advanced by churchmen from humble curates to mitred bishops, until one hundred different publications appeared in opposition to his views. After the smoke of battle had cleared, the doughty preacher was the first to marshal an ambulance corps and bring brotherly help to the disabled. The Romanizers thereafter became more cautious. For some time High Churchism received a check on its onward progress. The princely soul of Spurgeon waxed even greater, for while yet flushed with victory, he reached out the helping hand to Episcopal representatives. He smote heresy with iconoclastic zeal, but guarded his Christian manhood from being dwarfed by the subtleness of bigotry.

Mr. Spurgeon was a man of peace. He loved all good men, and heartily co-operated with every legitimate Christian endeavor. But as soon as error appeared he drew his trusty blade. He would never ally himself with the enemies of truth. Therefore, when the impudent brigand known as German Rationalism, *alias* Advanced Thought, *alias* New Theology, *alias* Higher Criticism, emboldened by achievements elsewhere, displayed treacherous designs within the circle of the Baptist family, Spurgeon stepped into the arena. He asked that the Union purge out the traitors. The request was refused. Finding himself restrained by further alliance with the Baptist Union, some of whose leaders were infected with the heretical virus, he withdrew from its communion and fought the good fight of faith alone. No, not alone, for God was with him, while the prayers of the faithful fortified him. The great soul of the preacher was aroused; his zeal waxed hotly with indignation as he beheld the denomination which he loved sheltering the detractors of God's word. He knew that sinners were lulled into a fatal slumber through their specious phi-

losophizing. Moreover, when he heard the Bible tabooed as errant, as inaccurate, as unphilosophical, as unreliable, despite bodily pain and mental weariness, he exposed the fallacies of the "Down Grade" movement, and thereby inaugurated the notable "Down Grade" controversy. He had frequently lifted up his voice in warning against the preaching of the Non-Conformist pulpit. The teaching of prominent Independents was criminally negative. But when the Baptist Union gave countenance to the New Theology, the rugged pastor smote with terrific force. The echo of each blow was heard around the globe. Many who watched the battle from afar misjudged the faithful warrior, while others, who loved a sect more than truth, withdrew from his standard. Mr. Spurgeon challenged the Baptist Union to pass a resolution "setting forth that it rejected the dream of future probation and restoration as unscriptural, unprotestant, and a stranger among the Baptists. If it does not do so, we may expect to hear a full-blown purgatory preached, and prayers for the dead will follow as a matter of course." This challenge was not accepted. Events since then prove the accuracy of Mr. Spurgeon's predictions.

What was the preacher's desire? We read it in his own words: "I could have wished that instead of saving the Union, or even purifying it, the more prominent thought had been to conform everything to the word of the Lord." Thereafter Spurgeon published his own statement of doctrine, clear enough to be understood by all; but the Errorists, with their friends, refused to accept it. As a series of Articles of Faith, they reveal the mighty truths which he fought to preserve.

"(1) The Divine inspiration, authority, and sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures.

"(2) The right and duty of private judgment in the interpretation of the Holy Scriptures, and the need of the teaching of the Holy Spirit to a true and spiritual understanding of them.

"(3) The unity of the Godhead and the Trinity of the persons therein — namely, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

“(4) The true and proper Godhead of our Lord Jesus, and His real and perfect manhood.

“(5) The utter depravity of human nature in consequence of the Fall, which Fall is no fable nor metaphor, but a literal and sadly practical fact.

“(6) The substitutionary sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ, by which alone sin is taken away and sinners are saved.

“(7) The offices of our Lord as Prophet, Priest, and King, and as the one Mediator between God and man.

“(8) The justification of the sinner by faith alone, through the blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ.

“(9) The work of the Holy Spirit in the regeneration, conversion, sanctification, and preservation of the saved.

“(10) The immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the body, and the judgment of the world by our Lord Jesus, which judgment will be final, according to the words of the Great Judge: ‘These shall go away into eternal punishment, but the righteous into eternal life.’

“(11) The Divine institution of the Christian ministry, and the obligation and perpetuity of the ordinances of Believers’ Baptism and the Lord’s Supper.

“We utterly abhor the idea of a new gospel or an additional revelation, or a shifting rule of faith to be adapted to the ever-changing spirit of the age. In particular we assert that the notion of probation after death, and the ultimate restitution of condemned spirits, is so unscriptural and unprotestant, and so unknown to all Baptist Confessions of Faith, and draws with it such consequences, that we are bound to condemn it, and to regard it as one with which we can hold no fellowship.”

In reply to a resolution of sympathy with him in his position, from a body of Welsh preachers, Mr. Spurgeon wrote:—

‘Mourning over a great evil in some of the churches, I sacrificed peace, friendship, and repute to be clear of it. My protest was resented and judged to be needless. The discussions which have followed have, I grieve to say, more than justified my charges. A compact which was made without my concurrence also bears on its forefront proofs that grave errors exist in every quarter where-in they were denied. It has cost me many wounds and much dishonor to have been the accuser of brethren, and it is still more painful to find their great errors are not regarded as serious by

the mass of professors. My only course is to follow separated paths, not, however, separating myself from any of my denomination who hold the faith once delivered to the saints."

Mr. Spurgeon's withdrawal from the Union placed him under reproach. Small men misjudged him; narrow men misread him; crooked men abused him; guilty men condemned him; and in some instances good men through fear of the cause forsook him. But he stood firm as the breakwater to the advancing sea. He withdrew to his place outside of the denominational camp, preferring censure for conscience' sake, rather than enthronement within the walls by cowardly silence. The protest of friends against his protest did not shake his faith. He knew that right was might, and time would vindicate his action. Thank God he lived till the vindication came, for it did come with swiftness and ever-increasing demonstration. The extremes to which members of this same Union have since gone in their insane pursuit of Rationalistic Thought, and the deep quagmire of radical Unitarianism in which they now flounder, justify Spurgeon in refusing to continue in fellowship with heretics.

In late years the beloved pastor was often away from his flock, seeking health amid the groves of Menton. On each home-coming, when peace followed victory, it was very noticeable how the passion for winning souls to Christ swelled within him. Out of a full heart he preached, and taught the Gospel of Salvation; with strong crying and tears, he poured out his soul in prayer. Graciously, copiously, constantly, did heavenly rain fall upon his congregations. The results of this latter have been great spiritual fruitfulness.

During the month of May, 1891, the London pastor was stricken down in the midst of his labors. After partial recovery a complication of influenza, gout, and diabetes brought him to the verge of the grave. For many weeks his life was despaired of. Then occurred the great uprising of prayer on his behalf throughout the world. God saw fit to prolong the life of His servant yet a little.

Mr. Spurgeon's popularity was fully demonstrated during the weeks when his life trembled in the balance. More than seven thousand messages of sympathy had reached him. These were from individuals, religious bodies, and countries beyond the seas. When invalided, the loyal champion found he had not been alone in championing the sacred Scriptures.

In October the invalid was removed to his favorite Menton, where he seemed to gain strength. There were many signs of returning health. As late as January 16, of this year, he penned a line to the writer, expressing the hope that he would soon be actively engaged in serving his Lord. All sympathizers were hopeful. His dear wife was with him, ever by his side. Great was his joy over this mercy. Mrs. Spurgeon was a lifelong invalid, confined to her home; she was now restored sufficiently to accompany her beloved, and to minister to him during his last days on earth. As the year 1891 drew to a close he had strength enough to deliver a brief address on "Retrospect." Next morning, standing on the threshold of the new year, he preached another short sermon on "Prospect." These, his last public utterances, are worthy to be written in letters of gold, or carved into the everlasting rocks.

On January 28 there were symptoms of relapse. As the hours went slowly by, there were indications of serious illness. It soon became evident that the great preacher was fighting his last battle. The disease gained rapidly. On Sunday, January 31, the patient became unconscious, while the anxious watchers prayed and wept. Before midnight the heart had stilled its beating, and the free spirit exchanged its prison-house of clay for its Paradise of glory. Mr. Spurgeon died January 31, 1892, at 11.15 P.M.

After the death at Menton the body was brought to London. It lay in his great church, the Metropolitan Tabernacle. During one day it was visited by one hundred thousand persons. The memorial services were peculiarly impressive. During the last day the shops in the vicinity of the Tabernacle were closed as a mark of respect, while many buildings were draped in mourning.

Several members of Parliament attended to pay their respects to the memory of the dead ; men and women of social rank joined their poorer brothers and sisters in giving their tribute of tears. Mr. Spurgeon's students and orphans were chief among the mourners. Deputations from sixty religious bodies were also present. The preachers who addressed the multitudes were Rev. A. T. Pierson of America, pastor *pro tem*, and Rev. Archibald G. Brown of London. The Bishop of Rochester, with clergymen of other denominations, participated in the services.

The immense funeral procession was preceded by a squad of mounted policemen. On the coffin lay an open Bible. The sides of the hearse bore the appropriate text for the dying man : " I have fought a good fight ; I have finished my course ; I have kept the faith."

After the funeral ceremonies ended, the vast multitudes formed in line, and slowly filed before the open vault, taking their last look upon the coffin of the deeply lamented pastor, preacher, author, and philanthropist, whose loss is deeply mourned by Queen and subjects, by prince and peasant alike.

It is recorded of the martyred Stephen, when robbed of life by his mad persecutors, " he fell asleep." The derivative of the word used is translated *cemetery*. This was the word employed by the apostles to denote a place where the bodies of believers sleep in the hope of a glorious resurrection. This is the hope which the Gospel brings to light. In view of this " blessed hope " we record the fact : *Our friend Spurgeon sleepeth*. His body lies in Norwood cemetery awaiting the return of his Lord. " For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first." Absent from the body, the unclothed spirit of our departed brother is in conscious bliss within the gates of Paradise. But at the sound of the trump the grave will yield its prey, when spirit and body shall again be reunited. Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, " O death, where is thy

sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." For He, our Lord, shall change this body of our humiliation that it may be fashioned like unto the body of His glory. Then will "the Crowning day" have dawned, when the full salvation of the believer shall be realized. Mr. Spurgeon preached this neglected part of the Gospel. The potential hope of the imminent advent of Jesus buoyed up his soul under every visitation of sorrow. And though not permitted to abide here "till He come," he is in the upper room still waiting with the members of "the sacramental host" above for that approaching hour of triumph when "the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord." Blessed words of comfort concerning our sainted dead! blessed words of hope concerning ourselves! "We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed." Because of this divinely inspired word of revelation, our grief is assuaged; because of this hope our sorrow is sweetened, as we again write the words, "OUR FRIEND SPURGEON SLEEPETH."

"After the toil and trouble,
 There cometh a day of rest;
 After the weary conflict,
 Peace on the Saviour's breast;
 After the strife and struggle,
 The victory is won;
 After the work is over,
 The Master's own word, 'Well done.'"

Mr. Spurgeon sleeps in Jesus; the lion-hearted preacher is at rest; the brave warrior is called to the King's banqueting house; to his enraptured gaze the face of Immanuel is unveiled.

Mr. Spurgeon's own views of the heavenly home are best expressed in his sermon concerning the death of the late Lord

Shaftesbury. This lofty theme, so touchingly presented, forms a fitting close to our book. And in closing the record of his life, I subjoin the final words of his last sermon preached to his own people in the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

. . . "My time is ended, although I had much more to say. I can only pray the Lord to give you to believe in Him. If I should never again have the pleasure of speaking for my Lord upon the face of the earth, I should like to deliver as my last confession of faith this testimony: That nothing but faith can save in this nineteenth century; nothing but faith can save England; nothing but faith can save the present unbelieving Church; nothing but firm faith in the grand old doctrines of grace and in the ever-living and unchanging God can bring back to the Church again a full tide of prosperity, and make her to be the deliverer of the nations for Christ; nothing but faith in the Lord Jesus can save you or me. The Lord give you, my brothers, to believe to the utmost degree, for His name's sake! Amen."

In summing up the history of Charles H. Spurgeon, we may venture an answer to the oft-repeated question: "Wherein lay the secret of his success?" It has been very humiliating to read the many answers given by a host of well-meaning but foolish preachers to this question. Especially has their ignorance betrayed itself in making comparisons between Spurgeon and some erratic genius whose passing fame filled for the time the public mind. Others have been pleased to animadvert on his shallow intellect, his lack of scholarship, his non-progressiveness, or his unphilosophical turn of mind. Well! well! May not the following suggestions be worthy of consideration?

First, Charles H. Spurgeon was chosen of God, called as His special instrument, and commissioned to fulfil the ministry whereinto He was appointed. So Moses was called, so was Jeremiah, Nehemiah, Paul, and Luther. The eternal purpose of God was vindicated in the character and service of His faithful servant.

Second, Mr. Spurgeon was true to the Divine commission. He preached God's gospel. From this he never swerved. No inducements to engage in other employments than these vitally related to his mission led him aside. He was no pretended social reformer; the policy of gaining influence by affiliation with secret societies was obnoxious to him; the constant appeals to enter the lecture-field, and thereby enrich himself, were unheeded by him. He loved His Master, and lived to serve Him. The substitutionary work of Christ for the sinner was the very essence of the Gospel he preached. In his last public utterances in Menton he proclaimed the truth to which he had been loyal all his life. Oh that all preachers had kept to this! Thus he spake:—

“My faith places her hand upon the head of Him who was our Substitute and Scape-Goat, and I see all my sins and all the sins of all believers forever put away by Him who stood in the sinners' place. Let your tears fall because of sin; but, at the same time, let the eye of faith steadily behold the Son of man lifted up, as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, that those who are bitten by the old serpent may look unto Him and live. Our sinnership is that emptiness into which the Lord pours his mercy. ‘This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.’ On that blessed fact I rest my soul. Though I have preached Christ crucified for more than forty years, and have led many to my Master's feet, I have at this moment no ray of hope but that which comes from what my Lord Jesus has done for guilty men.”

Third, Pastor Charles Spurgeon believed in the Holy Ghost. He had intellectual power, but in that he never trusted. He had a great personality, but his faith lay not in it. From natural gifts and personal qualifications he never sought the help needed, but from God the Holy Spirit alone. His single weapon was the inspired Word; his source of strength the ever-living, ever-present Spirit. How sweetly pathetic now are the last words of that last

address given to the little company who sat at his feet; the words which close the long, faithful, and fruitful ministry of Charles Haddon Spurgeon.

“ We would have it so happen, that, when our life’s history is written, whoever reads it will not think of us as ‘ self-made men,’ but as the handiwork of God, in whom His grace is magnified. Not in us may men see the clay, but the Potter’s hand. They said of one, ‘ He is a fine preacher ;’ but of another they said, We never notice how he preaches, *but we feel that God is great.*’ We wish our whole life to be a sacrifice, an altar of incense continually smoking with sweet perfume unto the Most High. Oh, to be borne, through the year, on the wings of praise to God ; to mount from year to year, and raise at each ascent a loftier and yet lowlier song unto the God of our life ! The vista of a praise-ful life will never close, but continue throughout eternity. From psalm to psalm, from hallelujah to hallelujah, we will ascend the hill of the Lord ; until we come into the Holiest of all, where, faces we will bow before the Divine Majesty in the bliss of endless with veiled adoration.”

One of the most touching incidents connected with the memorial services of the late Pastor Spurgeon was Mr. Ira D. Sankey’s tender tribute to the memory of the departed. After fitting words to the assembled thousands, his pathetic voice rang through the great building as he sang “ The Christian’s Good-night ” : —

“ Sleep, on beloved, sleep and take thy rest ;
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour’s breast.
We love thee well, but Jesus loves thee best —
Good-night ! Good-night ! Good-night.”

Farewell, noble preacher ; farewell, faithful friend ; farewell, brother beloved. Good-night, for on the morning of the Resurrection Day thou shalt arise and receive the victor’s crown. Good-night.

XXIV.

THE HEAVENLY HOME.

OUR dear babes go home because "He gathereth the lambs with His arms and carrieth them in His bosom;" and our ripe saints go home because the Beloved is come into His garden to gather lilies. These words of our Lord Jesus explain *the continual home-going*; they are the answer to the riddle which we call death. — C. H. SPURGEON.

GLIMPSES OF THE HEAVENLY LIFE.

A SERMON, SUGGESTED BY THE DECEASE OF THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY,
OCT. 4, 1885, AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

“Now that the dead are raised, even Moses shewed at the bush, when he calleth the Lord the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. For He is not a God of the dead, but of the living : for all live unto Him.”—LUKE xx. 37, 38.

DURING the past week the Church of God and the world at large have sustained a very serious loss. In the taking home to Himself by our gracious Lord of the Earl of Shaftesbury, we have in my judgment lost the best man of the age. I do not know whom I should place second; but I certainly should put him first — far beyond all other servants of God within my knowledge — for usefulness and influence. He was a man most true in his personal piety, as I know from having enjoyed his private friendship; a man most firm in his faith in the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; a man intensely active in the cause of God and truth. Take him whichever way you please, he was admirable: he was faithful to God in all his house, fulfilling both the first and second commands of the law in fervent love to God and hearty love to man. He occupied his high position with singleness of purpose and immovable steadfastness. Where shall we find his equal? If it is not possible that he was absolutely perfect, it is equally impossible for me to mention a single fault, for I saw none. He exhibited Scriptural perfection, inasmuch as he was sincere, true, and consecrated. Those things which have been regarded as faults by the loose thinkers of this age are prime virtues in my esteem. They called him *narrow*; and in this they bear unconscious testimony to his loyalty to truth. I rejoiced greatly in his integrity, his fearlessness, his adherence to principle, in a day when revelation is questioned, the gospel explained away, and human thought set up as the idol of the hour. He felt that there was a vital and eternal difference between truth and error; conse-

quently he did not act or talk as if there was much to be said on either side, and, therefore, no one could be quite sure. We shall not know for many a year how much we miss in missing him; how great an anchor he was to this drifting generation; and how great a stimulus he was to every movement for the benefit of the poor. Both man and beast may unite in mourning him: he was the friend of every living thing. He lived for the oppressed; he lived for London; he lived for the nation; he lived still more for God. He has finished his course; and though we do not lay him to sleep in the grave with the sorrow of those that have no hope, yet we cannot but mourn that a great man and a prince has fallen this day in Israel. Surely the righteous are taken away from the evil to come, and we are left to struggle on under increasing difficulties.

Heaven Unveiled. — My text not only declares glorious relationship and implies eternal life, but it also unveils, somewhat scantily but still sufficiently, what the glorious life must be. Look, then, and see the GLORIOUS LIFE UNVEILED.

It is clear that they live *personally*. It is not said, "I am the God of the whole body of the saints in one mass;" but, "I am the God of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob." God will make His people to live individually. My mother, my father, my child, each will personally exist. God is the God of saints as living distinct lives; Abraham is Abraham, Isaac is Isaac, Jacob is Jacob. The three patriarchs were not all melted into one common Abraham, nor Isaac into one imaginary Isaac; neither was any one so altered as to cease to be himself. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob are all literally living as actual men, and the same men as they used to be. Jacob is Jacob, and not an echo of Abraham; Isaac is Isaac, and not a rehearsal of Jacob. All the saints are existent in their personality, identity, distinction, and idiosyncrasy.

What is more, the patriarchs are *mentioned by their names*; and so it is clear they are known: they are not three anonymous bodies, but Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Many inquire, "Shall we know our friends in heaven?" Why should we not? The saints in heaven are never spoken of in Scripture as moving about anonymously; but their names are spoken of as written in the

Book of Life. Why is this? The apostles knew Moses and Elias on the Mount, though they had never seen them before. I cannot forget old John Ryland's answer to his wife. "John," she said, "will you know me in heaven?" "Betty," he replied, "I have known you well here, and I shall not be a bigger fool in heaven than I am now; therefore I shall certainly know you there." That seems to be clear enough. We read in the New Testament, "They shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven,"—not sit down with three unknown individuals in iron masks, or three impersonalities who make a part of the great *Pan*, nor three spirits who are as exactly alike as pins made in a factory; but Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. That is clear enough in the text.

That glorious life, while it is a personal and a known life, is also *free from all sorrow* and misery and earthly grossness. They are neither married nor given in marriage, neither shall they die any more; but they are as the angels of God. It is a life of perfect blessedness, a life of hallowed worship, a life of undivided glory. Oh that we were in it! Oh that we may soon reach it! Let us think of the many who are enjoying it now, and of those who have attained to it during the last few days. I am sure they are at home in every golden street, and fully engaged in the adoration and worship of their Lord. Those saints who have been in glory now these thousands of years cannot be more blessed than the latest arrivals. Within a very short space you and I shall be among the shining ones. Some of us may spend our next Sabbath with the angels. Let us rejoice and be glad at the bare thought of it. Some of us are not doomed to live here through another winter; we shall pass beyond these autumn fogs into the golden light of the eternal summer before another Christmas-day has come. Oh, the joy which ought to thrill through our souls at the thought of such amazing bliss!

Still Living.—And now, taking the whole subject together, I want to say a few familiar things about the influence which all this ought to have upon us.

Concerning those that have gone before us, we gather from this whole text that *they are not lost*; we know where they are.

Neither have they lost anything; for they are what they were, and more. Abraham has about him still everything that is Abrahamic, he is Abraham still; and Isaac has everything about him that properly belongs to Isaac; and Jacob has all about him that makes him God's Israel. These good men have lost nothing that really appertained to their individuality, nothing that made them precious in the sight of the Lord. They have gained infinitely, they have developed gloriously. They are Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, now at their best; or, rather, they are waiting till the trumpet of the resurrection shall sound, when their bodies also shall be united to their spirits, and then Abraham and Isaac and Jacob will be completely Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, world without end. We are by no means deprived of our dear ones by their death: they *are*; they are themselves; and they are ours still. As Abraham is not lost to Isaac, nor to Jacob, nor to God, nor to himself, so are our beloved ones by no means lost to us. Do not let us think of them, then, as if they were lost. I know your sorrows make an excursion to the grave, to look there for the deceased ones. You want to lift that coffin-lid and to unwrap the shroud. Oh, do not so! do not so! He is not here; the real man has gone. He may be dead to you for a while, but he lives unto God. Yes, the dead one liveth, he liveth unto God! Do but anticipate the passage of that little time, which is almost gone while I am speaking of it, and then your Saviour's angels shall sound their golden trumpets, and at the welcome noise the grave shall open its portals and resign its captives. "Thy brother shall rise again." Wherefore comfort one another with these words. Shaftesbury is as much Shaftesbury as ever, and even more so. We have parted with the earl, but the saint liveth; he has gone past yonder veil into the next room, and there he is before the Lord of Hosts. He has gone out of this dim, dusky, cloudy chamber into the bright pearly light that streameth from the throne of God and of the Lamb. We have nothing to sorrow about in reference to what he is or where he is. So, too, your valued parents, and beloved children, and choice friends, they are yours still. Herein is great cause for thankfulness. Put aside your sackcloth, and wear the garments of hope; lay down the

sackbut, and take up the trumpet. Draw not the beloved bodies to the cemetery with dreary pomp and with black horses, but cover the coffin with sweet flowers and drape the horses with emblems of hope. It is the better birthday of the saint, — yea, his truer wedding-day. Is it sad to have done with sadness? Is it sorrowful to part with sorrow? Nay rather, when joy beginneth to our friends where glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land, we may in sympathy sing, as it were, a new song, and tune our harps to the melodies of the glorified.

One with us. — I want you also to recollect that *the departed have not become members of another race*; they have not been transferred into another family. They are still men, still women, still of our kindred dear; their names are in the same family register on earth and in heaven. Oh, no, no! Do not dream that they are separated and exiled, they have gone to the home country. We are the exiles; they it is who are at home. We are *en route* for the fatherland; they are not so far from us as we think. Sin worked to divide them from us, and us from them, while we were here together; but since sin is now taken away from them, one dividing element is gone. When it is also removed from us, we shall be nearer to each other than we could have been while we were both sinful. Do not let us think of them as sundered far, for we are one in Christ.

And *they are not gone over to the other side in the battle.* Oh, do not speak of them as dead, and lying on the battle-field! They live; they live in sympathy with our divine conflict! They have marched through the enemy's country; they have fought their fight, and taken possession of their inheritance. They are still on our side, though we miss them from the daily service. When you number up the hosts of God, you must not forget the godlike bands that have fought the good fight, and kept the faith, and finished their course. They are in the armies of the Lord, though not at this moment resisting unto blood. The hundred and forty-four thousand sealed unto the Lord include in their ranks all who are with God, whether here or in heaven. Our sacramental host marches onward to the New Jerusalem. Certain of the legionaries have forded the dividing flood. I see them

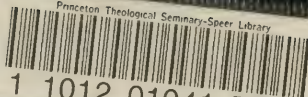
ascending the other side! The hither bank of the river is white with their rising companies. Lo, I hear the splash of the ranks before us as they steadily pass down into the chill stream! In deep silence we see them solemnly wading through the billows! The host is ever marching on, marching on. The much-dreaded stream lies a little before us; it is but a silver streak. We are to the margin come. We shudder not at the prospect. We follow the blessed footsteps of our Lord and His redeemed. We are all one army still; we are not losing our men; they are simply ascending from the long campaign to take their endless rewards at the Lord's right hand.

What shall we do? — What then? Why, then *we will take up their work*. If they have gone into the upper chamber to rest, we will make up their lack of service in this lower room. The work they did was so human that we will not allow a stitch to drop, but take it up where they left it, and persevere in earnest. They are in glory, but they were not glorified when they were here. The work they did was done by men of such infirmities as ours; so let us not fear to go on where they left off, and perpetuate the work which they rejoiced in. There lies the plough in the furrow, and the oxen are standing still; for Shamgar, the champion, is gone. Will no one lay hold of the plough-handles? Will nobody urge the oxen with the goad? Young men, are you idling? Here is work for you. Are you hiding yourselves? Come forward, I pray you, in the name of the Great Husbandman, and let the fields be tilled and sown with the good seed. Who will fill the gap made by death? Who will be baptized for the dead? Who will bear the banner, now that a standard-bearer has fallen? I hope some consecrated voice will answer, "Here am I; send me!"

For, last of all, brethren, *we may expect the same succors as they received who have gone before*. Jehovah saith that He is the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob; but He also saith, "I am the God of your father." The father of Moses had the Lord to be his God. That God is the God of my father, blessed be His name! As I took the old man by his hand yesterday, at the age of seventy-six, I could not but rejoice in all the

faithfulness of the Lord to him and to his house. He was the God of my father's father also. I cannot forget how the venerable man laid his hand upon his grandchild and blessed him; and the blessing is with him still. Yes, and He is the God of my children, and He shall be the God of my children's children; for He keepeth covenant to thousands of them that love Him. Wherefore take courage, men and brethren! This God is your God. He is a God to you, and you are a people to Him. Act as His true servants. Live as those that are elect. If you are His choice, be choice characters. The chosen should be the best, should they not? The elect should be especially distinguished above all others by their conversation and their fervent zeal for Him that chose them. As you shall rise from among the dead because the Lord Jesus hath redeemed you from among men, so stand up from among the dead and corrupt mass of this world and be alive unto God through Jesus Christ your Lord. What manner of people ought ye to be who serve the living God? Since the living God hath manifested Himself so wonderfully to you, ought you not to live unto Him to the utmost?

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